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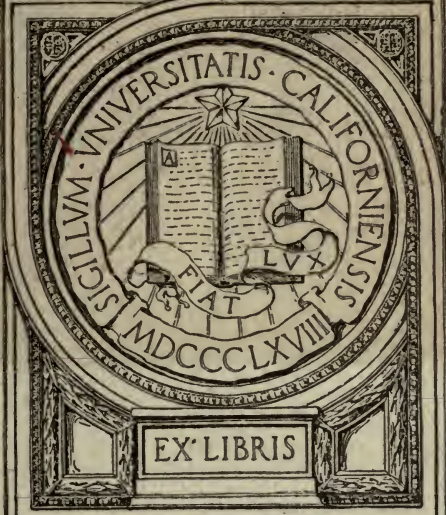

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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

1802-1808.

UNIVERSITY

WITH A PREFACE AND NOTES BY HER GRANDSON.

PAUL DE RÉMUSAT,

SENATOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

MRS. CASHEL HOEY AND JOHN LILLIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.
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PREFACE.

I.

My father bequeathed to me the manuscript of the memoirs of my grandmother, who was lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine, accompanied by an injunction that I should publish them. He regarded those memoirs as extremely important to the history of the first portion of the present century, and had frequently contemplated publishing them himself; but he was always hindered from doing so, either by his other duties, by his many labors, or by certain scruples. He deferred the moment at which the public was to be made acquainted with these valuable reminiscences of an epoch—recent, indeed, but respecting which the present generation is so ill informed—precisely because that epoch was recent, and many persons who had been involved in its important events were still living. Although the author of these memoirs can not be accused of intentional malice, she passes judgment upon persons and things very freely. A certain consideration, which is not always consonant with the verity of history, is due, not only to the living, but to the children of the dead; the years passed on, however, and the reasons for silence diminished with the lapse of time.

About 1848 my father would perhaps have allowed this manuscript to see the light; but the empire and the Emperor returned, and then the book might have been regarded either as a piece of flattery tendered to the son of Queen Hortense, who is very gently handled by the writer, or as a direct insult, on other points, to the dynasty. Circumstances had thus given a polemic character—an aspect of actuality, as the

phrase goes—to a work which should be regarded as a candid and impartial history, the narrative of a remarkable woman, who relates with simple sincerity that which she witnessed at the court and during the reign of the Emperor, and who records her estimate of him as an individual. In any case, it is probable that the book would have been prosecuted, and its publication interdicted. I may add, lest any should consider these reasons insufficient, that my father, who was always willing that his politics, his opinions, and his personal conduct should be discussed by the critics and the press, who lived in the full glare of publicity, yet shrank with great reluctance from placing names which were dear to him before the public. That they should incur the slightest censure, that they should be uttered with any severity of tone, he dreaded extremely. He was timid when either his mother or his son was in question. His love for his mother had been the "grand passion" of his life. To her he ascribed all the happiness of his youth, every merit which he possessed, and all the success of every kind that had come to him throughout his whole existence. He derived from her his qualities alike of heart and mind; he was bound to her by the tie of close similarity of ideas, as well as by that of filial affection. Her memory, her letters, her thoughts occupied a place in his life which few suspected, for he seldom spoke of her, precisely because he was always thinking of her, and he would have feared imperfect sympathy from others in his admiration of her who was incomparable in his eyes. Who among us does not know what it is to be united by a passionate, almost fierce affection to one who is no more; ceaselessly to think of that beloved one, to question, to dream, to be always under the impression of the vanished presence—of the silent counsels; to feel that the life gone from us is mixed up with our own life, every day, not only on great occasions, and in all our actions, whether public or private; and yet, that we can not bear to speak to others of the ever-present occupant of our thoughts—no, not even to our dearest friends—and

can not even hear the dear name uttered without secret pain and disquiet? Rarely, indeed, can even the sweetness of praise lavished upon that name by a friend or a stranger avail to soothe our deep, mysterious trouble, or render it endurable.

While, however, a proper and natural sentiment dictates that memoirs should not appear until a considerable time has elapsed, it is equally desirable that their publication should not be delayed until all trace of the facts related, of the impressions made, or of the eye-witnesses of events has passed away. In order that the accuracy, or at least the sincerity of memoirs may not be disputed, each family should be in a position to substantiate them by its own recollections; and it is well that the generation which reads them should follow that which they depict. The records they contain are all the more useful because the times which they chronicle have not yet become altogether historic. This is our case at the present moment, and the great name of Napoleon is still a party battle-cry. It is interesting to introduce a new element into the strife which rages around that majestic shade. Although the epoch of the First Empire has been much discussed by the writers of memoirs, the inner life of the imperial palace has never been handled freely, and in detail; and for this good reasons have existed. The functionaries or the frequenters of the court of Napoleon I. did not care to reveal with entire unreserve the story of the time they had passed in his service. The majority, having joined the Legitimist ranks after the Restoration, were humiliated by the remembrance that they had served the usurper, especially in offices which are generally held to be ennobled only by the hereditary greatness of him who confers them; and their descendants would have been disconcerted had such manuscripts been left to them, by their authors, with the obligation of giving them to the world. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find another editor, also a grandson, who could publish such a work so willingly as I. The talent of the writer and the

utility of her book affect me much more than the difference between the opinions of my grandmother and those of her descendants. My father's life, his renown, the political creed which is his most precious bequest to me, absolve me from any necessity for explaining how and why it is that I do not necessarily adopt all the views of the author of these Memoirs. On the contrary, it would be easy to find in this book the first traces of that liberal spirit which animated my grandparents in the first days of the Revolution, which was transmitted to and happily developed in their son. It was almost being liberal already not to regard the principles of political liberty with hatred at the end of the last century, when so many people were ready to lay crimes which tarnished the Revolution to the charge of that liberty, and to pass judgment, notwithstanding the true admiration and the deep gratitude with which they regarded the Emperor, on the defects of his character and the evils of despotism.

Such valuable impartiality was rare indeed among the contemporaries of the great Emperor, nor have we met with it in our own time among the servants of a sovereign far less likely to dazzle those who approached him. Such a sentiment is, however, easy at the present day. Events have brought France into a state in which she is ready to receive everything with equanimity, to judge every one with equity. We have observed many changes of opinion concerning the early years of the present century. One need not have reached a very advanced stage of life to recall a time when the legend of the Empire was accepted even by the enemies of the Empire; when it might be admired with impunity; when children believed in an Emperor, who was at once a grand personage and a good fellow, somewhat like the notion of God entertained by Béranger, who indeed turned both God and Napoleon into heroes for his odes. The most determined adversaries of despotism, those who were themselves destined to undergo persecution by a new Empire, brought back to France the mortal remains of Napoleon the

Great—his "ashes," as, lending an antique coloring to a modern ceremony, it was the fashion to say just then. At a later date, experience of the Second Empire opened the eyes, even of those who do not admit passion into politics, to the truth respecting the first. The disasters brought upon France in 1870, by Napoleon III., have reminded us that it was the other Emperor who commenced that fatal work; and an almost general malediction rises to the lips of the nation at that name—Bonaparte—which was once uttered with respectful enthusiasm. So fluctuating is the justice of nations! It is, however, allowable to say that the justice of France to-day comes nearer to true justice than at the time when, swayed by the longing for rest and the dread of liberty, she surrendered herself to the passion for military glory. Between these two extremes how many modes of opinion have arisen, and gone through their several phases of triumph and decline! It will be evident to all readers, I hope, that the author of the following Memoirs, who came to the Court in her youth, regarded those problems which were then and still are in debate, although General Bonaparte thought he had solved them, with an entire absence of prejudice. Her opinions were formed by degrees, like the opinions of France itself, which was also very young in those days. She was at first dazzled and aroused to enthusiasm by the great genius of the age, but she afterward recovered the balance of her judgment by the aid of events and of contact with other minds. More than one of our contemporaries may find in these Memoirs an explanation of the conduct or the state of mind of some persons of their kin whose Bonapartism or Liberalism at different epochs has hitherto appeared inexplicable to them. And also—not their least merit in my eyes—these Memoirs will reveal to the reader the first germs of a remarkable talent, which was developed in the writer's son to a supreme degree.

A brief summary of the life of my grandmother, or at least of the period which preceded her arrival at Court, is

indispensable to the reader's comprehension of the impressions and the remembrances which she brought thither. My father had frequently projected a complete biography of his parents, and had, indeed, sketched out some portions of the work. He did not leave any of it in a finished condition; but a great number of notes and fragments written by his own hand, concerning the members of his family, his own youthful opinions, and persons whom he had known, render it easy to narrate the incidents of my grandmother's early years, the feelings with which she entered upon her life at Court, and the circumstances that led her to write her Memoirs. It is also in my power to add some comments upon her by her son, which will lead the reader to know and esteem her. It was my father's strong desire that her readers should be inspired with kindly sentiments toward the object of his own devoted love and admiration; and I believe that the perusal of her reminiscences, and especially of her correspondence, which is also to be given to the public in due time, can not fail to secure the realization of his wish.

II.

Claire Elisabeth Jeanne Gravier de Vergennes was born on the 5th of January, 1780. Her father was Charles Gravier de Vergennes, Counselor to the Parliament of Burgundy, Master of Requests,* afterward Intendant of Auch, and finally Director of the Vingtièmes.† My great-grandfather was not, therefore, as it has been frequently but erroneously stated, the minister who was so well known as the Comte de Vergennes. That minister had an elder brother who was called "the Marquis," the first of the family, I believe, who bore such a title. This marquis had quitted the

* An officer in France, whose duty it is to report petitions to the Council of State.

† The *Vingtième* was a tax imposed, under the *ancien régime*, on land and house property, and which amounted to a twentieth of the revenue.

magistracy to enter upon a diplomatic career. He was acting as minister in Switzerland in 1777, when the French treaties with the Helvetian Republic were renewed. Afterward he was given the title of ambassador. His son, Charles Gravier de Vergennes, who was born at Dijon in 1751, married Adelaide Françoise de Bastard, born about 1760. This lady's family came originally from Gascony, and a branch of it, whose members distinguished themselves at the bar and in the magistracy, was settled at Toulouse. Her father, Dominique de Bastard, born at Laffitte (Haute-Garonne), had been one of the counselors to the parliament, and was the senior counselor at the time of his death. His bust is in the Salle des Illustres in the Capitol. He took an active part in the measures of Chancellor Maupeou. His daughter's husband, M. de Vergennes, being a member of the legal profession, bore, as was the custom under the old *régime*, no title. It is said that he was a man of only ordinary ability, who took his pleasure in life without much discrimination, but also that he had good sense and was a useful official. He belonged to that administrative school of which MM. de Trudaine were the leaders.

Madame de Vergennes, of whom my father constantly spoke, was a person of more individuality of character; she was both clever and good. When he was quite a child, my father was on most confidential terms with her, as grandsons frequently are with their grandmothers. In his bright and kindly nature, his pleasant raillery, which was never malicious, he resembled her; and from her he also inherited his musical gifts, a good voice for singing, and a quick memory for the airs and couplets of the vaudevilles of the day. He never lost his habit of humming the popular songs of the old *régime*. Madame de Vergennes had the ideas of her time—a touch of philosophy, stopping short of incredulity, and a certain repugnance to the Court, although she regarded Louis XVI. with affection and respect. Her intellect, which was bright, practical, and independent, was highly cultivated;

her conversation was brilliant and sometimes very free, after the manner of the period. Nevertheless, she gave her two daughters, Claire and Alix,* a strict and indeed rather solitary education, for it was the fashion of that day that parents should see but little of their children. The two sisters studied in a large, fireless room, apart from the rest of the house, under the inspection of a governess, and were instructed in what may be called the frivolous arts—music, drawing, and dancing. They were seldom taken to see a play, but they were occasionally indulged with a visit to the opera, and now and then with a ball.

M. de Vergennes had not desired or foreseen the Revolution; but he was neither displeased nor alarmed by it. He and his friends belonged to that citizen class, ennobled by holding public offices, which seemed to be the nation itself, and he can not have found himself much out of his place among those who were called "the electors of '89." He was elected a member of the Council of the Commune, and made a major in the National Guard. M. de Lafayette, whose granddaughter was to become the wife of M. de Vergennes's grandson, forty years after, and M. Royer-Collard, whom that grandson was to succeed at the French Academy, treated him like one of themselves. His opinions were more in accordance with those of M. Royer-Collard than with those of M. de Lafayette, and the French Revolution soon shot far ahead of him. He did not, however, feel any inclination to emigrate. His patriotism, as well as his attachment to Louis XVI., led him to remain in France; and thus he was unable to elude that fate which, in 1793, threatened all who were in positions similar to his and of the same way of thinking. He was falsely accused of intending to emigrate, by the Administration of the Department of Saône et Loire; his property was placed under sequestration; and he was arrested in Paris, at the house in the Rue Saint Eustache which

* Some years later, Mademoiselle Alix de Vergennes married General de Nansouty.

he had inhabited since 1788. The man who arrested him had no warrant from the Committee of Public Safety except for the arrest of M. de Vergennes's father. He took the son because he lived with the father, and both died on the same scaffold on the 6th Thermidor (24th July, 1794), three days before the fall of Robespierre.*

M. de Vergennes's death left his unhappy wife and daughters unprotected, and in straitened circumstances, as he had sold his estate in Burgundy a short time previously, and its price had been confiscated by the nation. There remained to them, however, one friend, not powerful, indeed, but full of zeal and good will. This was a young man with whom M. de Vergennes had become acquainted in the early days of the Revolution, whose family had formerly been of some importance in the commercial world, and also in the civic administration of Marseilles, so that the younger members were taking their places in the magistracy and in the army, in short, among "the privileged," as the phrase then went. This young man, Augustin Laurent de Rémusat, was born at Valensoles, in Provence, on the 28th of August, 1762. After having studied, with great credit, at Juilly, the former seat of that Oratorian College which still exists near Paris, he was nominated, at twenty years of age, advocate-general to the *Cour des Aides* and the *Chambre des Comptes Réunies*† of Provence. My father has sketched the portrait of that young man, his arrival in Paris, and his life in the midst of the new society. The following note tells, better than I could, how M. de Rémusat loved and married Mademoiselle Claire de Vergennes:

"The society of Aix, a city in which nobles dwelt and a parliament assembled, was of the brilliant order. My father lived a great deal in society. He was of an agreeable pres-

* For the text of the accusation against M. de Vergennes, see Appendix.

† These obsolete institutions have no English equivalents. They are, respectively, the auxiliary and superior courts established for the examination of the accounts of the receivers of the money of the state.

ence, had a great deal of pleasant humor, fine and polished manners, high spirits, and a reputation for gallantry. He sought and obtained all the social success that a young man could desire. Nevertheless, he attended sedulously to his profession, which he liked, and he married, in 1783, Mademoiselle de Sannes, the daughter of the *Procureur-Général* of his *Compagnie*. This marriage was dissolved by the death of Madame de Rémusat, who died shortly after the birth of a daughter.

"The Revolution broke out; the supreme courts were suppressed; and the settling of their business was a serious and important affair. In order to carry it through, the *Cour des Aides* sent a deputation to Paris. My father was one of the delegates. He has often told me that he then had occasion to see M. de Mirabeau, deputy for Aix, on the business of his mission; and, notwithstanding his prejudices as an adherent of the old parliaments, he was charmed with Mirabeau's pompous politeness. My father never told me details of his manner of living, so that I do not know what were the circumstances under which he went to the house of my grandfather Vergennes. He passed through the terrible years of the Revolution alone and unknown in Paris, and without any personal mishaps. Society no longer existed. His company was therefore all the more agreeable, and even the more useful to my grandmother (Madame de Vergennes), who was involved in great anxieties and misfortunes. My father used to tell me that my grandfather was a commonplace sort of man, but he soon learned to appreciate my grandmother very highly, and she conceived a liking for him. She was a wise, moderate-minded woman, who entertained no fancies, cherished no prejudices, and gave way to no impulses. She distrusted everything in which there was any exaggeration, and detested affectation of every kind, but she was readily touched by solid worth and by genuine feeling; while her clear-headedness and her practical, somewhat sarcastic turn of mind preserved her

from everything that lacked prudence or morality. Her head was never betrayed by her heart; but, as she had suffered from the neglect of a husband to whom she was superior, she was disposed to make inclination and choice the ruling motives of marriage.

"Immediately after the death of my grandfather, a decree was issued, by which all nobles were ordered to quit Paris. Madame de Vergennes retired to Saint Gratien, in the valley of Montmorency, with her two daughters, Claire and Alix; and she gave my father permission to follow her thither. His presence was precious to them. His bright and cheerful nature, his amiability, and careful attentions to those he loved, made him a charming companion. His taste for a quiet life, the country, and seclusion, and his cultivated mind, exactly fitted him for a family circle composed of intelligent persons, and in which education was always going on. I can not believe that my grandmother did not early foresee and acquiesce in that which was destined to happen, even supposing there was not at that time anything to read in the heart of her daughter. It is certain, for my mother says so in several of her letters, that, although she was then only a child, her prematurely serious turn of mind, her sensitive and emotional nature, her vivid imagination, and finally, the combined influences of intimacy, solitude, and misfortune, all united to inspire her with an interest in my father, which had from the first all the characteristics of a lofty and abiding sentiment. I do not think I have ever met a woman in whom so much moral strictness was combined with so much romantic sensibility as in my mother. Her youth, her extreme youth, was, as it were, steadied by those fortunate circumstances which bound her to duty by ties of passion, and procured for her that rare combination, peace of soul and the delightful agitation of the heart.

"She was not tall, but her figure was elegant and well proportioned. She was fair and plump; indeed, it used to be feared that she would grow too fat. Her eyes were fine

and expressive, black, like her hair; her features were regular, but rather too large. Her countenance was grave, almost imposing; but the intelligent kindliness of her glance tempered the gravity of her features very pleasantly. Her strong, well-trained, fertile intellect had certain virile qualities, with which the extreme vividness of her imagination frequently clashed. She possessed sound judgment and keen powers of observation, and she was entirely unaffected in her manners and in her modes of expression, although she was not without a certain subtlety of ideas. In reality, she was profoundly reasonable, but she was headstrong; her intellect was more reasonable than herself. In her youth she lacked gayety and probably ease, may have appeared to be pedantic because she was serious, affected because she was silent, absent-minded, and indifferent to almost all the small things of every-day life. But, with her mother, whose cheerful moods she sometimes crossed, with her husband, whose simple tastes and easy temper she never crossed, she was not wanting in richness and freedom. She had even a kind of gayety of her own, which developed as she grew older, when, having been very absent and absorbed in her own thoughts while she was very young, she became more like her mother. I have often thought that, if she had lived long enough to share the house in which I am writing today, she would have been the merriest of us all."

My father wrote these lines in 1857, at Laffitte (Haute-Garonne), where all those whom he loved were assembled, and we were gay and happy. In quoting them I am somewhat outrunning my narrative, for he speaks here of his mother as of a woman and not as of a young girl, and Claire de Vergennes, when she married, early in the year 1796, was hardly sixteen years old.

M. and Mme. de Rémusat—for thus I shall designate them henceforth, for the sake of clearness in my story—lived sometimes in Paris, and sometimes in a modest country house at Saint Gratien, a residence which had two strong

recommendations—the beauty of the landscape and the attraction of the neighborhood.

Nearest and pleasantest of neighbors were the owners of Sannois, with whom Madame de Vergennes was very intimate. Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Confessions," Madame d'Epinay's "Mémoires," and a hundred works of the last century as well, have made the place and the persons known to the world. Madame d'Houdetot (Sophie de Lalive) had lived peacefully, in her old age, throughout the troublous time of the Revolution in that country house, in the society of her husband and of M. de Saint Lambert.* Between the famous trio and the young couple at Saint Gratien so close an intimacy was formed that, when the house at Saint Gratien was sold, my grandparents hired one within a shorter distance of the residence of their friends, and a way of communication was made between the gardens of their respective abodes. By degrees, however, M. de Rémusat got into the habit of going to Paris more and more frequently; and, as the times became quieter, he began to think of emerging from obscurity, and from the narrow circumstances to which he was reduced by the confiscation of the property of his wife's father and the loss of his own place in the magistracy. As is always the case in France, it was of employment in some public function that he thought. He had no relations with the Government, or even with M. de Talleyrand, who was then Foreign Minister, but he directed his efforts toward that department, and obtained, if not exactly a place, at least an occupation, which was likely to lead to a place, in the office of the solicitors to the Ministry.

Besides the agreeable and intellectual relations which they maintained with Sannois, M. and Mme. de Rémusat had formed an intimacy no less close, but which was destined to exercise a much greater influence over their fortunes, with Madame de Beauharnais, who, in 1796, became the wife of Bonaparte. When her friend had acquired power

* See Appendix.

through her all-powerful husband, Madame de Vergennes applied to her on behalf of her son-in-law, who wished to enter the Council of State or the Administration. The First Consul, however, or his wife, had a different idea of what ought to be done. The consideration and respect in which Madame de Vergennes was held, her social station, her name—which was allied both to the old *régime* and to the new ideas—gave a certain value to the relations of her family with the consular palace, which at that time had but little intercourse with Parisian society. Quite unexpectedly, M. de Rémusat was appointed Prefect of the Palace, in 1802; and shortly afterward Madame de Rémusat became Lady-in-Waiting (*Dame pour Accompagner*) to Madame Bonaparte, a title which was soon changed into the better sounding one of Lady of the Palace (*Dame du Palais*).

III.

Persons of the way of thinking of M. and Mme. de Rémusat had no sacrifice to make in casting in their lot with the new *régime*. They had neither the extravagant sentiments of the Royalists, nor the austerity of the Republicans. No doubt their attitude of mind approached more nearly to that of the Royalists than to that of the Republicans, but their royalism reduced itself to pious veneration for Louis XVI. The misfortunes of that unhappy prince rendered his memory sacred, and his person had always been regarded in the family of M. de Vergennes with peculiar respect; but "Legitimacy" had not yet been invented, and those persons who most deeply deplored the fall of the old *régime*, or rather that of the ancient dynasty, did not hold themselves under any obligation to believe that everything done in France in the absence of the Bourbons was null and void. Pure and unalloyed admiration was inspired by the young general who was reëstablishing material, if not moral order, with such brilliant success, in a society which was dis-

turbed after a fashion very different from that of those successive later times, in which so many worthless "saviours" have turned up.

Public functionaries in those days adhered to the opinion which was very natural under the old *régime*, that an official is responsible only for what he does, and not for either the acts or the origin of the Government. The sense of "solidarity" does not exist in absolute monarchies. The parliamentary *régime* has happily rendered us more sensitive, and all honest people now admit the collective responsibility of all the agents of a power. One could not nowadays serve a government whose tendency and general policy one did not approve; but it was otherwise in former times. My father —who had more right than any one else to be strict in these matters, and who, perhaps, owed somewhat of his extreme political scrupulousness to the difficult position in which he had seen his parents placed during his own childhood, between their private impressions and their official duties— explains these shades of difference in an unpublished letter to M. Sainte Beuve, to whom he had communicated certain biographical details for an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

"It was not as a *pis aller*, from necessity, weakness, or as a temporary expedient, that my parents attached themselves to the new *régime*. Of their free will and with entire confidence they united themselves with its fortunes. If you add to that all the pleasures of an easy and prominent position to be stepped into from one of poverty and obscurity, the curiosity which a court of so novel a kind inspired, the incomparable interest of the spectacle of a man like the Emperor at an epoch when he was irreproachable, young, and still amiable, you can easily conceive the attraction which induced my parents to overlook all that was in reality opposed to their tastes, their reason, and even their true interests in this new position. At the end of two or three years, they had learned too well that a court is always a

court, and that all is not pleasure in the personal service of an absolute master, even though he may charm and dazzle. But this did not prevent their being for a long time well enough satisfied with their lot. My mother especially was much amused with all that passed before her eyes, and she was on very good terms with the Empress, who was extremely kind and generous, while she enthusiastically admired the Emperor. He treated my mother with flattering distinction. She was almost the only woman with whom he ever talked. My mother would sometimes say, after the Empire had ceased to exist:

'Va, je t'ai trop aimé pour ne pas te haïr!'"

Of the impressions made by the new Court upon the new Lady of the Palace we have no record. The security of the Post-office was very doubtful. Madame de Vergennes burned all her daughter's letters, and the correspondence of the latter with her husband does not commence until some years later, during the Emperor's journeys in Italy and Germany. Nevertheless, we can perceive from her Memoirs, although they do not abound in personal details, how strange and novel everything seemed to so very young a woman, transplanted all of a sudden into this palace, and an eye-witness of the private life of the glorious chief of an unknown government. She was very serious, as, when they are not very frivolous, the young are apt to be, and much disposed to observation and reflection. She seems to have had no taste for display, no great solicitude about external things, no turn for gossip or the running down of other people, no love of talking or display. What was thought of her at that time? We can not tell. We only know, from certain passages in sundry letters and memoirs, that she was considered clever, and that people were a little afraid of her. Probably, however, her companions thought her pedantic rather than dangerous. She had a considerable "success," especially at first; for in its early days the Court was not

numerous — there were few distinctions or favors to be schemed for, rivalry was not very brisk or ardent. Little by little, however, this little society became a real court. Now, courtiers are always afraid of intellect, and especially of that disposition, unintelligible to them, which clever people have to interest themselves in a disinterested manner, so to speak, in knowing things and judging characters, without even thinking of turning their knowledge to their own advantage. Courtiers always suspect that every opinion has a hidden aim. Persons of quick intellect are very strongly impressed by the spectacle of human affairs, even when they are merely looking on at them. And that faculty is the most incomprehensible to those who do not possess it, and who attribute its effects to some personal motive, or interested calculation. They suspect intrigue or resentment every time that they observe a movement in any direction, but they have no idea of the spontaneous and gratuitous action of the mind. Every one has been exposed to mistrust of this kind, which is more to be dreaded when a woman, endowed with excessive activity of imagination, and drawn on by her intelligence to form opinions on matters out of her sphere, is in question. Many persons, especially in that somewhat coarse society, would detect egotism and pretension in her life and conversation, and accuse her unduly of ambition.

That her husband was entirely devoid of ambition, and free from any disposition to intrigue, was evident to all. The position in which the favor of the First Consul had placed him did not suit him; he would, no doubt, have preferred some laborious administrative function to one which demanded nothing of him but suavity and a graceful demeanor. From the "Memoirs," from his own letters, and from my father's account of him, we gather that M. de Rémusat was a man of discreet conduct, with keen wits, and a cheerful and even temper—not at all a person calculated to make enemies. Indeed, he would never have had any, but for a certain shyness, which, little as it seems to harmo-

nize with conversational powers and an agreeable manner, is, nevertheless, occasionally allied with them. His taste for quiet life, and some indolence and timidity of character, had impelled him more and more toward retirement and isolation. Modesty and self-esteem mingled in his nature; and, without rendering him insensible to the honors of the post which he had obtained, they sometimes made him ashamed of the solemn trifles to which that very post forced him to devote his life. He believed himself to be made for better things, but he did not care for toiling in search of that which did not come to him of itself. He took but little pleasure in expressing the art, in which he was probably not deficient, of managing men. He did not love to put himself forward, and his indolent temperament induced him to let things take their chance. He afterward became a hard-working prefect, but he was a negligent and inactive courtier. He employed his skill simply to avoid disputes, and he discharged his official functions with quiet good taste. After having had many friends, and entered into numerous relations, he let them drop through, or at least he never seemed to do anything to retain them. Unless great care be taken, ties are loosened, recollections are effaced, rivalries are formed, and all the chances of ambition escape one's grasp. M. de Rémusat had no skill in playing a part, forming connections, bringing people together, or contriving the opportunities of fortune or success. He seems never to have regretted this. It would be easy for me to trace his motives—to depict his character in detail, and to narrate his errors, his grievances, and even his sufferings; for was he not my grandfather?

The first severe trial which M. and Mme. de Rémusat had to endure in their new position was the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. How profound was the grief which they felt when the man whom they ardently admired, as the express image of power and genius, and whom they strove to love, stained his hands with innocent blood, and they were forced to recognize that such a deed was simply the result of

a cold and inhuman calculation, the following narrative will prove. It will, indeed, be seen that the impression made by the crime upon all honest persons at the Court was even deeper than that which it produced outside among the general public, who had become almost indifferent, through custom, to deeds of this kind. Even among the Royalists, who were absolutely inimical to the Government, the event caused more sorrow than indignation, so perverted had the public mind become in political matters and respecting State expedients! Where could the men of that day have acquired principles? Was it the old *régime* or the Terror which could have instructed them? A short time afterward, the Sovereign Pontiff came to Paris, and, among the reasons which made him hesitate to crown the new Charlemagne, it is very doubtful whether this one was ever even weighed for a moment. The press was dumb, and men must be possessed of information before they are aroused to anger. Let us hope that civilization has now made so much progress that a repetition of similar incidents would be impossible. We should, however, be restrained from optimism on this point by the remembrance of what we have witnessed in our own time.

The following Memoirs are an exact record of the life of the author, and the history of the early years of the present century. They show us what changes the establishment of the Empire effected at the Court, and how life there and its relations became more difficult and embarrassing; how by degrees the prestige of the Emperor declined, in proportion as he misused his great gifts, his power, and his chances. Mistakes, reverses, and failures were multiplied; and at the same time the adhesion of the earliest admirers of the Emperor became less fervent, and the manner of serving reflected the mode of thinking. Two parties, the Beauharnais and the Bonapartes, disputed the favor of the sovereign master with each other; and M. and Mme. de Rémusat were regarded as belonging to the former, by reason of their natu-

ral feelings and their family relations. Their position was consequently affected in no small degree by the downfall and departure of the Empress Josephine. Everything was, however, much changed, and, when her lady-in-waiting followed her into her retirement, the Emperor seems to have made but little effort to detain Mme. de Rémusat. Perhaps he was glad that a person of good sense and quick intelligence should watch over his forsaken and somewhat imprudent wife; but it must also be taken into account that my grandmother's delicate health, her love of quiet, and her distaste for all festivities, had isolated her almost entirely from court life.

Her husband, wearied and disgusted, gave way every day more and more to his discontent, and to his inability to lay himself out to please the great personages who were either cold or hostile to him. He neglected his functions as Chamberlain in order to concentrate himself on his duties as "Administrator of Theatres," but the latter he fulfilled admirably. A great part of the actual organization of the Théâtre Français is due to him. My father, born in 1797, and very young when his father was Chamberlain to the Emperor, was remarkable as a child for his intelligence and his observation, and he retained a very distinct recollection of that period of discouragement and ennui. He has told me that he frequently knew his father to return from Saint Cloud utterly worn out, and tried beyond his patience by the burden which the arbitrariness and the ill temper of the Emperor laid upon all who approached him. That the child was an eye- and ear-witness of his complaints at those moments in which restraints are cast off is evident, for, when he was more master of himself, he was fain to represent himself as satisfied with his master and his position, and he endeavored to conceal his vexations from his son. Perhaps he was better calculated to serve the simple, tranquil, sober, intellectual Bonaparte, while still a novice in the pleasures of sovereignty, than the *blasé* and intoxicated Napoleon, who exhibited the worst taste

possible on all State occasions, and became more exacting every day in the matter of ceremonial and adulatory observance.

An apparently trifling circumstance, whose gravity was not at first perceived by those whom it concerned, increased the difficulties of the situation, and hurried on the inevitable catastrophe. Although the history of the affair is insignificant, it will not be read without interest, and it sheds a light upon times now happily far removed from us, and which Frenchmen, if the lessons of the past are to avail, will not suffer to return.

The celebrated Lavoisier was very intimate with M. de Vergennes. He died, as every one knows, on the scaffold on the 19th Floreal, year 2 (9th May, 1794). His widow, who contracted a second marriage with M. Rumford, a German *savant*, or at least a commercial man aiming at science—for he was the inventor of the Prussian stoves, and also of the thermometer that bears his name—remained on terms of close friendship with Madame de Vergennes and her family. This second marriage had not been happy, and compassion was, very justly, excited on behalf of the ill-treated wife, who was compelled to invoke the protection of the law against unendurable tyranny and exaction. As M. Rumford was a foreigner, it was in the power of the police to procure information respecting him from his own country, to reprimand him severely, and even to oblige him to leave France. This, I believe, was eventually done, and it was at the request of my grandmother that M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché took up the matter. Madame Rumford was anxious to evince her gratitude to those personages, and the following is my father's account of the results of her wish:

"My mother consented to invite Madame Rumford to dinner, to meet M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché. Surely, it was not an act of opposition to entertain the High Chamberlain and the Minister of Police at her table! Nevertheless, that meeting—so naturally brought about, the motive of

which was as insignificant as it was harmless, but which was, I acknowledge, unusual, and never occurred again—was represented to the Emperor, in the reports that were sent out to him in Spain, as a political conference, and the proof of an important coalition. Although I do not contend that it was impossible for M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché to have taken advantage of the opportunity of talking together; or deny that my mother, perceiving the respective inclinations of the two, or put upon the scent by something that was said by M. de Talleyrand, might have regarded the occasion as a favorable one for bringing about an interview which amused herself at the same time that it was useful to one of her friends, I have not the slightest reason for supposing that such was the case. I am, on the contrary, perfectly certain of having heard my father and mother quote this incident, when reverting to it some years afterward, as an instance of the unexpected importance which may be assumed by a fortuitous and insignificant matter, and say, smilingly, that Madame Rumford little knew what she had cost them.

"They added that on that occasion the word 'triumvirate' had been uttered, and my mother had said, laughingly, 'My dear, I am sorry for it; but your lot could only be that of Lepidus.' My father also said that certain persons of the Court, not enemies of his, had sometimes spoken of 'the Conference' to him as a fact, and had said, though without any hostile intention, 'Now that it is all over, tell us what it was about, and what it was you really meant to do?'"

This narrative gives us an insight into the life of Courts, and also testifies to the intimacy of my grandparents with M. de Talleyrand. Although the former Bishop of Autun does not seem to have been actuated in this particular instance by that kind of feeling which he habitually carried into his relations with women, he both liked and admired Mme. de Rémusat. I have found amusing evidence of his sentiments in a sketch of her which he wrote, on the official

paper of the Senate, during the leisure time of a sitting at which he presided as "Vice-Grand Elector," probably in 1811:

"Conservative Senate,
"Luxembourg, *April 29th.*

"I have a fancy for commencing the portrait of Clari. She is not what the world calls a beauty, but every one agrees in pronouncing her an agreeable woman. She is twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old, and she is neither more nor less blooming than she ought to be at twenty-eight. Her figure is good, her carriage is graceful and unaffected. Clari is not thin; she is only slight and refined. Her complexion is not brilliant, but she has the special charm of looking fairer in proportion as she is in a stronger light. To describe Clari in a sentence, let me say that the better she is known the more amiable she appears.

"Clari has large, black eyes; their long lids give an expression of mingled tenderness and vivacity which is striking, even when her mind is inactive and she does not want to express anything. Those occasions are, however, very rare. Lively ideas, quick perception, a vivid imagination, exquisite sensibility, and constant kindness are expressed in her glance. To give an idea of that, it would be necessary to paint the soul which depicts itself in it, and then Clari would be the most beautiful of beings. I am not sufficiently well versed in the rules of drawing to know whether Clari's features are quite regular. I believe her nose is too thick; but I know that she has beautiful eyes, lips, and teeth. A great part of her forehead is generally hidden by her hair, and that is a pity. Her smile is rendered as arch as it is sweet by her two dimples. Her dress is often careless, but never in bad taste, and she is scrupulously neat. That neatness forms part of the system of order and decorum from which Clari never deviates. Clari is not rich, but as she is moderate in her tastes and above caprice and fancy, she despises extravagance, and has never perceived that her fortune is limited, except

when she has been obliged to restrain her benevolence. But, besides the art of giving, she has a thousand other ways of conferring kindnesses. Always ready to commend good deeds and to excuse faults, her mind is always bent on beneficent purposes. Clari affords us a striking proof of how much superior a kindly wit is to talent which produces only severity, criticism, and satire. She is more ingenious in her manner of passing favorable judgments than ever was malignity in the art of suggesting the false and suppressing the true.

"Clari always vindicates those whose part she takes, but without offending those whom she confutes. Clari has a large and cultivated mind. I know no one who can talk better than she; but she exhibits her superior information only when she is giving one a proof of her confidence and friendship. Clari's husband knows that he possesses a treasure, and has the good sense to appreciate it. Clari is a good mother; that is her reward."

The Emperor was displeased at the intimacy between the Grand Chamberlain and the First Chamberlain, and these Memoirs will show that he tried more than once to set the two at variance. He even succeeded for a time in alienating them. But their intimacy was unbroken when M. Talleyrand fell into disgrace.

It is well known that honorable motives on his part led to a violent altercation between himself and his imperial master in January, 1809, at the period of the Spanish war, which was the beginning of the misfortunes of the empire, and the result of the Emperor's errors. Both M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché predicted, or at least foreboded, that public disapprobation and suspicion would be aroused. "Throughout the whole empire," writes M. Thiers,* "hate was beginning to take the place of love." This change was taking place among officials as well as citizens. Moreover, M. de Montesquiou, a member of the Legislature, who suc-

* "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," vol. xi., p. 312.

ceeded M. de Talleyrand in his place at court, was a less important personage than the latter, who had relegated to the First Chamberlain not only the troublesome portions of the duties of his post, but also those which were agreeable, and which conferred distinction. It was a "come-down" to lose a chief whose own importance enhanced that of the position next below him. Truly this was a strange time!

Talleyrand, though in disgrace as a minister, and as the holder of one of the highest posts at Court, had not forfeited the Emperor's confidence. The latter would send for him every now and then, and freely disclose the secret of the question or the circumstance on which he desired his advice. These consultations went on to the end, even at those times when the Emperor was talking of sending M. de Talleyrand to Vincennes. In return, M. de Talleyrand would enter into his views, and advise him with perfect frankness; and so this strange intercourse was carried on as if nothing had happened between them.

State policy and the greatness of his own position afforded certain privileges and consolations to M. de Talleyrand which were beyond the reach of a chamberlain or a lady-in-waiting. Those who are in close contact with absolute power do not foresee that the day must come when their feelings will clash with their interests, and some of their duties with others. They forget that there are principles of government which must be guarded by constitutional guarantees. They yield to the natural desire to be "somebodies" in the state, to serve the established authority; they do not study the nature and conditions of that authority. So long as it exacts nothing against their conscience, they serve it in the sphere to which it has appointed them. But the hour comes when, without exacting anything new from them, it carries extravagance, violence, and injustice to such a height that it becomes hard to obey it, even in things of no moment; they remain, nevertheless, bound to obedience, while in their inmost soul they are full of indignation and of pain. Then comes actual

desire for its fall. It may be said that their course is simple; let them resign. But they are afraid of giving rise to rumor and scandal, of being neither understood nor approved by public opinion. Moreover, no contract binds the servants of the state to the conduct of the chief of the state. Having no rights, they would seem to have no duties. They are powerless for prevention, and are, therefore, not afraid of having to expiate errors. Thus people thought in the reign of Louis XIV., and thus they still think in a great part of Europe; it was thus they thought under Napoleon, and perhaps they will be of the same opinion again. So shameful and wretched a thing is absolute power! It paralyzes both the honest scruples and the real duties of honest men.

IV.

Traces of these convictions, or at least of their germ, may be discerned in the correspondence of M. and Madame de Rémusat, and all things contributed to confirm them. Direct communication with the Emperor became more and more infrequent, and his charm of manner, though still powerful, failed to weaken the impression made by his policy. The divorce of the Empress restored to Madame de Rémusat, in great part, her freedom of judgment and the disposal of her time. She attached herself to the Empress Josephine in her disgrace, a proceeding not calculated to raise her in the estimation of the Court. Her husband soon after retired from the post of Keeper of the Wardrobe, under circumstances which are detailed in these Memoirs, and the coolness increased. I use the word "coolness" advisedly, because in certain pamphlets written against my father it was alleged that his family had been guilty of grave offenses, at which the Emperor was much incensed. That this was quite untrue is amply proved by the fact that although M. de Rémusat resigned the post of Keeper of the Wardrobe, he continued to be Chamberlain and Supervisor of Theatres.

He merely gave up the most troublesome and most onerous of his offices. No doubt those habits of intimacy and confidence which arise in common every-day life were weakened by his relinquishment of that post; but, on the other hand, he gained greater freedom and more frequent intercourse, both with his family and with society, and, as they were no longer restricted to the drawing-rooms of the Tuileries and St. Cloud, both husband and wife were enabled to bring more clear-sightedness and independence of judgment to bear upon the policy of their sovereign. Before the final disasters, aided by the advice and predictions of M. de Talleyrand, they foresaw the fall of the Empire, and were enabled to choose between the possible solutions of the problem then in course of working out. There was no hope that the Emperor would be satisfied with a peace more humiliating to himself than to France, and indeed Europe was no longer in the humor to gratify him even to that extent.

The public mind turned naturally toward the return of the Bourbons, notwithstanding certain drawbacks, which were but dimly apprehended. The *salons* of Paris, without being actually Royalist, were anti-revolutionary. At this epoch the plan of making the Bonapartes heads of the Conservative and Catholic party had not yet been invented. To bring back the Bourbons was a very momentous resolution, and it was not adopted without struggles, anxieties, and apprehensions of all sorts. My father regarded the painful recollection which he always retained of the attitude of his family in 1814—a family so simple, so honorable, and so unpretending—as a useful political lesson, one which contributed, as much as his own reflections, to lead him to believe that simplicity and straightforwardness are the truest policy. He records in the following words his own observations on the state of feeling that prevailed at the fall of the Empire:

"Policy alone reconciled my family to the Restoration. My father never for a moment regarded his own acquiescence

otherwise than as an absolute necessity, of which he voluntarily accepted the consequences. It would have been foolish to conceal the nature of those consequences, or to have endeavored to avoid them altogether; but they might have been more firmly resisted, or at least some effort might have been made to reduce their proportions. My mother, as a woman, was influenced by the sentimental aspect of Bourbonism, and allowed herself to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. In every great political movement there is a fascination, unless one is preserved from it by party spirit; and this sympathy, combined with the national taste for declamation, has a large share in the absurdities which accompany every change of government. My mother was, however, disgusted from the first by the exaggeration of sentiment, of opinion, and of ridiculous language, that prevailed. The humiliating and insolent side of the Restoration, as indeed of every restoration, is what shocks me the most; but, if the Royalists had not gone too far, a great deal would have been overlooked. The things of this kind which sensible folk will endure are surprising. I still feel grateful to my father because, in the very first days of the Monarchy, he somewhat sharply rebuked a person who was advocating in our *salon* the extreme doctrines of Legitimacy. Nevertheless, we had to accept this Legitimacy under a more politic form. The word itself was, I believe, sanctioned by M. de Talleyrand, and thence ensued an inevitable train of consequences which speedily developed themselves."

This is not merely an historical judgment of my father's; at that time he was beginning, notwithstanding his youth, to think for himself, and to guide, or at least to influence, the political opinions of his parents. As I shall soon be in a position to publish the reminiscences of his youth, I will not dwell upon them here. I must, however, mention him in connection with the memoirs of his mother, as he had more to do with them than might be supposed.

I have not hitherto alluded to one of the most character-

istic traits of her whose life I have undertaken to narrate. She was a tender, careful, and admirable mother. Her son Charles, born on the 24th Ventose, year 5 (March 14, 1797), cheered her from his childhood with the hopes which he afterward realized, and, as he grew in years and intelligence, aroused in her intellectual tastes similar to his own. Her second son, Albert, was born five years later than Charles, and died in 1830. His faculties were never completely developed; he remained a child until the end. She had tender compassion for him, and lavished upon him care so unceasing and devoted that it was admirable even in a mother. But her great love was for her first-born, and never was filial or maternal affection founded on more striking resemblance in mind and character. Her letters are full of her maternal tenderness. The following is addressed to her beloved son, when he was just sixteen. I think it will convey a favorable impression of both, and throw a light on the history of their after lives:

VICHY, *July 25, 1813.*

"I have been suffering from a severe sore throat for the last few days, and time has hung heavily, my child; to-day I feel a little better, and I am going to amuse myself by writing to you. Besides, you have been scolding me for my silence, and reproaching me too often with your four letters. I will no longer be behindhand with you, and this letter, I think, will entitle me to scold you in my turn, if an opportunity offers. My dear boy, I follow you step by step in all your studies, and I see you are full of work during this month of July, which I am passing so monotonously. I know pretty well, too, all you say and do on Thursdays and Sundays. Madame de Grasse * tells me of your little talks, and amuses me with it all. For instance, she told me that

* Madame de Grasse was the widow of an *émigré*, who lived in my grandmother's house and was very intimate with her. Her son, Count Gustave de Grasse, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Guard, and lived on terms of the

the other day you had praised me to her, and said that when you and I talk together you are sometimes tempted to think me too clever. But you need not be checked by any fear of that, for you, my dear child, have at least as much wit as I. I tell you so frankly, because that gift, although an advantage, needs many other things to support it, and therefore you may take my words rather as warning than as praise. If my conversation with you often takes a serious turn, you must impute it to the fact that I am your mother, and have not relinquished that *rôle;* to my discovery of some wise thoughts in my own head, and wanting to put them into yours; and to my desire to make good use of the quickly passing time that will soon bear you far from me. When I need no longer advise and warn you, we shall talk together quite at our ease, interchanging our reflections, our remarks, and our opinions on everything and everybody quite frankly, without fear of vexing one another; in fact, with all that sincere and intimate friendship which, I believe, may perfectly well exist between a mother and a son. There are not so many years between us as to prevent me from sympathizing with your youth, or sharing some of your feelings. Women's shoulders wear young heads for a long time, and in the head of a mother one side is always just the same age as her child's.

"Madame de Grasse told me also that you want to amuse yourself during these holidays by writing some of your notions on various subjects. I think you are right. It will be interesting for you to read them again in a few years. Your father would say I want to make you a scribbler like myself —for he does not stand on ceremony with me—but I do not care. There can be no harm in setting down one's thoughts in writing for one's self alone, and I think both taste and style may be formed in this way. It is just because your father is lazy, and only writes one letter a week; true, it is

closest friendship with my father until his death in 1859, notwithstanding the wide dissimilarity of their opinions and habits.

a very pleasant one, but still that is not much. . . . But there! I must not run on about him.

"During my retirement I thought I should like to draw your portrait, and if I had not had a sore throat, I would have tried to do so. While I was thinking it over, I found that in order not to be insipid, and, indeed, to be correct, I should have to point out a few faults, and I do believe the hard words have stuck in my throat and given me quinsy. While planning this portrait, I assure you I took you to pieces very carefully, and I found many good qualities well developed, a few just beginning to bud, and then some slight congestions which hinder certain others from exhibiting themselves. I beg your pardon for using a medical expression; it is because I am in a place where nothing but congestions and the way to get rid of them is talked about. I will explain all this some day when I am in the vein, but to-day I will touch only on one point—your behavior to others. You are polite—more so, indeed, than is customary at your age: you have a pleasant manner in addressing people, and you are a good listener. Do not let this last quality slip. Madame de Sévigné says that an appreciative silence is a mark of superior sense in young people. 'But, mother, what are you driving at? You promised to point out a fault, and hitherto I see nothing like one. A father's blow turns aside. Let us come to the fact, my dear mother.' So I will, my son, in one moment; you forget that I have a sore throat, and can only speak slowly. Well, then, you are polite. When you are *asked* to do something which will gratify those you love, you consent willingly; but, when an opportunity of so doing is merely pointed out to you, natural indolence and a certain love of self make you hesitate; and, when left to yourself, you do not seek such opportunities, for fear of the trouble they might entail. Can you understand these subtile distinctions? While you are still partly under my authority, I can influence and guide you: but you will soon have to answer for yourself, and I should wish you to think a little

about other people, notwithstanding the claims of your own youth, which are naturally engrossing. I am not sure that I have expressed myself clearly. As my ideas have to find their way through a headache and all my bandages, and for the last four days I have not sharpened my wits by contact with those of Albert, the quinsy may possibly have got into my discourse.

"You must make the best of it. At any rate, it is a fact that you have polished manners, in other words, you are kind. Kindness is the politeness of the heart. But enough.

. . . . . .

"Your little brother makes a good figure at the village dances. He has become quite a rustic. In the morning he fishes and takes long walks about the country. He understands more about trees and agriculture than you do. In the evening he shines among our big Auvergne shepherdesses, to whom he shows off all those little airs and graces which you know so well.

"Adieu, my dear son; I leave off because I have come to the end of my paper. Writing all this to you relieves me a little of my *ennui*, but I must not quite overwhelm you by pouring out too much at a time. My respects to Griffon, and best compliments to M. Leclerc." *

In this confidential strain the mother and the son carried on their correspondence. One year later, in 1814, the son left school, destined to fulfill all the promise of his childhood, and to hold thenceforth a more important place in the life and occupations of his parents. His influence soon began to tell on theirs, the more so that there existed no absolute divergence in their opinions. But he was more positive and bolder than his parents, because he was not fettered by the ties of old memories and old affection. He felt no regret for the Emperor, and, although deeply moved by the sufferings

* Griffon was a little dog. M. Leclerc was a member of the Institute and Dean of the Faculty of Letters. He died a few years ago. At that time he was a professor at the Lycée Napoléon, and gave lessons to my father.

of the French army, he witnessed the fall of the Empire, if not with joy, at least with indifference. To him, as to most talented young men of his time, it came as an emancipation. He eagerly embraced the first notions of constitutional order, which made their reappearance with the Bourbons. But he was struck by the ridiculous side of Royalist society. Many of the revived fashions and phrases * seemed to him to be mere foolery; he was disgusted by the abuse lavished upon the Emperor and the men of the Empire, but neither his parents nor he, although still a little suspicious of the new order of things, was seriously opposed to it. Neither the personal vexations which resulted from it, such as the deprivation of employment, the necessity of selling to great disadvantage a library which was the delight of my grandfather, and which lives in the recollection of lovers of books, nor a thousand other annoyances, could prevent their experiencing a sense of relief. They almost verified a celebrated saying of the Emperor, who, when at the zenith of his power, once asked those surrounding him what would be said after his death. They all hastened to answer in phrases of compliment or of flattery. But he interrupted them by exclaiming, "What! you are at a loss to know what people will say? They will say 'Ouf!'"

V.

It was difficult to attend to personal interests in those days; one could hardly help being diverted from them, and engrossed solely by the spectacle of France and Europe. Curiosity would naturally outweigh ambition in a family such as we are depicting. My grandfather did nevertheless think of entering the administration, and once more revived his project, hitherto doomed to disappointment, of gaining admittance to the Council of State; but he was as supine about it as before. Had he entered the administration, he would only have been following the example of the majority

* For a note by Count de Rémusat, see Appendix.

of the former officials of the Empire, for the Bonapartist Opposition did not come into existence until the latter days of the Monarchy. The members of the Imperial family lived in constant and friendly intercourse with the new *régime*, or rather the reinstated old *régime*. The Empress Josephine was treated with great respect, and the Emperor Alexander frequently visited her at Malmaison. She wished to take up a dignified and fitting position, and she confided to her lady-in-waiting that she thought of asking the title of High Constable for her son Eugène, showing thereby that she scarcely understood the spirit of the Restoration. Queen Hortense, who afterward became the bitter enemy of the Bourbons, and was concerned in numerous conspiracies, obtained the Duchy of Saint Leu, for which she intended to return thanks in person to Louis XVIII. All projects of this kind had, however, to be abandoned; for the Empress Josephine was suddenly carried off by malignant sore throat in March, 1814, and the last link that bound my kinsfolk to the Bonaparte family was sundered for ever.

The Bourbons seemed to make a point of annoying and depressing those very persons whom their Government should have endeavored to conciliate, and by slow degrees a belief gained ground that their reign would be of short duration, and that France, just then more in love with equality than with liberty, would demand to be placed once more under the yoke which had seemed to be shattered; in fact, that the days of Imperial splendor and misery would return. It was, therefore, with less amazement than might be supposed that my grandfather learned one day from a friend that the Emperor had escaped from Elba and landed at Cannes. Historical events seem more astounding to those who read of them than to eye-witnesses. Those who knew Bonaparte could readily believe him capable of again putting France and Frenchmen in peril for the sake of a selfish scheme. His return was, however, a tremendous event, and every one had to think not only of the political future, but

also of his own. Even those who, like M. de Rémusat, had not publicly taken any political side, and who only wanted to be left in repose and obscurity, had everything to lose, and were bound to provide against eventualities. The general suspense did not last long; even before the Emperor's entry into Paris, M. Réal came to announce to M. de Rémusat that he was sentenced to exile together with twelve or fifteen others, among whom was M. Pasquier.

An event still more serious than exile, and which left a deeper trace in my father's memory, occurred between the first news of the return of Napoleon and his arrival at the Tuileries. On the day after that on which the landing was publicly announced, Mme. de Nansouty hurried to her sister's house, full of dismay at all that she had been told of the persecution to which the opponents of the vindictive and all-powerful Emperor were about to be exposed. She told my grandparents that a rigorous inquisition by the police was to be put in action; that M. Pasquier apprehended molestation, and that everything in the house which could give rise to suspicion must be got rid of. My grandmother, who might not otherwise have thought of danger, remembered with alarm that a manuscript highly calculated to compromise her husband, her sister, her brother-in-law, and her friends, was in the house. For many years, probably from her first appearance at Court, she had been in the habit of taking notes daily of the events and conversations which came under her notice, while her memory of them was fresh. She had recorded nearly everything she saw and heard, at Paris, at St. Cloud, and at Malmaison. For twelve years she had transferred, not only events and circumstances, but studies of character and disposition, to the pages of her journal. This journal was kept in the form of a correspondence. It consisted of a series of letters, written from Court to a friend from whom nothing was concealed. The author well knew all the value of these fictitious letters, which recalled her whole life, with its most precious and most painful

recollections. Ought she to risk, for what would appear to others only literary or sentimental selfishness, the peace, the liberty, nay, even the life of those she loved? No one was aware of the existence of this manuscript, except her husband and Mme. Chéron, the wife of the Prefect of that name, a very old and attached friend. Her thoughts turned to this lady, who had once before taken charge of the dangerous manuscript, and she hastened to seek her. Unfortunately Mme. Chéron was from home, and not likely to return for a considerable time. What was to be done? My grandmother came back, greatly distressed, and, without further reflection or delay, threw her manuscripts into the fire. My father came into the room just as she was burning the last sheets, somewhat cautiously, lest the flame should reach too high. He was then seventeen, and has often described the scene to me—the remembrance of it was most painful to him. He thought at first that his mother was merely destroying a copy of the memoirs, which he had never read, and that the precious original manuscript was safely concealed. He threw the last sheets into the fire with his own hand, attaching but little importance to the action. "Few deeds," he used to say, "after I learned all the truth, have I ever so bitterly regretted."

From the very first, the author and her son so deeply lamented what they had done—for they learned almost immediately that the sacrifice was uncalled for—that for years they could not speak of it between themselves or to my grandfather. The latter bore his exile with much philosophy. He was not forbidden to dwell in France, but only in Paris and its neighborhood, and it was decided that they should all await the passing of the storm in Languedoc, where he possessed an estate which he had bought back from the heirs of M. de Bastard, his wife's grandfather, and which had long been neglected. The family removed, therefore, to Laffitte, where my father afterward passed so many years, now in the midst of political agitation, again in quiet study. In after

days he again came thither from exile; for the sufferings of good citizens from absolute power were not to be restricted to the year 1815, and Napoleons have returned to France from a greater distance than the Isle of Elba.

My grandfather started for Laffitte on March 13th, and his family joined him there a few days afterward. At Laffitte they passed the three months of that reign, shorter but still more fatal than the first, which has been called "The Hundred Days." There my father entered upon his literary career, not as yet producing original works, but translating Pope, Cicero, and Tacitus. His only original writings were his songs. The family lived quietly, unitedly, and almost happily, waiting the end of a tragedy of which they foresaw the *dénoument*, and at Laffitte they received the news of Waterloo. They heard at the same time of the abdication of Napoleon, and that M. de Rémusat was appointed Prefect of Haute-Garonne, by a decree of July 12, 1815. This appointment was quite to the taste of my grandfather, for it placed him once more in office, without involving him in the parade of a court; but it was less pleasing to his wife, who regretted Paris and her old friends there, and who dreaded the disturbances at Toulouse, at that time a prey to the violence of southern Royalism—"the White Terror," as it was then called.

The new Prefect immediately set out for Toulouse, and was greeted on his arrival with the news that General Ramel, notwithstanding that he had hoisted the white flag on the Capitol, had been assassinated. Such are the injustice and violence of party spirit, even when victorious; nay, especially when victorious!

But, however interesting this episode of our national troubles may be, it is not necessary to dwell on them here. The principal personage in these Memoirs is not the Prefect, but Mme. de Rémusat. My grandmother, anxious about the course of events, and perhaps afraid of the vehemence of her son's opinions, which were little suited to his father's

official position, sent him back to Paris, to his great satisfaction.

Then ensued a correspondence between them which will make both of them known to us, and will perhaps depict the writer of these Memoirs more clearly than do the Memoirs themselves.

As, however, the latter work only is in question at present, it is not necessary to give in detail the history of the period subsequent to 1815. The administration of the department, which commenced under such gloomy auspices, was, for a period of nineteen months, extremely difficult. While the son, mixing in very Liberal society in Paris, adopted the opinions of advanced constitutional Royalism, which did little more than tolerate the Bourbons, the father, amid totally different surroundings, underwent a similar mental process, and placed himself by word and deed in the front rank of those officials of the King's Government who were the least Royalist and the most Liberal. He was a just and moderate man, a lover of law, neither an aristocrat nor a bigot. The people of Toulouse were all that he was not; nevertheless he was successful there, and left behind him a kindly memory, which lapsed as the men of his time disappeared, but of which my father has more than once found traces. These early days of constitutional liberty, even in a province which did not afterward put its theories boldly in practice, are curious to contemplate.

The light of that liberty illumined all that the Empire had left in darkness. Opinions, ideas, hatred, passions, came to life. The Government of the Bourbons was represented by a married priest, M. de Talleyrand, and a regicide Jacobin, M. Fouché; but even they could not oppose the reactionary tendency of the time, and the Liberal policy did not triumph until the accession of MM. Decazes, Pasquier, Molé, and Royer-Collard to the ministry, and the passing of the famous decree of the 5th of September. The new policy was of course advantageous to those who had practiced it be-

forehand, and there could be no ill will toward the Prefect on account of the failure of the Liberal party in the elections of Haute-Garonne. So soon as the ministry was firmly established, and as M. Lainé had succeeded M. de Vaublanc, my grandfather was appointed Prefect of Lille. My father records in a letter already quoted the effect of these events on the mind of Mme. de Rémusat:

"The nomination of my father to Lille brought my mother back into the midst of the great stir of public opinion, which was soon to declare itself as it had not done since 1789. Her intelligence, her reason, all her feelings and all her convictions, were about to make a great step in advance. The Empire, after awakening her interest in public affairs and enabling her to understand them, subsequently directed her mind toward a high moral aim, by inspiring her with a horror of tyranny. Hence came her desire for a government of order, founded on law, reason, and the spirit of the nation; hence a certain leaning toward the forms of the English constitution. Her stay at Toulouse and the reaction of 1815 gave her such a knowledge of social realities as she could never have acquired in the *salons* of Paris, enlightening her as to the results and the causes of the Revolution, and the needs and sentiments of the nation. She understood, in a general way, on which side lay true help, strength, life, and right. She learned that a new France had been called into existence, and what it was, and that it was for and by this new France that government must be carried on."

VI.

My grandmother's stay at Lille was occasionally varied by visits to her son in Paris. The pleasures of society were but a prelude to the literary success that he achieved a few months later; and indeed he was already practicing composition in his frequent letters to his mother on politics and literature. Mme. de Rémusat had more leisure at Lille than

in Paris, and, although her health was still delicate, she indulged her taste for intellectual pursuits. Hitherto she had written nothing but the Memoirs that she had afterward destroyed, and a few short tales and essays. In the leisure of a country life she now attempted a romance in the form of letters, called "Les Lettrés Espagnols, ou l'Ambitieux." While she was working at this with ardor and success, the posthumous work of Mme. de Staël, "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," came out in 1818, and made a great impression on her. Now that sixty years have elapsed, it is difficult for us to realize the extraordinary effect of Mme. de Staël's eloquent dissertation on the principles of the Revolution. The opinions of the author, then quite novel, are now merely noble truisms obvious to all. But in the days that immediately followed the Empire they were something more. Everything was then new, and the younger generation, who had undergone twenty years of tyranny, had to learn over again that which their fathers had known so well in 1789.

My grandmother was especially struck by the eloquent pages in which the author gives somewhat declamatory expression to her hatred of Napoleon. Mme. de Rémusat felt a certain sympathy with the author's sentiments, but she could not forget that at one time she had thought differently. People who are fond of writing are easily tempted into explaining their conduct and feelings on paper. She conceived a strong desire to arrange all her reminiscences, to describe the Empire as she had seen it, and how she had at first loved and admired, next condemned and dreaded, afterward suspected and hated, and finally renounced it. The Memoirs she had destroyed in 1815 would have been the most accurate exposition of this succession of events, situations, and feelings. It was vain to think of rewriting them, but it was possible, with the help of a good memory and an upright intention, to compose others which should be equally sincere. Full of this project, she wrote to her son (May 27, 1818):

"I have taken up a new notion. You must know that I wake every morning at six o'clock, and that I write regularly from that hour until half-past nine. Well, I was sitting up with the manuscript of my 'Lettrés Espagnols' all scattered about me, when certain chapters of Mme. de Staël's book came into my head. I flung my romance aside, and took up a clean sheet of paper, bitten with the idea that I must write about Bonaparte. On I went, describing the death of the Duke d'Enghien and that dreadful week I spent at Malmaison; and, as I am an emotional person, I seemed to be living all through that time over again. Words and events came back of themselves; between yesterday and to-day I have written twenty pages, and am somewhat agitated in consequence."

The same circumstance which reawakened the recollections of the mother aroused the literary tastes of the son; and while he was publishing an article on Mme. de Staël in the "Archives," * his first appearance in print, he wrote as follows to his mother on the same date, May 27, 1818. Their respective letters crossed on the road:

"'All honor to the sincere!' This book, my dear mother, has renewed my regret that you have burned your Memoirs, and has made me most anxious that you should retrieve that loss. You really owe this to yourself, to us, to the interests of truth. Read up the old almanacs; study the 'Moniteur' page by page; get back your old letters from your friends, and go over them, especially those to my father. Try to remember not only the details of events, but your own impressions of them. Try to resuscitate the views you formerly held, even the illusions you have lost; recall your very errors. Show how you, with many other honorable and sensible people, indignant and disgusted with the horrors of the

* "Archives Philosophiques, Politiques et Littéraires," vol. v., Paris, 1818. My father reprinted this article in the collection entitled "Critiques et Études Littéraires, ou Passé et Présent," par Ch. de Rémusat. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris, 1857.

Revolution, were carried away by natural aversions, and beguiled by enthusiasm for one man, which was in reality highly patriotic. Explain how we had all of us become, as it were, strangers to political life. We had no dread of the empire of an individual; we went out to meet it. Then show how this man either became corrupt, or else displayed his true character as his power increased. Tell how it unfortunately happened that, as you lost one by one your illusions concerning him, you became more and more dependent, and how the less you submitted to him in heart, the more you were obliged to obey him in fact; how at last, after having believed in the uprightness of his policy because you were mistaken in himself, your discovery of his true character led you to a correct view of his system; and how moral indignation finally brought you by degrees to what I may call a *political hatred* of him. This, my dear mother, is what I entreat of you to do. You see what I mean, do you not? and you will do it."

Two days after, on the 30th of May, my grandmother replied as follows:

"Is it not wonderful how perfectly we understand each other? I am reading the book, and I am as much struck by it as you are. I regret my poor Memoirs for new reasons, and I take up my pen again without quite knowing whither it will lead me; for, my dear child, this task which you have set me, and which of itself is tempting, is also formidable. I shall, however, set about reviving my impressions of certain epochs, at first without order or sequence, just as things come back to me. You may trust me to set down the very truth. Yesterday, when I was alone and at my desk, I was trying to recall my first meeting with this wretched man. A tide of remembrance rushed over me, and that which you so justly call my *political* hatred was ready to fade away and give place to my former illusions."

A few days later, on the 8th of June, 1818, she dwells on the difficulties of her task:

"Do you know that I need all my courage to do as you tell me? I am like a person who, having spent ten years at the galleys, is asked to write an account of how he passed his time. My heart sinks when I recall old memories. There is pain both in my past fancies and in my present feelings. You are right in saying I love truth; but it follows that I can not, like so many others, recall the past with impunity, and I assure you that, for the last week, I have risen quite saddened from the desk at which you and Mme. de Staël have placed me. I could not reveal these feelings to any one but you. Others would not understand, and would only laugh at me."

On the 28th of September and the 8th of October of the same year, she writes to her son:

"If I were a man, I should certainly devote a part of my life to studying the League; being only a woman, I confine myself to verbal utterances about you know whom. What a man! what a man! It terrifies me to retrace it all. It was my misfortune to be very young when I was placed near him; I did not reflect on what passed before me; but now that we are both older, I and the generation to which I belong, my memories move me more than did events at that time. If you come . . . I think you will find that I have not lost much time this summer. I have already written nearly five hundred pages, and I am going to write much more; the task lengthens as I work at it. Afterward much time and patience will be required to put all this material in order. Perhaps I shall never have either one or the other; if so, that will be your business when I shall be no longer here."

"Your father," she writes again, "says that he does not know of any one to whom I could show what I am writing. He declares that no one excels me in 'the talent for being true' as he expresses it. So, therefore, I write for nobody in particular. Some day you will find my manuscripts among my effects, and you can do what you like with them."

On the 8th of October, 1818, she writes: "There is a

thought that sometimes troubles me. I say to myself, 'Suppose some day my son publishes this, what will be said of me?' Then the fear seizes me that I shall be held to have been malicious, or at least ill-natured, and I rack my brain for something to praise. But this man (Bonaparte) was such a ruthless destroyer of all worth and we were brought so low that I am straitened by the demands of truth, and I grow quite disheartened."

These fragments of her letters indicate the spirit in which the Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat were written; and it was not that of a literary pastime, nor a pleasure of the imagination. Her motive was neither ambition to be an author, nor the desire to put forward an apology. The love of truth, the political spectacle before her eyes, and the influence of a son who became day by day more strongly confirmed in those Liberal opinions which were destined to be the delight and the honor of his life—these things gave her courage to persevere in her task for more than two years. She understood that noble policy which places the rights of man above the rights of the State. Nor was this all. As often happens to persons deeply engaged in intellectual work, her task became plain and easy, and she led a more active life than at any previous time. In spite of failing health, she constantly traveled from Lille to Paris; she acted the part of Elmire in "Tartuffe" at M. Molé's house at Champlâtreux; she commenced a work on the Women of the Seventeenth Century, which she afterward expanded into her "Essai sur l'Éducation des Femmes"; she supplied Dupuytren with material for a panegyric on Corvisart, and she even published a tale in the "Lycée Français." *

In the midst of the happiness which she derived from her quiet life and her busy mind, from her husband's official and her son's literary success, her health failed. First came a weakness of the eyes, which, without actually threatening

* "Lycée Français, ou Mélange de Littérature et de Critique," t. iii., p. 281 (1820).

her sight, occasioned her both pain and inconvenience; then followed a general delicacy of the system, in which the stomach was chiefly affected. After alternate changes for the better and the worse, her son brought her to Paris on the 28th of November, 1821, in a suffering condition, which was alarming to those who loved her, but did not appear to the doctors to indicate immediate danger. Broussais, however, took a desponding view of her case, and my father was then first struck by the power of induction to which the discoveries and the errors of that eminent man are alike due. Notwithstanding her illness, she occupied herself on her return to Lille with literary and historical work, and received company, including a great number of political personages. She was still able to feel interested in the fall of the Duke Decazes, and she foresaw that the coming into power of M. de Villèle—that is to say, of the ultras or reactionaries, as they are now called—would render it impossible for her husband to retain the Prefecture of Lille; and, in fact, he was superseded on the 9th of January, 1822. Before this occurred, Mme. de Rémusat was no more. She expired suddenly in the night, December 16, 1821, aged forty-one years.

She bequeathed to her son a lifelong sorrow, and to her friends the memory of a remarkable and charming woman. Not one of those friends is now living; M. Pasquier, M. Molé, M. Guizot, and M. Leclerc have recently passed away. I render her memory the truest homage in my power by the publication of these unfinished Memoirs, which, with the exception of a few chapters, she was unable to read over or correct. The work was to have been divided into five parts, corresponding with five distinct epochs. She completed only three, which treat of the interval between 1802 and 1808; that is to say, from her first appearance at Court to the breaking out of the war in Spain. The unwritten portions would have described the period that elapsed between that war and the divorce (1808–1809), and the five following years, ending with the fall of the Emperor. I am well

aware that a work of the nature of this one is calculated to bring down upon both its author and its editor much blame, many insinuations, and a great deal of political animosity. Its apparent contradictions will be held up to observation, rather than the interesting analogy of the opinions of three generations which it sets forth, and the difference in the times. It will be a theme for wonder that any man could be a chamberlain and any woman a lady-in-waiting, and yet that both could be so far from servile, so liberal, so little shocked by the 18th Brumaire, so patriotic, so much fascinated by that man of genius, Bonaparte, and so severe upon his faults, so clear-sighted respecting the majority of the members of the Imperial family, so indulgent or so blind with regard to others who have left an equally fatal impress on our national history. It will, however, be difficult to avoid doing justice to the sincerity, the honesty, and the intelligence of the author, or to read the book without deriving from it an increased aversion to absolute power, a keener perception of its sophistry, and the hollowness of the apparent prosperity with which it dazzles public opinion. These impressions I have especially derived from it, and I desire to retain them. It would have been sufficient preface to this book had I written only those words which my father uttered, sixty years ago, when, on reading Mme. de Staël, he asked his mother to tell him the story of the cruel years of the First Empire: "All honor to the sincere!"

PAUL DE RÉMUSAT.

MEMOIRS OF

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

INTRODUCTION.

PORTRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

Now that I am about to commence these Memoirs, I think it well to precede them by some observations on the character of the Emperor, and the various members of his family respectively. These observations will help me in the difficult task I am about to undertake, by aiding me to recall the impressions of the last twelve years. I shall begin with Bonaparte himself. I am far from saying that he always appeared to me in the light in which I see him now; my opinions have progressed, even as he did; but I am so far from being influenced by personal feelings, that I do not think it is possible for me to deviate from the exact truth.

Napoleon Bonaparte is of low stature, and rather ill-proportioned; his bust is too long, and so shortens the rest of his figure. He has thin chestnut hair, his eyes are grayish blue, and his skin, which was yellow while he was slight, became in later years a dead white without any color. His forehead, the setting of his eye, the line of his nose—all that is beautiful, and reminds one of an antique medallion. His mouth, which is thin-lipped, becomes agreeable when he laughs; the teeth are regular. His chin is short, and his

jaw heavy and square. He has well-formed hands and feet; I mention them particularly, because he thought a good deal of them.

He has an habitual slight stoop. His eyes are dull, giving to his face when in repose a melancholy and meditative expression. When he is excited with anger his looks are fierce and menacing. Laughter becomes him; it makes him look more youthful and less formidable. It is difficult not to like him when he laughs, his countenance improves so much. He was always simple in his dress, and generally wore the uniform of his own guard. He was cleanly rather from habit than from a liking for cleanliness; he bathed often, sometimes in the middle of the night, because he thought the practice good for his health. But, apart from this, the precipitation with he did everything did not admit of his clothes being put on carefully; and on gala days and full-dress occasions his servants were obliged to consult together as to when they might snatch a moment to dress him.

He could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance; and sometimes the poor valet who had occasioned him a passing inconvenience would receive violent proof of his anger. I have said there was a sort of fascination in the smile of Bonaparte; but, during all the time I was in the habit of seeing him, he rarely put forth that charm. Gravity was the foundation of his character; not the gravity of a dignified and noble manner, but that which arises from profound thought. In his youth he was a dreamer; later in life he became a moody, and later still an habitually ill-tempered man. When I first began to know him well, he was exceedingly fond of all that induces reverie—Ossian, the twilight, melancholy music. I have seen him enraptured by the murmur of the wind, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm of the moaning of the sea, and he was tempted sometimes to believe that nocturnal apparitions were not beyond the bounds

of possibility; in fact, he had a leaning to certain superstitions. When, on leaving his study in the evening, he went into Mme. Bonaparte's drawing-room, he would sometimes have the candles shaded with white gauze, desire us to keep profound silence, and amuse himself by telling or hearing ghost stories; or he would listen to soft, sweet music executed by Italian singers, accompanied only by a few instruments lightly touched. Then he would fall into a reverie which all respected, no one venturing to move or stir from his or her place. When he aroused himself from that state, which seemed to procure him a sort of repose, he was generally more serene and more communicative. He liked then to talk about the sensations he had experienced. He would explain the effect music had upon him; he always preferred that of Paisiello, because he said it was monotonous, and that impressions which repeat themselves are the only ones that take possession of us. The geometrical turn of his mind disposed him to analyze even his emotions. No man has ever meditated more deeply than Bonaparte on the "wherefore" that rules human actions. Always aiming at something, even in the least important acts of his life, always laying bare to himself a secret motive for each of them, he could never understand that natural nonchalance which leads some persons to act without a project and without an aim. He always judged others by himself, and was often mistaken, his conclusions and the actions which ensued upon them both proving erroneous.

Bonaparte was deficient in education and in manners; it seemed as if he must have been destined either to live in a tent where all men are equal, or upon a throne where everything is permitted. He did not know how either to enter or to leave a room; he did not know how to make a bow, how to rise, or how to sit down. His questions were abrupt, and so also was his manner of speech. Spoken by him, Italian loses all its grace and sweetness. Whatever language he speaks, it seems always to be a foreign tongue to him; he

appears to force it to express his thoughts. And then, as any rigid rule becomes an insupportable annoyance to him, every liberty which he takes pleases him as though it were a victory, and he would never yield even to grammar. He used to say that in his youth he had liked reading romances as well as studying the exact sciences; and probably he was influenced by so incongruous a mixture. Unfortunately, he had met with the worst kind of romances, and retained so keen a remembrance of the pleasure they had given him that, when he married the Archduchess Marie Louise, he gave her "Hippolyte, Comte de Douglas," and "Les Contemporains,"* so that, as he said, she might form an idea of refined feeling, and also of the customs of society.

In trying to depict Bonaparte, it would be necessary, following the analytical forms of which he was so fond, to separate into three very distinct parts his soul, his heart, and his mind; for no one of these ever blended completely with the others. Although very remarkable for certain intellectual qualities, no man, it must be allowed, was ever less lofty of soul. There was no generosity, no true greatness in him. I have never known him to admire, I have never known him to comprehend, a fine action. He always regarded every indication of a good feeling with suspicion; he did not value sincerity; and he did not hesitate to say that he recognized the superiority of a man by the greater or less degree of cleverness with which he used the art of lying. On the occasion of his saying this, he added, with great complacency, that when he was a child one of his uncles had predicted that he should govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. "M. de Metternich," he added, "approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well."

All Bonaparte's methods of government were selected from among those which have a tendency to debase men. He dreaded the ties of affection; he endeavored to isolate

* "Les Contemporains" was a romance, or rather a series of stories or portraits, by Rétif de la Bretonne.

every one; he never sold a favor without awakening a sense of uneasiness, for he held that the true way to attach the recipients to himself was by compromising them, and often even by blasting them in public opinion. He could not pardon virtue until he had succeeded in weakening its effect by ridicule. He can not be said to have truly loved glory, for he never hesitated to prefer success to it; thus, although he was audacious in good fortune, and although he pushed it to its utmost limits, he was timid and troubled when threatened with reverses. Of generous courage he was not capable; and, indeed, on that head one would hardly venture to tell the truth so plainly as he has told it himself, by an admission recorded in an anecdote which I have never forgotten. One day, after his defeat at Leipsic, and when, as he was about to return to Paris, he was occupied in collecting the remains of his army for the defense of our frontiers, he was talking to M. de Talleyrand of the ill success of the Spanish war, and of the difficulty in which it had involved him. He spoke openly of his own position, not with the noble frankness that does not fear to own a fault, but with that haughty sense of superiority which releases one from the necessity of dissimulation. At this interview, in the midst of his plain speaking, M. de Talleyrand said to him suddenly, "But how is it? You consult me as if we had not quarreled."

Bonaparte answered, "Ah, circumstances! circumstances! Let us leave the past and the future alone. I want to hear what you think of the present moment."

"Well," replied M. de Talleyrand, "there is only one thing you can do. You have made a mistake: you must say so; try to say so nobly. Proclaim, therefore, that being a King by the choice of the people, elected by the nations, it has never been your design to set yourself against them. Say that, when you began the war with Spain, you believed you were about to deliver the people from the yoke of an odious minister, who was encouraged by the weakness of his

prince; but that, on closer observation, you perceive that the Spaniards, although aware of the faults of their King, are none the less attached to his dynasty, which you are therefore about to restore to them, so that it may not be said you ever opposed a national aspiration. After that proclamation, restore King Ferdinand to liberty, and withdraw your troops. Such an avowal, made in a lofty tone, and when the enemy are still hesitating on our frontier, can only do you honor; and you are still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act."

"A cowardly act!" replied Bonaparte; "what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one, if it were useful to me. In reality, there is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, opposed to certain affectations of greatness with which I have to adorn myself, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore, all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," he added (says M. de Talleyrand), with a satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step."

Another anecdote which bears on the same characteristic will not be out of place here. Bonaparte, when on the point of setting out for Egypt, went to see M. de Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory. "I was in bed, being ill," said M. de Talleyrand. "Bonaparte sat down near me, and divulged to me all the dreams of his youthful imagination. I was interested in him because of the activity of his mind, and also on account of the obstacles which I was aware would be placed in his way by

secret enemies of whom I knew. He told me of the difficulty in which he was placed for want of money, and that he did not know where to get any. 'Stay,' I said to him; 'open my desk. You will find there a hundred thousand francs which belong to me. They are yours for the present; you may repay the money when you return.' Bonaparte threw himself on my neck, and I was really delighted to witness his joy. When he became Consul, he gave me back the money I had lent him; but he asked me one day, 'What interest could you have had in lending me that money? I have thought about it a hundred times since then, and have never been able to make out your object.' 'I had none,' I replied. 'I was feeling very ill: it was quite possible I might never see you again; but you were young, you had impressed me very strongly, and I felt impelled to render you a service without any afterthought whatsoever.' 'In that case,' said Bonaparte, 'and if it was really done without any design, you acted a dupe's part.'"

According to the order I have laid down, I ought now to speak of Bonaparte's heart; but, if it were possible to believe that a being, in every other way similar to ourselves, could exist without that portion of our organization which makes us desire to love and to be loved, I should say that in his creation the heart was left out. Perhaps, however, the truth was that he succeeded in suppressing it completely. He was always too much engrossed by himself to be influenced by any sentiment of affection, no matter of what kind. He almost ignored the ties of blood and the rights of nature; I do not know that even paternity weighed with him. It seemed, at least, that he did not regard it as his primary relation with his son. One day, at breakfast, when, as was often the case, Talma had been admitted to see him, the young Napoleon was brought to him. The Emperor took the child on his knee, and, far from caressing, amused himself by slapping him, though not so as to hurt him; then, turning to Talma, he said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing?" Talma, as

may be supposed, did not know what to say. "You do not see it," continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King."

Notwithstanding his habitual hardness, Bonaparte was not entirely without experience of love. But, good heavens! what manner of sentiment was it in his case? A sensitive person forgets self in love, and becomes almost transformed; but to a man of the stamp of Bonaparte it only supplies an additional sort of despotism. The Emperor despised women, and contempt can not exist together with love. He regarded their weakness as an unanswerable proof of their inferiority, and the power they have acquired in society as an intolerable usurpation—a result and an abuse of the progress of that civilization which, as M. de Talleyrand said, was always his personal enemy. On this account Bonaparte was under restraint in the society of women; and, as every kind of restraint put him out of humor, he was always awkward in their presence, and never knew how to talk to them. It is true that the women with whom he was acquainted were not calculated to change his views of the sex. We may easily imagine the nature of his youthful experiences. In Italy morals were utterly depraved, and the general licentiousness was augmented by the presence of the French army. When he returned to France society was entirely broken up and dispersed. The circle that surrounded the Directory was a corrupt one, and the Parisian women to whose society he was admitted were vain and frivolous, the wives of men of business and contractors. When he became Consul, and made his generals and his aides-de-camp marry, or ordered them to bring their wives to Court, the only women he had about him were timid and silent girls, newly married, or the wives of his former comrades, suddenly withdrawn from obscurity by the good fortune of their husbands, and ill able to conform to the change in their position.

I am disposed to believe that Bonaparte, almost always exclusively occupied by politics, was never awakened to love except by vanity. He thought nothing of a woman except

while she was beautiful, or at least young. He would probably have been willing to subscribe to the doctrine that, in a well-organized country, we should be killed—just as certain kinds of insects are destined by nature to a speedy death, so soon as they have accomplished the task of maternity. Yet Bonaparte had some affection for his first wife; and, if he was ever really stirred by any emotion, it was by her and for her. Even a Bonaparte can not completely escape from every influence, and a man's character is composed, not of what he is always, but of what he is most frequently.

Bonaparte was young when he first made the acquaintance of Mme. de Beauharnais, who was greatly superior to the rest of the circle in which she moved, both by reason of the name she bore and from the elegance of her manners. She attached herself to him, and flattered his pride; she procured him a step in rank; he became accustomed to associate the idea of her influence with every piece of good fortune which befell him. This superstition, which she kept up very cleverly, exerted great power over him for a long time; it even induced him more than once to delay the execution of his projects of divorce. When he married Mme. de Beauharnais, Bonaparte believed that he was allying himself to a very great lady; his marriage, therefore, was one conquest the more. I shall give further details of the charm she exercised over him when I have to speak more particularly of her.

Notwithstanding his preference for her, I have seen him in love two or three times, and it was on those occasions that he exhibited the full measure of the despotism of his character. How irritated he became at the least obstacle! How roughly he put aside the jealous remonstrances of his wife! "It is your place," he said, "to submit to all my fancies, and you ought to think it quite natural that I should allow myself amusements of this kind. I have a right to answer all your complaints by an eternal I. I am a person apart; I will not be dictated to by any one." But he soon

began to desire to exercise over the object of his passing preference an authority equal to that by which he silenced his wife. Astonished that any one should have any ascendancy over him, he speedily became angry with the audacious individual, and he would abruptly get rid of the object of his brief passion, having let the public into the transparent secret of his success.

The intellect of Bonaparte was most remarkable. It would be difficult, I think, to find among men a more powerful or comprehensive mind. It owed nothing to education; for, in reality, he was ignorant, reading but little, and that hurriedly. But he quickly seized upon the little he learned, and his imagination developed it so extensively that he might easily have passed for a well-educated man.

His intellectual capacity seemed to be vast, from the number of subjects he could take in and classify without fatigue. With him one idea gave birth to a thousand, and a word would lift his conversation into elevated regions of fancy, in which exact logic did not indeed keep him company, but in which his intellect never failed to shine.

It was always a great pleasure to me to hear him talk, or rather to hear him hold forth, for his conversation was composed generally of long monologues; not that he objected to replies when he was in a good humor, but, for many reasons, it was not always easy to answer him. His Court, which for a long time was entirely military, listened to his least word with the respect that is paid to the word of command; and afterward it became so numerous that any individual undertaking to refute him, or to carry on a dialogue with him, felt like an actor before an audience. I have said that he spoke badly, but his language was generally animated and brilliant; his grammatical inaccuracies sometimes lent his sentences an unexpected strength, very suitable to the originality of his ideas. He required no interlocutor to warm him up. He would dash into a subject, and go on for a long time, careful to notice, however, whether he was followed, and

pleased with those who comprehended and applauded him. Formerly, to know how to listen to him was a sure and easy way of pleasing him. Like an actor who becomes excited by the effect he produces, Bonaparte enjoyed the admiration he watched for closely in the faces of his audience. I remember well how, because he interested me very much when he spoke, and I listened to him with pleasure, he proclaimed me a woman of intellect, although at that time I had not addressed two consecutive sentences to him.

He was very fond of talking about himself, and criticised himself on certain points, just as another person might have done. Rather than fail to make the most out of his own character, he would not have hesitated to subject it to the most searching analysis. He used often to say that a real politician knows how to calculate even the smallest profits that he can make out of his defects; and M. de Talleyrand carried that reflection even further. I once heard him say, "That devil of a man deceives one on all points. His very passions mislead, for he manages to dissemble them even when they really exist." I can recall an incident which will show how, when he found it useful, he could pass from the most complete calm to the most violent anger.

A little while before our last rupture with England, a rumor was spread that war was about to recommence, and that the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, was preparing to leave Paris. Once a month the First Consul was in the habit of receiving, in Mme. Bonaparte's apartments, the ambassadors and their wives. This reception was held in great pomp. The foreigners were ushered into a drawing-room, and when they were all there the First Consul would appear, accompanied by his wife. Both were attended by a prefect and a lady of the palace. To each of them the ambassadors and their wives were introduced by name. Mme. Bonaparte would take a seat; the First Consul would keep up the conversation for a longer or a shorter time, according to his convenience, and then withdraw with a slight bow. A few

days before the breach of the peace, the Corps Diplomatique had met as usual at the Tuileries. While they were waiting, I went to Mme. Bonaparte's apartment, and entered the dressing-room, where she was finishing her toilet.

The First Consul was sitting on the floor, playing with little Napoleon, the eldest son of his brother Louis. He presently began to criticise his wife's dress, and also mine, giving us his opinion on every detail of our costume. He seemed to be in the best possible humor. I remarked this, and said to him that, judging by appearances, the letters the ambassadors would have to write, after the approaching audience, would breathe nothing but peace and concord. Bonaparte laughed, and went on playing with his little nephew.

By-and-by he was told that the company had arrived. Then he rose quickly, the gayety vanished from his face, and I was struck by the severe expression that suddenly replaced it: he seemed to grow pale at will, his features contracted; and all this in less time than it takes me to describe it. "Let us go, mesdames," said he, in a troubled voice; and then he walked on quickly, entered the drawing-room, and, without bowing to any one, advanced to the English ambassador. To him he began to complain bitterly of the proceedings of his Government. His anger seemed to increase every minute; it soon reached a height which terrified the assembly; the hardest words, the most violent threats, were poured forth by his trembling lips. No one dared to move. Mme. Bonaparte and I looked at each other, dumb with astonishment, and every one trembled. The impassibility of the Englishman was even disconcerted, and it was with difficulty he could find words to answer.

Another anecdote* which sounds strange, but is very

* The Abbé de Pradt relates that on one occasion, after a violent scene, the Emperor came to him and said: "You thought me terribly angry? Undeceive yourself; with me anger never goes beyond this." And he passed his hand across his throat, thus indicating that his passion never rose high enough to disturb his head.

characteristic, proves how completely he could command himself when he chose to do so.

When he was traveling, or even during a campaign, he never failed to indulge in gallantries which he regarded as a short respite from business or battles. His brother-in-law Murat, and his grand-marshal Duroc, were charged with the task of procuring him the means of gratifying his passing fancies. On the occasion of his first entry into Poland, Murat, who had preceded him to Warsaw, was ordered to find for the Emperor, who would shortly arrive, a young and pretty mistress, and to select her from among the nobility. He acquitted himself cleverly of this commission, and induced a noble young Polish lady, who was married to an old man, to comply with the Emperor's wishes. No one knows what means he employed, or what were his promises; but at last the lady consented to go in the evening to the castle near Warsaw, where the Emperor was lodged.

The fair one arrived rather late at her destination. She has herself narrated this adventure, and she acknowledges, what we can readily believe, that she arrived agitated and trembling.

The Emperor was in his cabinet. The lady's arrival was announced to him; but, without disturbing himself, he ordered her to be conducted to her apartment, and offered supper and a bath, adding that afterward she might retire to rest if she chose. Then he quietly went on writing until a late hour at night.

At last, his business being finished, he proceeded to the apartment where he had been so long waited for, and presented himself with all the manner of a master who disdains useless preliminaries. Without losing a moment, he began a singular conversation on the political situation of Poland, questioning the young lady as if she had been a police agent, and demanding some very circumstantial information respecting the great Polish nobles who were then in Warsaw. He inquired particularly into their opinions and their present in-

terests, and prolonged this extraordinary interrogatory for a long time. The astonishment of a woman twenty years of age, who was not prepared for such a cross-examination, may be imagined. She answered him as well as she could, and only when she could tell him no more did he seem to remember that Murat had promised, in his name, an interview of a more tender nature.

This extraordinary wooing did not, however, prevent the young Polish lady from becoming attached to the Emperor, for their *liaison* was prolonged during several campaigns. Afterward the fair Pole came to Paris, where a son was born, who became the object of the hopes of Poland, the rallying point of Polish dreams of independence.

I saw his mother when she was presented at the Imperial Court, where she at first excited the jealousy of Mme. Bonaparte; but after the divorce she became the intimate friend of the repudiated Empress at Malmaison, whither she often brought her son. It is said that she was faithful to the Emperor in his misfortunes, and that she visited him more than once at the Isle of Elba. He found her again in France when he made his last and fatal appearance there. But, after his second fall (I do not know at what time she became a widow), she married again, and she died in Paris this year (1818). I had these details from M. de Talleyrand.

I will now resume my sketch. Bonaparte carried selfishness so far that it was not easy to move him about anything that did not concern himself. He was, however, occasionally surprised, as it were, into impulses of tenderness; but they were very fugitive, and always ended in ill humor. It was not uncommon to see him moved even to the point of shedding a few tears; they seemed to arise from nervous irritation, of which they became the crisis. "I have," he said, "very unmanageable nerves, and at these times, if my blood did not always flow slowly, I think I should be very likely to go mad." I know, indeed, from Corvisart, that his pulse beat more slowly than is usual for a man's. Bonaparte

never felt what is commonly called giddiness, and he always said that the expression, "My head is going round," conveyed no meaning to him. It was not only from the ease with which he yielded to all his impulses that he often used language which was painful and distressing to those whom he addressed, but also because he felt a secret pleasure in exciting fear, and in harassing the more or less trembling individuals before him. He held that uncertainty stimulates zeal, and therefore he rarely displayed satisfaction with either persons or things. Admirably served, always obeyed on the moment, he would still find fault, and keep everybody in the palace in dread of his displeasure about some small detail. If the easy flow of his conversation had established for the time a sense of ease, he would suddenly imagine that it might be abused, and by a hard and imperious word put the person whom he had welcomed and encouraged in his or her place—that is to say, in fear. He hated repose for himself and grudged it to others. When M. de Rémusat had arranged one of those magnificent fêtes where all the arts were laid under contribution for his pleasure, I was never asked whether the Emperor was pleased, but whether he had grumbled more or less. His service was the severest of toil. He has been heard to say, in one of those moments when the strength of conviction appeared to weigh upon him, "The truly happy man is he who hides from me in the country, and when I die the world will utter a great '*Ouf!*'"

I have said that Bonaparte was incapable of generosity; and yet his gifts were immense, and the rewards he bestowed gigantic. But, when he paid for a service, he made it plain that he expected to buy another, and a vague uneasiness as to the conditions of the bargain always remained. There was also a good deal of caprice in his gifts, so that they rarely excited gratitude. Moreover, he required that the money he distributed should all be expended, and he rather liked people to contract debts, because it kept them in a state of de-

pendence. His wife gave him complete satisfaction in the latter particular, and he would never put her affairs in order, so that he might keep the power of making her uneasy in his hands. At one time he settled a considerable revenue on M. de Rémusat, that we might keep what is called open house, and receive a great many foreigners. We were very exact in the first expenses demanded by a great establishment. A little while after, I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and was forced to close my house. The Emperor then rescinded all his gifts, on the ground that we could not keep the engagement we had made, and he left us in what was really a position of embarrassment, caused entirely by his fugitive and burdensome gifts. I pause here. If I carry out the plan I have formed, my memory, carefully consulted, will furnish me by degrees with other anecdotes which will complete this sketch. What I have already written will suffice to convey an idea of the character of him with whom circumstances connected the best years of my life.

Bonaparte's Mother.

Mme. Bonaparte (*née* Ramolini) was married in 1767 to Charles Bonaparte, who belonged to one of the noble families of Corsica. It is said that there had been a *liaison* between her and M. de Marbeuf, governor of the island; and some went so far as to allege that Napoleon was the son of M. de Marbeuf. It is certain that he always showed kindness to the family of Marbeuf. However that may have been, the governor had Napoleon Bonaparte included among the number of noble children who were to be sent from Corsica to France, to be educated at a military school. He was placed at that of Brienne.

The English having become masters of Corsica in 1790, Mme. Bonaparte, a rich widow, retired to Marseilles with her other children. Their education had been much neglected, and, if we are to accept the recollections of the Marseillais as evidence, her daughters had not been brought up

under the strict rule of a scrupulous morality. The Emperor, indeed, never pardoned the town of Marseilles for having been aware of the position his family occupied at that period, and the disparaging anecdotes of them imprudently repeated by certain Provençals seriously militated against the interests of the whole of Provence.

The widowed Mme. Bonaparte established herself at Paris on her son's attainment of power. She lived a retired life, amassing as much money as possible; she meddled in no public matters, and neither had nor wished to have any influence. Her son overawed her, as he did all the rest of the world. She was a woman of very ordinary intelligence, who, notwithstanding the rank in which events placed her, never did anything worthy of praise. After the fall of the Empire she retired to Rome, where she lived with her brother, Cardinal Fesch. It is said that he, in the first Italian campaign, showed himself eager to profit by the opportunity of founding his fortune which then presented itself. He acquired, received, or even took, it is said, a considerable quantity of pictures, statues, and valuable articles, which have since served to decorate his various residences. When he afterward became a Cardinal and Archbishop of Lyons, he devoted himself wholly to the duties of his two great offices, and in the end he acquired a most honorable reputation among the clergy. He often opposed the Emperor while his disputes with the Pope were pending, and was not one of the least obstacles to the execution of Bonaparte's wishes on the occasion of the futile attempt to hold a council at Paris. Either for political reasons or from religious motives, he made some opposition to the divorce; at least, the Empress Josephine believed him to have done so. I shall go more into details on this subject hereafter. The Cardinal has, since his retirement to Rome, preserved the unvarying favor of the Sovereign Pontiff.*

* Mme. Bonaparte, born in 1750, died in 1839. Cardinal Fesch, born at Ajaccio the 3d of January, 1763, died at Rome the 13th of May, 1839.—P. R.

Joseph Bonaparte.

Joseph Bonaparte was born in 1768. He has a handsome face, is fond of the society of women, and has always been remarkable for having gentler manners than any of his brothers. Like them, however, he affects astute duplicity. His ambition, although less developed than that of Napoleon, has nevertheless come out under certain circumstances, and he has always shown capacity enough to be master of the situations in which he has been placed, difficult though they have often been. In 1805 Bonaparte wished to make Joseph King of Italy, requiring him, however, to renounce all claim to the succession to the throne of France. This Joseph refused to do. He always adhered tenaciously to what he called his rights, and believed himself destined to give the French repose from the turmoil in which they were kept by the over-activity of his brother. He understood better than Napoleon how to carry a point by fair means, but he failed to inspire confidence. He is amiable in domestic life; but he did not exhibit much ability, either on the throne of Naples or on that of Spain. It is true he was permitted to reign only as if he were Napoleon's lieutenant, and in neither country did he inspire personal esteem or arouse animosity.*

His wife, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant named Clary, is the simplest and the best woman in the world. Plain, common-looking, timid, and silent, she attracted no attention, either at the Emperor's Court, or when she successively wore those two crowns which she has apparently lost without regret. There are two daughters by this marriage. The family is now established in America. The sister of Mme. Bonaparte was married to General Bernadotte, now King of Sweden. She, who was not a commonplace person, had before her marriage been very much in love with Napoleon, and appears to have always preserved the memory

* Joseph Bonaparte died at Florence, the 28th of July, 1844.—P. R.

of that feeling. It has been supposed that her hardly extinguished passion caused her obstinate refusal to leave France. She lives in Paris at present, where she leads a very retired life.*

Lucien Bonaparte.

Lucien Bonaparte has a great deal of ability. He displayed a taste for the arts and for certain kinds of literature at an early age. As a deputy from Corsica, some of his speeches in the Council of the Five Hundred were remarked at the time; among others, that which he made on the 22d of September, 1798, the anniversary of the foundation of the Republic. He there defined the oath that each member of the Council ought to take—to watch over the constitution and liberty, and to execrate any Frenchman who should endeavor to reëstablish royalty. On General Jourdan's expressing some fears relative to the rumors that the Council was menaced with a speedy overthrow, Lucien reminded them of the existence of a decree which pronounced outlawry on all who should attack the inviolability of the national representation. It is probable that all the time he had a secret understanding with his brother, and was awaiting like him the approach of the hour when they might lay the foundation for the elevation of their family. There were, however, some constitutional ideas in Lucien's head; and, perhaps, if he had been able to preserve any influence over his brother, he might have opposed the indefinite growth of arbitrary power. He succeeded in sending information to Napoleon in Egypt of the state of affairs in France; and, having thus hastened his brother's return, he aided him effectually, as is well known, in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, 1799.

Lucien afterward became minister of the interior, then Ambassador to Spain, and in both capacities he gave offense to the First Consul. Bonaparte did not like to remember

* The Queen of Sweden died a few years ago, after having long lived in Paris, in the Rue d'Anjou, Saint Honoré.

services which had been rendered to him, and Lucien was in the habit of reminding him of them in an aggressive manner during their frequent altercations.

While he was in Spain he became very intimate with the Prince of the Peace, and assisted to arrange the treaty of Badajoz,* which on that occasion saved Portugal from invasion.

He received a sum which has been estimated at five hundred millions of francs as a reward for his services. This was paid partly in money, and partly in diamonds. At this time he also formed a project of marriage between Bonaparte and an Infanta of Spain; but Napoleon, either from affection for his wife, or from fear of exciting the suspicions of the republicans, with whom he was still keeping on terms, rejected the idea of this marriage, which was to have been concluded through the agency of the Prince of the Peace.

In 1790 Lucien Bonaparte, who was then keeper of the military stores near Toulon, had married the daughter of an innkeeper, who bore him two daughters, and who died a few years later. The elder of these two girls was in after years recalled to France by the Emperor, who, when he saw his affairs going badly in Spain, wished to treat for peace with the Prince of the Asturias, and to make him marry this daughter of Lucien's. But the young girl, who was placed under her grandmother's care, too frankly imparted in her letters to her father the impression she received at her uncle's Court; she ridiculed the most important personages, and her letters, having been opened, so irritated the Emperor that he sent her back to Italy.

In 1803 Lucien, now a widower and entirely devoted to a life of pleasure, to which I might indeed give a harsher name, fell suddenly in love with Mme. Jouberthon, the wife of a stock-broker. Her husband was promptly sent to Saint Domingo, where he died, and then this beautiful and clever woman managed to make Lucien marry her, despite the op-

* June 6, 1801.—P. R.

position of the First Consul. An open rupture took place between the two brothers on that occasion. Lucien left France in the spring of 1804, and established himself at Rome.

It is well known that since then he has devoted himself to the interests of the Pope, and has adroitly secured his protection; so much so that even now, although he was recalled to Paris at the period of the fatal enterprise of 1815, he was permitted to return, after the second restoration of the King, to the Roman States, and live quietly with those members of his family who had retired thither. Lucien was born in 1775.*

Louis Bonaparte.

Louis Bonaparte, born in 1778, is a man concerning whom opinions have differed widely. His assumption of a stricter morality than that of other members of his family, his odd opinions—based, however, on daring theories rather than on solid principles—have deceived the world, and made for him a reputation apart from that of his brothers. With much less talent than either Napoleon or Lucien, he has a touch of romance in his imagination, which he manages to combine with complete hardness of heart. Habitual ill health blighted his youth, and has added to the harsh melancholy of his disposition. I do not know whether, had he been left to himself, the ambition so natural to all his family would have been developed in him; but he has, at least, shown upon several occasions that he considered himself entitled to profit by the chances which circumstances have thrown in his way. He has been applauded for wishing to govern Holland in the interests of the country, in spite of his brother's projects, and his abdication, although it was due to a whim rather than to generous feeling, has certainly done him honor. It is, after all, the best action of his life.

Louis Bonaparte is essentially egotistical and suspicious. In the course of these Memoirs he will become better known.

* Lucien Bonaparte died at Viterbo, June 30, 1840.—P. R.

Bonaparte said of him one day, "His feigned virtues give me almost as much trouble as Lucien's vices." He has retired to Rome since the downfall of his family.

Madame Josephine Bonaparte and her Family.

The Marquis de Beauharnais, father of the general who was the first husband of Mme. Bonaparte, having been employed in a military capacity at Martinique, became attached to an aunt of Mme. Bonaparte's, with whom he returned to France, and whom he married in his old age.

This aunt brought her niece, Josephine de la Pagerie, to France. She had her educated, and made use of her ascendancy over her aged husband to marry her niece, at the age of fifteen years, to young Beauharnais, her stepson. Although he married her against his inclination, there is no doubt that at one time he was much attached to his wife; for I have seen very loving letters written by him to her when he was in garrison, and she preserved them with great care. Of this marriage were born Eugène and Hortense. When the Revolution began, I think that Beauharnais's love for his wife had cooled. At the commencement of the Terror M. de Beauharnais was still commanding the French armies, and had no longer any relations with his wife.

I do not know under what circumstances she became acquainted with certain deputies of the Convention, but she had some influence with them; and, as she was kind-hearted and obliging, she used it to do as much good to as many people as possible. From that time her reputation for good conduct was very much damaged; but her kindness, her grace, and the sweetness of her manners could not be disputed. She served my father's interests more than once with Barrère and Tallien, and owed to this my mother's friendship. In 1793 chance placed her in a village on the outskirts of Paris, where, like her, we were passing the summer. Our near neighborhood led to some intimacy. I remember that Hortense, who was three or four years younger

than I, used to visit me in my room, and, while amusing herself by examining my little trinkets, she would tell me that all her ambition for the future was to be the owner of a similar treasure. Unhappy woman! She has since been laden with gold and diamonds, and how has she not groaned under the crushing weight of the royal diadem!

In those evil days when every one was forced to seek a place of safety from the persecution by which all classes of society were beset, we lost sight of Mme. de Beauharnais. Her husband, being suspected by the Jacobins, had been thrown into prison in Paris, and condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. She also was imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine, which preyed on all without distinction. Being a friend of the beautiful Mme. Tallien, she was introduced into the society of the Directory, and was especially favored by Barras. Mme. de Beauharnais had very little fortune, and her taste for dress and luxury rendered her dependent on those who could help her to indulge it. Without being precisely pretty, she possessed many personal charms. Her features were delicate, her expression was sweet; her mouth was very small, and concealed her bad teeth; her complexion was rather dark, but with the help of red and white skillfully applied she remedied that defect; her figure was perfect; her limbs were flexible and delicate; her movements were easy and elegant. La Fontaine's line could never have been more fitly applied than to her:

"Et la grâce, plus belle encore que la beauté."

She dressed with perfect taste, enhancing the beauty of what she wore; and, with these advantages and the constant care bestowed upon her attire, she contrived to avoid being eclipsed by the youth and beauty of many of the women by whom she was surrounded. To all this, as I have already said, she added extreme kindness of heart, a remarkably even temper, and great readiness to forget any wrong that had been done to her.

She was not a person of remarkable intellect. A Creole, and frivolous, her education had been a good deal neglected; but she recognized her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. She possessed true natural tact; she readily found pleasant things to say; her memory was good—a useful quality for those in high position. Unhappily, she was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty, rather than the influence of certain virtues. She carried complaisance to excess for his sake, and kept her hold on him by concessions which, perhaps, contributed to increase the contempt with which he habitually regarded women. She might have taught him some useful lessons; but she feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything. She was changeable, easy to move and easy to appease, incapable of prolonged emotion, of sustained attention, of serious reflection; and, although her greatness did not turn her head, neither did it educate her. The bent of her character led her to console the unhappy; but she could only dwell on the troubles of individuals—she did not think of the woes of France. The genius of Bonaparte overawed her: she only criticised him in what concerned herself personally; in everything else she respected what he called "the force of his destiny." He exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, and with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion; and he taught her the art of lying, which each of them practiced with skill and effect.

It is said that she was the prize of his command of the army of Italy; she has often assured me that at that time Bonaparte was really in love with her. She hesitated between him, General Hoche, and M. de Caulaincourt, who also loved her. Bonaparte prevailed. I know that my mother, then living in retirement in the country, was much surprised on learning that the widow of M. de Beauharnais was about to marry a man so little known as Bonaparte.

When I questioned her as to what Bonaparte was like in his youth, she told me that he was then dreamy, silent, and awkward in the society of women, but passionate and fascinating, although rather an odd person in every way. She charged the campaign in Egypt with having changed his temper, and developed that petty despotism from which she afterward suffered so much.

I have seen letters from Napoleon to Mme. Bonaparte, written at the time of the first Italian campaign. She accompanied him to Italy, but he sometimes left her with the rearguard of the army, until a victory had secured the safety of the road. These epistles are very singular. The writing is almost illegible; they are ill spelt; the style is strange and confused. But there is in them such a tone of passionate feeling; the expressions are so animated, and at the same time so poetical; they breathe a love so different from mere "amours," that there is no woman who would not have prized such letters. They formed a striking contrast with the graceful, elegant, and measured style of those of M. de Beauharnais. How strange it must have been for a woman to find herself one of the moving powers of the triumphant march of an army, at a time when politics alone governed the actions of men! On the eve of one of his greatest battles, Bonaparte wrote: "I am far from you! It seems to me that I am surrounded by the blackest night; I need the lurid light of the thunderbolts which we are about to hurl upon our enemies to dispel the darkness into which your absence has thrown me. Josephine, you wept when I parted from you—you wept! At that thought all my being trembles. But calm yourself: Wurmser shall pay dearly for the tears I have seen you shed." And on the morrow Wurmser was beaten.

The enthusiasm with which General Bonaparte was received in beautiful Italy, the magnificence of the *fêtes*, the fame of his victories, the wealth which every officer might acquire there, the unbounded luxury in which she lived,

accustomed Mme. Bonaparte from that time forth to all the pomp with which she was afterward surrounded; and she acknowledged that nothing in her life ever equaled the emotions of that time, when love came (or seemed to come) daily, to lay at her feet a new conquest over a people enraptured with their conqueror. It is, however, plain from these letters that Mme. Bonaparte, in the midst of this life of triumph, of victory, and of license, gave some cause for uneasiness to her victorious husband. His letters, sometimes sullen and sometimes menacing, reveal the torments of jealousy; and they abound in melancholy reflections, which betray his weariness of the fleeting delusions of life. It may have been that these misunderstandings, which outraged the first very keen feelings Bonaparte had ever experienced, had a bad effect upon him, and hardened him by degrees. Perhaps he would have been a better man if he had been more and better loved.

When, on his return from this brilliant campaign, the conquering general was obliged to exile himself to Egypt, to escape from the growing suspicion of the Directory, Mme. Bonaparte's position became precarious and difficult. Her husband entertained serious doubts of her, and these were prompted by Joseph and Lucien, who dreaded the powerful influence that she might exercise through her son, who had accompanied Bonaparte. Her extravagant tastes led her into reckless expense, and she was harassed by debts and duns.

Before leaving France, Bonaparte had directed her to purchase an estate; and as she wished to live in the neighborhood of Saint Germain, where her daughter was being educated, she selected Malmaison. There we met her again, when we were residing for some months at the château of one of our friends,* at a short distance from Malmaison.

* Mme. de Vergennes was very intimate with M. Chanorier, a wealthy and intelligent man living at Croissy, on the bank of the Seine, and who was one of the first to introduce the merino sheep into France. It was from Croissy that

Mme. Bonaparte, who was naturally unreserved, and even indiscreet, had no sooner met my mother again than she talked to her very freely about her absent husband, about her brothers-in-law—in fact, about a host of people who were utter strangers to us. Bonaparte was supposed to be almost lost to France, and his wife was neglected. My mother took pity on her; we showed her some attention, which she never forgot. At that time I was seventeen years of age, and I had been married one year.

It was at Malmaison that Mme. Bonaparte showed us an immense quantity of pearls, diamonds, and cameos, which at that time constituted the contents of her jewel-case. Even at that time it might have figured in a story of the "Arabian Nights," and it was destined to receive immense accessions. Invaded and grateful Italy had contributed to these riches, and the Pope also, as a mark of his appreciation of the respect with which the conqueror treated him by denying himself the pleasure of planting his flag upon the walls of Rome. The reception-rooms at Malmaison were sumptuously decorated with pictures, statues, and mosaics, the spoils of Italy, and each of the generals who figured in the Italian campaign exhibited booty of the same kind.

Although she was surrounded with all these treasures, Mme. Bonaparte was often without money to meet her every-day expenses; and, to get out of this difficulty, she trafficked in her influence with the people in power at the time, and compromised herself by entering into imprudent relations. Dreadfully embarrassed, on worse terms than ever with her brothers-in-law, supplying too much reason for their accusations against her, and no longer counting on the return of her husband, she was strongly tempted to give her daughter in marriage to the son of Rewbell, a member of the Directory; but Mlle. de Beauharnais would not consent, and her

she and her daughters made a neighborly visit to Malmaison, and resumed with Mme. Bonaparte their former intimacy with Mme. de Beauharnais.

opposition put an end to a project whose execution would doubtless have been highly displeasing to Bonaparte.

Presently a rumor of Bonaparte's arrival at Fréjus arose. He came back with his mind full of the evil reports that Lucien had repeated to him in his letters. His wife, on hearing of his disembarkation, set out to join him; she missed him, had to retrace her steps, and returned to the house in the Rue Chantereine some hours after his arrival there. She descended from her carriage in haste, followed by her son and daughter, and ran up the stairs leading to his room; but what was her surprise to find the door locked! She called to Bonaparte, and begged him to open it. He replied through the door that it should never again be opened for her. Then she wept, fell on her knees, implored him for her sake and that of her two children; but all was profound silence around her, and several hours of the night passed over her in this dreadful suspense. At last, however, moved by her sobs and her perseverance, Bonaparte opened the door at about four o'clock in the morning, and appeared, as Mme. Bonaparte herself told me, with a stern countenance, which, however, betrayed that he too had been weeping. He bitterly reproached her with her conduct, her forgetfulness of him, all the real or imaginary sins of which Lucien had accused her, and concluded by announcing an eternal separation. Then turning to Eugène de Beauharnais, who was at that time about twenty years old—"As for you," he said, "you shall not bear the burden of your mother's faults. You shall be always my son; I will keep you with me."

"No, no, General," replied Eugène; "I must share the ill fortune of my mother, and from this moment I say farewell to you."

These words shook Bonaparte's resolution. He opened his arms to Eugène, weeping; his wife and Hortense knelt at his feet and embraced his knees; and, soon after, all was forgiven. In the explanation that ensued, Mme. Bonaparte succeeded in clearing herself from the accusations of her

brother-in-law; and Bonaparte, then burning to avenge her, sent for Lucien at seven o'clock in the morning, and had him, without any forewarning, ushered into the room where the husband and wife, entirely reconciled, occupied the same bed.

From that time Bonaparte desired his wife to break with Mme. Tallien and all the society of the Directory. The 18th Brumaire completely severed her connection with those individuals. She told me that on the eve of that important day she observed, with great surprise, that Bonaparte had loaded two pistols and placed them beside his bed. On her questioning him, he replied that a certain event might happen in the night which would render such a precaution necessary. Then, without another word, he lay down, and slept soundly until the next morning.

When he became Consul, the gentle and gracious qualities of his wife, which attracted many persons to his Court whom his natural rudeness would have otherwise kept away, were of great service to him. To Josephine he intrusted the measures to be taken for the return of the *émigrés*. Nearly all the "erasures" * passed through the hands of Mme. Bonaparte; she was the first link that united the French nobility to the Consular Government. We shall learn more of this in the course of these Memoirs.

Eugène de Beauharnais, born in 1780, passed through all the phases of a sometimes stormy and sometimes brilliant life, without ever forfeiting his title to general esteem. Prince Eugène, sometimes in camp with his father, sometimes in all the leisure and luxury of his mother's house, was, to speak correctly, educated nowhere. His natural instinct led toward what is right; the schooling of Bonaparte formed but did not pervert him; the lessons taught him by events—all these were his instructors. Mme. Bonaparte was incapable of giving sound advice; and therefore her son, who loved her sincerely, perceived very early in his career that it was useless to consult her.

* See Appendix.

Prince Eugène did not lack personal attractions. His figure was graceful; he was skilled in all bodily exercises; and he inherited from his father that fine manner of the old French gentleman, in which, perhaps, M. de Beauharnais himself gave him his earliest lessons. To these advantages he added simplicity and kindheartedness; he was neither vain nor presumptuous; he was sincere without being indiscreet, and could be silent when silence was necessary. Prince Eugène had not much natural talent; his imagination was not vivid, and his feelings were not keen. He was always obedient to his stepfather; and, although he appreciated him exactly, and was not mistaken with regard to him, he never hesitated to observe the strictest fidelity to him, even when it was against his own interests. Never once was he surprised into showing any sign of discontent, either when the Emperor, while loading his own family with honors, seemed to forget him, or when his mother was repudiated. At the time of the divorce Eugène maintained a very dignified attitude.

Eugène, as colonel of a regiment, was beloved by his soldiers. In Italy he was held in high honor. The sovereigns of Europe esteemed him, and the world was well pleased that his fortunes have survived those of his family. He had the good fortune to marry a charming princess, who never ceased to love him, and whom he rendered happy. He possessed in perfection those qualities which make the happiness of home life—sweet temper, and that natural cheerfulness which rises above every ill, and was perhaps due to the fact that he was never profoundly moved by anything. When, however, that kind of indifference toward the interests of other people is also displayed in one's own personal troubles, it may fairly be called philosophy.

Hortense, Prince Eugène's younger sister (she was born in 1783), was, I think, the most unhappy person of our time, and the least formed by nature to be so. Cruelly slandered by the Bonapartes, who hated her, included in the accusa-

tions which the public delighted to bring against all who belonged to that family, she was not strong enough to contend against such a combination of ills, and to defy the calumnies that blighted her life.*

Mme. Louis Bonaparte, like her mother and brother, was not remarkable for intellect; but, like them, she possessed tact and good feeling, and she was more high-minded and imaginative than they. Left to herself in her youth, she escaped the contagion of the dangerous example of evil. At Mme. Campan's select and elegant boarding-school she acquired accomplishments rather than education. While she was young, a brilliant complexion, beautiful hair, and a fine figure rendered her agreeable to look upon; but she lost her teeth early, and illness and sorrow altered her features. Her natural instincts were good; but, being absolutely ignorant of the world and the usages of society, and entirely given up to ideal notions drawn from a sphere which she had created for herself, she was unable to rule her life by those social laws which do not indeed preserve the virtue of women, but which procure them support when they are accused, without which it is impossible to pass through the

* There are few things in these Memoirs which will be read with greater surprise than the pages relating to Queen Hortense. My grandmother lived and died in the conviction that in speaking thus she was strictly adhering to the truth. The contrary opinion has, however, prevailed; and it has been confirmed by the conduct of her son, Napoleon III., who rendered marked honors to the Duke de Morny. Very likely that, as often happens, all was true according to the epoch—in youth, innocence, and sorrow; afterward, consolation. It is unnecessary to say that on this point I preserve the exact text of the Memoirs, as they were written by the hand of their author. I have only thought it right to suppress comments of an opposite nature on certain ladies of the Court. The reader will, perhaps, be surprised to find no mention in these portraits of the family of either Queen Caroline or Princess Pauline Bonaparte. I leave out certain matters in relation to them which have no bearing on the Emperor himself. My father particularly desired that the text of his mother's Memoirs should be scrupulously respected. It seemed to me, however, that on this point I might fairly depart from the rules of strict editing. Habits, tastes, customs become modified by time, and much that seemed natural to a clever woman in high life at that period would give scandal in our more punctilious day.

world, and which the approbation of conscience can not replace. It is not sufficient to lead a good life in order to appear virtuous; women must also obey those rules which society has made. Mme. Louis, who was placed in circumstances of extreme difficulty, never had a guide; she understood her mother, and could not venture to place any confidence in her. As she held firmly to the principles, or rather to the sentiments, her imagination had created, she was at first very much surprised at the lapses from morality in which she detected the women by whom she was surrounded, and was still more surprised when she found that these faults were not always the result of love. Her marriage cast her on the mercy of the most tyrannical of husbands; she became the resigned and dejected victim of ceaseless and unremitting persecution, and sank under the weight of her sorrow. She yielded to it without daring to complain, and it was not until she was on the point of death that the truth became known. I knew Mme. Louis Bonaparte very intimately, and was acquainted with all the secrets of her domestic life. I have always believed her to be the purest, as she was the most unfortunate, of women.

Her only consolation was in her tender love for her brother; she rejoiced in his happiness, his success, his amiable temper. How many times have I heard her say, "I only live in Eugène's life!"

She declined to marry Rewbell's son, and this reasonable refusal was the result of one of the errors of her imagination. From her earliest youth she had persuaded herself that a woman, if she would be virtuous and happy, should marry no man unless she loved him passionately. Afterward, when her mother wished her to marry the Comte de Mun, now a peer of France, she again refused to obey her.

M. de Mun had emigrated; Mme. Bonaparte obtained permission for his return. He came back to a considerable fortune, and asked for the hand of Mlle. de Beauharnais in marriage. Bonaparte, then First Consul, had little liking

for this union. Mme. Bonaparte would, however, have had her own way about it, only for the obstinate resistance of her daughter. Some one said before her that M. de Mun had been, while in Germany, in love with Mme. de Staël. That celebrated woman was in the imagination of the young girl a sort of monster, whom it was impossible to know without scandal and without taint. M. de Mun became odious to her, and thus he missed a great match and the terrible downfall that was to ensue. It was a strange accident of destiny, thus to have missed being a prince, perhaps a king, and then dethroned.

A little while after, Duroc, then one of the Consul's aides-de-camp, and in high favor with him, fell in love with Hortense. She was not insensible to his passion, and thought she had at length found that other half of her being which she sought for. Bonaparte was in favor of the marriage; but this time Mme. Bonaparte was inflexible. "My daughter," she said, "must marry a gentleman or a Bonaparte." Then Louis was proposed. He had no liking for Hortense, he detested the Beauharnais family, and despised his sister-in-law: but, as he was taciturn, he was supposed to be amiable; as he was severe in his judgments, he was supposed to be a good man. Mme. Louis has since told me that when she first heard of this arrangement she suffered terribly. Not only was she forbidden to think of the man she loved, but she was also to be given to another, whom she instinctively distrusted. However, as this marriage was in accordance with her mother's wishes, as it would cement the family ties, and might advance her brother's interests, she yielded herself a submissive victim; nay, she did even more. Her imagination was full of the duties imposed on her; she determined to make every sort of sacrifice to the wishes of a husband whom she had the misfortune not to love. Too sincere and too reserved to feign sentiments she did not feel, she was gentle, submissive, full of deference, and more anxious perhaps to please him than if she had loved him. The false and

suspicious disposition of Louis Bonaparte led him to regard the gentle deference of his wife as affectation and coquetry. "She practices on me," he said, "to deceive me." He believed that her conduct was dictated by the counsels of her experienced mother; he repelled the efforts she made to please him, and treated her with rude contempt. Nor was this all. He actually divulged to Mme. Louis all the accusations which had been brought against her mother, and, after having gone as far in that direction as he could go, he signified his pleasure that confidential relations between his wife and her mother should cease. He added, "You are now a Bonaparte. Our interests should be yours; those of your own family no longer concern you." He accompanied this cruel notification with insulting threats, and a coarse expression of his disdainful opinion of women; he enumerated the precautions he meant to take in order, as he said, to escape the common fate of all husbands, and declared that he would not be the dupe either of her attempts to escape his vigilance or of the tricks of pretended docility by which she might hope to win him over.

The effect of such a declaration upon a young woman full of fancies may easily be conceived. She conducted herself, however, as an obedient wife, and for many years only her sadness and her failing health betrayed her sufferings. Her husband, who was hard and capricious, and, like all the Bonapartes, selfish—worn and embittered besides by a painful disease which he had contracted during the Egyptian campaign—set no limit to his exactions. As he was afraid of his brother, while at the same time he wanted to keep his wife away from Saint Cloud, he ordered her to say it was by her own wish that she seldom went thither, and forbade her to remain there a single night, no matter how much her mother might press her to do so. Mme. Louis became pregnant very soon after her marriage. The Bonapartes and Mme. Murat, who were displeased at this marriage, because, as Joseph's children were girls, they foresaw

that a son of Louis, who would also be a grandson of Mme. Bonaparte, would be the object of natural interest, spread the outrageous report that this pregnancy was the result of an intimacy between the First Consul and his stepdaughter, with the connivance of Josephine herself. The public was quite ready to believe this scandalous falsehood, and Mme. Murat repeated it to Louis, who, whether he believed it or not, made it a pretext for every kind of conjugal tyranny. The narrative of his cruelty to his wife would lead me too far at present; I shall return to the subject hereafter. Her servants were employed as spies upon her; the most trifling notes addressed to or written by her were opened; every friendship was prohibited; Louis was jealous even of Eugène. Scenes of violence were frequent; nothing was spared her. Bonaparte was not slow to perceive this state of affairs, but he was grateful to Mme. Louis for her silence, which put him at his ease, and exempted him from the necessity of interference. He, who never esteemed women, always professed positive veneration for Hortense, and the manner in which he spoke of and acted toward her is a formal contradiction of the accusations which were brought against her. In her presence his language was always careful and decent. He often appealed to her to arbitrate between his wife and himself, and he took rebukes from her that he would not have listened to patiently from any one else. "Hortense," he said more than once, "forces me to believe in virtue."

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

(1802–1803.)

Family affairs—My first evening at Saint Cloud—General Moreau—M. de Rémusat is made Prefect, and I, Lady of the Palace—Habits of the First Consul and of Mme. Bonaparte—M. de Talleyrand—The family of the First Consul—Mlles. Georges and Duchesnois—Mme. Bonaparte's jealousy.

Notwithstanding the date of the year in which I undertake this narrative, I shall not seek to excuse the motives which led my husband to attach himself to the person of Bonaparte, but shall simply explain them. In political matters justifications are worth nothing. Certain persons, having returned to France only three years ago, or having taken no part in public affairs before that epoch, have pronounced a sort of anathema against those among our fellow citizens who for twenty years have not held completely aloof from passing events. If it be represented to them that nobody pretends to pronounce whether they were right or wrong to indulge in their long sleep, and that they are merely asked to remain equally neutral on a similar question, they reject such a proposition with all the strength of their present position of vantage; they deal out unsparing and most ungenerous blame, for there is now no risk in undertaking the duties on which they pride themselves. And yet, when a revolution is in progress, who can flatter himself that he has always adopted the right course? Who among us has not been influenced by circumstances? Who, indeed,

can venture to throw the first stone, without fear lest it recoil upon himself? Citizens of the same country, all more or less hurt by the blows they have given and received, ought to spare each other—they are more closely bound together than they think; and when a Frenchman mercilessly runs down another Frenchman, let him take care—he is putting weapons to use against them both into the hands of the foreigner.

Not the least evil of troubled times is that bitter spirit of criticism which produces mistrust, and perhaps contempt, of what is called public opinion. The tumult of passion enables every one to defy it. Men live for the most part so much outside of themselves, that they have few opportunities of consulting their conscience. In peaceful times, and for common ordinary actions, the judgments of the world replace it well enough; but how is it possible to submit to them, when they are ready to deal death to those who would bow to them? It is safest, then, to rely on that conscience which one can never question with impunity. Neither my husband's conscience nor my own reproaches him or me. The entire loss of his fortune, the experience of facts, the march of events, a moderate and legitimate desire for easier circumstances, led M. de Rémusat to seek a place of some kind in 1802. To profit by the repose that Bonaparte had given to France, and to rely on the hopes he inspired, was, no doubt, to deceive ourselves, but we did so in common with all the rest of the world.

Unerring prevision is given to very few; and if, after his second marriage, Bonaparte had maintained peace, and had employed that portion of his army which he did not disband to line our frontiers, who is there that would have dared to doubt the duration of his power and the strength of his rights? At that time both his power and his rights seemed to have acquired the force of legitimacy. Bonaparte reigned over France with the consent of France. That fact only blind hatred or foolish pride can now attempt to deny.

He reigned for our misfortune and for our glory: the alliance of those two words is, in the present state of society, more natural than it seems, at least when military glory is in question. When he became Consul, people breathed freely. At first he won public confidence; when, afterward, causes of disquiet arose, the country was already committed to him. At last he frightened all the minds who had believed in him, and led true citizens to desire his fall, even at the risk of loss to themselves. This is the history of M. de Rémusat and myself; there is nothing humiliating in it. We too were relieved and confident when the country had breathing space, and afterward we desired its deliverance before all things.

No one will ever know what I suffered during the later years of Bonaparte's tyranny. It would be impossible for me to describe the absolute sincerity with which I longed for the return of the King, who would, as I firmly believed, restore peace and liberty to us. I foresaw all my personal losses; and M. de Rémusat foresaw them even more clearly than I did. That which we desired would ruin the fortune of our children. But the loss of that fortune, which we could have preserved only by the sacrifice of our convictions, did not cost us a regret. The ills of France cried too loud then—shame to those who would not listen to them! We served Bonaparte, we even loved and admired him; and it costs me nothing to make this avowal. It seems to me it is never painful to avow a genuine feeling. I am not at all embarrassed because the opinions I held at one time are opposed to those which I held at another; I am not incapable of being mistaken. I know what I have felt, and I have always felt it sincerely; that is sufficient for God, for my son, for my friends, for myself.

My present task is, however, a difficult one, for I must go back in search of a number of impressions which were strong and vivid when I received them, but which now, like ruined buildings devastated by fire, have no longer any connection one with another.

At the commencement of these Memoirs I shall pass as briefly as possible over all that is merely personal to ourselves, up to the time of our introduction to the Court of Bonaparte; afterward I shall perhaps revert to still earlier recollections. A woman can not be expected to relate the political life of Bonaparte. If he was so reserved with those who surrounded him that persons in the next room to him were often ignorant of events which they would indeed learn by going into Paris, but could only comprehend fully by transporting themselves out of France, how much more impossible would it have been for me, young as I was when I made my entry into Saint Cloud, and during the first years that I lived there, to do more than seize upon isolated facts at long intervals of time? I shall record what I saw, or thought I saw, and will do my best to make my narrative as accurate as it is sincere.

I was twenty-two years old when I became lady-in-waiting to Mme. Bonaparte. I was married at sixteen years of age, and had previously been perfectly happy in a quiet life, full of home affections. The convulsions of the Revolution, the execution of my father in 1794, the loss of our fortune, and my mother's love of retirement, kept me out of the gay world, of which I knew and desired to know nothing. I was suddenly taken from this peaceful solitude to act a part upon the stage of history; and, without having passed through the intermediate stage of society, I was much affected by so abrupt a transition, and my character has never lost the impression it then received. I dearly loved my husband and my mother, and in their society I had been accustomed to follow the impulses of my feelings. In the Bonaparte household I interested myself only in what moved me strongly. I never in my life could occupy myself with the trifles of what is called the great world.

My mother had brought me up most carefully; my education was finished under the superintendence of my husband, who was a highly cultivated man, and older than I by sixteen

years. I was naturally grave, a tendency which in women is always allied to enthusiasm. Thus, during the early part of my residence with Mme. Bonaparte and her husband, I was full of the sentiments which I considered due to them. Their well-known characters, and what I have already related of their domestic life, rendered this a sure preparation for many mistakes, and certainly I did not fail to make them.

I have already mentioned our friendship with Mme. Bonaparte during the expedition to Egypt. After that we lost sight of her, until the time when my mother, having arranged a marriage for my sister with a relative of ours,* who had returned secretly, but was still included in the list of the proscribed, addressed herself to Mme. Bonaparte in order to obtain his "erasure." † The matter was readily arranged. Mme. Bonaparte, who was then endeavoring, with much tact and kindness, to win over persons of a certain class who still held aloof from her husband, begged that my mother and M. de Rémusat would visit her one evening, in order to return thanks to the First Consul. It was not possible to refuse, and accordingly, one evening, shortly after Bonaparte had taken up his abode there, we went to the Tuileries. ‡ His wife told me afterward that on the first night of their sojourn in the palace, he said to her, laughing, "Come, little Creole, get into the bed of your masters."

We found Bonaparte in the great drawing-room on the ground floor; he was seated on a sofa. Beside him I saw General Moreau, with whom he appeared to be in close conversation. At that period they were still trying to get on

* M. Charles de Ganay, son of a sister of M. Charles Gravier de Vergennes, and first cousin of the author of these Memoirs. He was a deputy and colonel of the Royal Guard under the Restoration. I do not know what prevented his marriage with Mlle. Alix de Vergennes, who shortly after married General Nansouty. The friendship between the two branches of the family was not disturbed by this affair, and it is happily perpetuated.—P. R.

† See Appendix.

‡ It was on the 19th of February, 1800 (30th Pluviose, year 8), that the First Consul took possession of the Tuileries.—P. R.

together. A very amiable speech of Bonaparte's, of a graceful kind unusual with him, was much talked of. He had had a superb pair of pistols made, with the names of all Moreau's battles engraved on the handles in gold letters. "You must excuse their not being more richly ornamented," said Bonaparte, presenting them to him; "the names of your victories took up all the space."

There were in the drawing-room ministers, generals, and ladies. Among the latter, almost all young and pretty, were Mme. Louis Bonaparte;* Mme. Murat, who was recently married, and who struck me as very charming; and Mme. Marat, who was paying her wedding visit, and was at that time perfectly beautiful. Mme. Bonaparte received her company with perfect grace; she was dressed tastefully in a revived antique style which was the fashion of the day. Artists had at that time a good deal of influence on the customs of society.

Bonaparte rose when we courtesied to him, and after a few vague words reseated himself, and took no more notice of the ladies who were in the room. I confess that, on this occasion, I was less occupied with him than with the luxury, the elegance, and the magnificence on which my eyes rested for the first time.

From that time forth we made occasional visits to the Tuileries; and after a while it was suggested to us, and we took to the idea, that M. de Rémusat might fill some post, which would restore us to the comfort of which the loss of our fortune had deprived us. M. de Rémusat, having been a magistrate before the Revolution, would have preferred occupation of a legal character. He would not grieve me by separating me from my mother and taking me away from Paris, and therefore he was disposed to ask for a place in the Council of State, and to avoid prefectures. But then we really knew nothing of the structure and composition of the

* Hortense de Beauharnais had married Louis Bonaparte on the 4th of January, 1802.

Government. My mother had mentioned our position to Mme. Bonaparte, who had taken a liking to me, and was also pleased with my husband's manners, and it occurred to her that she might place us near herself. Just at this time my sister, who had not married the cousin whom I have mentioned, married M. de Nansouty, a general of brigade, the nephew of Mme. de Montesson, and a man very much esteemed in the army and in society. This marriage strengthened our connection with the Consular Government, and a month afterward Mme. Bonaparte told my mother that she hoped before long M. de Rémusat would be made a Prefect of the Palace. I will pass over in silence the sentiments with which this news was received in the family. For my own part, I was exceedingly frightened. M. de Rémusat was resigned rather than pleased; and, as he is a particularly conscientious man, he applied himself to all the minute details of his new occupation immediately after his nomination, which soon followed. Shortly afterward I received the following letter from General Duroc, Governor of the Palace:

"MADAME: The First Consul has nominated you to attend upon Mme. Bonaparte, in doing the honors of the palace. His personal knowledge of your character and of your principles satisfies him that you will acquit yourself of this duty with the politeness which distinguishes French ladies, and with dignity such as the Government requires. I am happy to have been made the medium of announcing to you this mark of his esteem and confidence.

"Receive, madame, my respectful homage."

Thus did we find ourselves installed at this singular Court. Although Bonaparte would have been angry if any one had seemed to doubt the sincerity of his utterances, which were at this period entirely republican, he introduced some novelty into his manner of life every day, which tended to give the place of his abode more and more resemblance to the

palace of a sovereign. He liked display, provided it did not interfere with his own particular habits; therefore he laid the weight of ceremonial on those who surrounded him. He believed also that the French are attracted by the glitter of external pomp. He was very simple in his own attire, but he required his officers to wear magnificent uniforms. He had already established a marked distance between himself and the two other Consuls; and just as, although he used the preamble, "By order of the Consuls," etc., in the acts of government, his own signature only was placed at the end, so he held his court alone, either at the Tuileries or at Saint Cloud; he received the ambassadors with the ceremonial used by kings, and always appeared in public attended by a numerous guard, while he allowed his colleagues only two grenadiers before their carriages; and finally he began to give his wife rank in the state.

At first we found ourselves in a somewhat difficult position, which, nevertheless, had its advantages. Military glory and the rights it confers were all-in-all to the generals and aides-de-camp who surrounded Bonaparte. They seemed to think that every distinction belonged exclusively to them. The Consul, however, who liked conquest of all kinds, and whose design was to gain over to himself all classes of society, made his Court pleasant to persons belonging to other professions. Besides this, M. de Rémusat, who was a man of intellect, of remarkable learning, and superior to his colleagues in conversational powers, was soon distinguished by his master, who was quick at discovering qualities which might be useful to himself. Bonaparte was glad that persons in his service should know, for his purposes, things of which he was ignorant. He found that my husband knew all about certain customs which he wanted to reëstablish, and was a safe authority on matters of etiquette and the habits of good society. He briefly indicated his projects, was at once understood, and as promptly obeyed. This unusual manner of pleasing him at first gave some offense to the military men.

They foresaw that they would no longer be the only persons in favor, and that they would be required to alter the rough manners which did well enough for camps and fields of battle; therefore our presence displeased them. For my own part, although I was so young, I had more ease of manner than their wives. Most of my companions were ignorant of the world, timid and silent, and they were either shy or frightened in the presence of the First Consul. As for me, I was, as I have already said, very quick and lively, easily moved by novelty, fond of intellectual pleasures, interested in observing so many persons, all unknown to me; and I found favor with my new sovereign, because, as I have said elsewhere, I took pleasure in listening to him. And then, Mme. Bonaparte liked me, because she herself had chosen me; she was pleased that she had been able to attach a person of good family to herself, and that through the medium of my mother, whom she respected highly. She trusted me, and I was attached to her, so that before long she confided all her secrets to me, and I received them with discretion. Although I might have been her daughter,* I was often able to give her good advice, because the habits of a secluded and strict life make one take a serious view of things. My husband and I were soon placed in so prominent a position that we had to secure forgiveness for it. We obtained that position almost entirely by preserving our simple ways, by keeping within the bounds of politeness, and by avoiding everything which might lead to the suspicion that we wanted to trade on the favor we were in.

M. de Rémusat lived in a simple and kindly fashion in the midst of this warlike Court. As for me, I was fortunate enough to hold my own without offense, and I put forward no pretension distasteful to other women. The greater

* The Empress Josephine was born at Martinique in 1763. She married M. de Beauharnais in 1779, and separated from him in 1783. After the death of her husband she was married (civilly) to General Bonaparte, on the 9th of March, 1796. She died on the 29th of May, 1814.—P. R.

number of my companions were much handsomer than I—some of them were very beautiful; and they were all superbly dressed. My face, which had no beauty but that of youth, and the habitual simplicity of my attire, satisfied them that in several ways they were superior to me; and it soon seemed as if we had made a tacit compact that they should charm the eyes of the First Consul when we were in his presence, and that I should endeavor, as far as lay in my power, to interest his mind. As I have already said, to do that one had only to be a good listener.

Political ideas rarely enter into the head of a woman at twenty-two. I was at that time quite without any kind of party spirit. I never reasoned on the greater or less right which Bonaparte had to the power of which every one declared that he made a good use. M. de Rémusat, who believed in him, as did nearly the whole of France, was full of the hopes which at that time seemed to be well founded. All classes, outraged and disgusted by the horrors of the Revolution, and grateful to the Consular Government which preserved us from the Jacobite reaction, looked upon its coming into power as a new era for the country. The trials of liberty that had been made over and over again had inspired a very natural, though not very reasonable, aversion to it; for, in truth, liberty always disappeared when its name was used merely to vary successive species of tyranny. Generally speaking, nobody in France wanted anything except quiet, the right to free exercise of the intellect, the cultivation of private virtues, and the reparation by degrees of those losses of fortune which were common to all. When I remember all the dreams which I cherished at that time, the recollection makes me sick at heart. I regret those fancies, as one regrets the bright thoughts of the springtime of life—of that time when, to use a simile familiar to Bonaparte himself, *one looks at all things through a gilded veil which makes them bright and sparkling.* "*Little by little,*" said he, "*this veil thickens as we advance in life, until all is*

nearly black." Alas! he himself soon stained with blood that gilded veil through which France had gladly contemplated him.

It was in the autumn of 1802 that I established myself for the first time at Saint Cloud, where the First Consul then was. There were four ladies, and we each passed a week in succession in attendance on Mme. Bonaparte. The service, as it was called, of the prefects of the palace, of the generals of the guard, and of the aides-de-camp, was conducted in the same way. Duroc, the Governor of the Palace, lived at Saint Cloud; he kept the household in perfect order; we dined with him. The First Consul took his meals alone with his wife. Twice a week he invited some members of the Government; once a month he gave a great dinner to a hundred guests at the Tuileries, in the Gallery of Diana; after these dinners he received every one who held an important post or rank, either military or civil, and also foreigners of note. During the winter of 1803 we were still at peace with England. A great number of English people came to Paris, and as we were not accustomed to seeing them, they excited great curiosity.

At these brilliant receptions there was a great display of luxury. Bonaparte liked women to dress well, and, either from policy or from taste, he encouraged his wife and sisters to do so. Mme. Bonaparte and Mmes. Bacciochi and Murat (Mme. Leclerc, afterward Princess Pauline, was at Saint Domingo in 1802) were always magnificently attired. Costumes were given to the different corps; the uniforms were rich; and this pomp, coming as it did after a period in which the affectation of squalor had been combined with that of extravagant *civisme*, seemed to be an additional guarantee against the return of that fatal *régime* which was still remembered with dread.

Bonaparte's costume at this period is worthy of record. On ordinary days he wore one of the uniforms of his guard; but he had decreed, for himself and his two colleagues, that

on all occasions of grand ceremonial each should wear a red coat, made in winter in velvet, in summer of some other material, and embroidered in gold. The two Consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, elderly, powdered, and well set up, wore this gorgeous coat, with lace, ruffles, and a sword, after the old fashion of full dress; but Bonaparte, who detested all such adornments, got rid of them as much as possible. His hair was cut short, smoothed down, and generally ill arranged. With his crimson-and-gold coat he would wear a black cravat, a lace frill to his shirt, but no sleeve ruffles. Sometimes he wore a white vest embroidered in silver, but more frequently his uniform waistcoat, his uniform sword, breeches, silk stockings, and boots. This extraordinary costume and his small stature gave him the oddest possible appearance, which, however, no one ventured to ridicule. When he became Emperor, he wore a richly laced coat, with a short cloak and a plumed hat; and this costume became him very well. He also wore a magnificent collar of the Order of the Legion of Honor, in diamonds, on state occasions; but on ordinary occasions he wore only the silver cross.

On the eve of his coronation, the marshals he had newly created a few months before came to pay him a visit, all gorgeously arrayed. The splendor of their costume, in contrast with his simple uniform, made him smile. I was standing at a little distance from him, and as he saw that I smiled also, he said to me, in a low tone, "It is not every one who has the right to be plainly dressed." Presently the marshals of the army began disputing among themselves about the great question of precedence. Their pretensions were very well founded, and each enumerated his victories. Bonaparte, while listening to them, again glanced at me. "I think," said I, "you must have stamped your foot on France, and said, 'Let all the vanities arise from the soil.'" "That is true," he replied; "but it is fortunate that the French are to be ruled through their vanity."

During the first months of my sojourn at Saint Cloud in the winter, and at Paris, my life was very pleasant. In the morning at eight o'clock Bonaparte left his wife's room and went to his study. When we were in Paris he again went down to her apartments to breakfast; at Saint Cloud he breakfasted alone, generally on the terrace. While at breakfast he received artists and actors, and talked to them freely and pleasantly. Afterward he devoted himself to public affairs until six o'clock. Mme. Bonaparte remained at home during the morning, receiving an immense number of visitors, chiefly women. Among these would be some whose husbands belonged to the Government, and some (these were called *de l'ancien régime*) who did not wish to have, or to appear to have, relations with the First Consul, but who solicited, through his wife, "erasures" or restitutions. Mme. Bonaparte received them all with perfect grace. She promised everything, and sent every one away well pleased. The petitions were put aside and lost sometimes, but then they brought fresh ones, and she seemed never tired of listening. *

* My father, born in 1797, was very young at this time. He had, however, a distinct recollection of a visit which he paid to the palace with his mother, and he writes in a note respecting it:

"On Sunday I was taken to the Tuileries, and allowed to look on the review of the troops in the Carrousel from the ladies'-maids' window. A large drawing by Isabey, which has been engraved, exactly reproduces all that was interesting in that spectacle. One day, after the parade, my mother came for me (I think she had accompanied Mme. Bonaparte into the court of the Tuileries), and took me up a staircase full of soldiers, at whom I stared hard. One of them, who was coming down, spoke to her; he wore an infantry uniform. 'Who is that?' I asked, when he had passed. He was Louis Bonaparte. Then I saw a young man going up stairs, in the well-known uniform of the Guides. His name I did not need to ask. Children in those days knew the insignia of every rank and corps in the army, and who did not know that Eugène de Beauharnais was Colonel of the Guides? At last we reached Mme. Bonaparte's drawing-room. At first there was no one there but herself, one or two ladies, and my father wearing his red coat embroidered in silver. I was probably kissed—perhaps they thought me grown; then no one noticed me any further. Soon an officer of the Consul's guard entered. He was short, thin, and carried himself badly, or at least carelessly. I was sufficiently drilled in etiquette to observe that he

We dined at six in Paris; at Saint Cloud we went out to drive at that hour—the Consul alone in a *calèche* with his wife, we in other carriages. Bonaparte's brother and sisters and Eugène de Beauharnais might come to dine with him whenever they wished to do so. Sometimes Mme. Louis came; but she never slept at Saint Cloud. The jealousy of Louis Bonaparte, and his extreme suspicion, had already made her shy and melancholy. Once or twice a week the little Napoleon (who afterward died in Holland) was sent to Saint Cloud. Bonaparte seemed to love that child; he built hopes for the future upon him. Perhaps it was only on account of those hopes that he noticed him; for M. de Talleyrand has told me that, when the news of his nephew's death reached Berlin, Bonaparte, who was about to appear in public, was so little affected that M. de Talleyrand said, "You forget that a death has occurred in your family, and that you ought to look serious." "I do not amuse myself," replied Bonaparte, "by thinking of dead people."

It would be curious to compare this frank utterance with the fine speech of M. de Fontanes, who, having to deliver an address upon the depositing of the Prussian flags in great pomp at the Invalides, dwelt pathetically upon the majestic grief of a conqueror who turned from the splendor of his victories to shed tears over the death of a child.*

moved about a great deal, and made rather free. Among other things, I was surprised to see him sit on the arm of a chair. From thence he spoke, across a considerable distance, to my mother. We were in front of him, and I remarked his thin, almost wan face, with its brown and yellowish tints. We drew near him while he spoke. When I was within his reach, he noticed me; he took me by my two ears and pulled them rather roughly. He hurt me, and, had I not been in a palace, I should have cried. Then, turning to my father, 'Is he learning mathematics?' he said. Soon I was taken away. 'Who is that soldier?' I asked my mother. 'That soldier is the First Consul.'"

Such was my father's introduction to the life of courts. He saw the Emperor only once more, and under similar circumstances.—P. R.

* The following letters were written by the Emperor on the occasion of the death of this child, in May, 1807. He was at Finkestein, and he wrote to the Empress Josephine:

After the Consul had dined, we were told we might go upstairs again. The conversation was prolonged, according as he was in a good or a bad humor. He would go away after a while, and in general we did not see him again. He returned to work, gave some particular audience or received one of the ministers, and retired early. Mme. Bonaparte played at cards in the evening. Between ten and eleven o'clock she would be told, "Madame, the First Consul has gone to his room," and then she would dismiss us for the night.

She and every one about her were very reserved respecting public affairs. Duroc, Maret (then Secretary of State), and the private secretaries were all impenetrable. Most of the soldiers, to avoid talking, as I believe, abstained from thinking; in that kind of life there was not much wear and tear of the mind.

On my arrival at Court, I was quite ignorant of the more or less dread that Bonaparte inspired in those who had known him for some time, and I was less embarrassed in his presence than the others; and I did not think myself bound to adopt the system of monosyllables religiously, and perhaps prudently, adopted by all the household. This, however, ex-

"I know how much the death of poor Napoleon grieves you; you can comprehend the pain I feel. I wish I were near you, that you might be moderate and reasonable in your grief. You have had the happiness never to lose a child; but that loss is one of the conditions and the penalties attached to our miserable human destiny. Let me hear that you have been reasonable, and that you are well, if you would not increase my trouble. Adieu, my love."

Some days later (the 20th of May) he wrote to the Queen of Holland: "My daughter, all that I hear from the Hague proves to me that you are not reasonble. However legitimate may be your grief, it ought to have limits. Do not ruin your health. Take some recreation, and learn that life is strewn with so many trials, and may be the cause of so many evils, that death is not the worst one of all." He wrote the same day to M. Fouché: "I have felt the loss of little Napoleon very much. I could have wished that his father and mother had received from nature as much courage as I have to endure all the evils of life. But they are young, and they have reflected less on the fragility of all things here below."—P. R.

posed me to ridicule in a way of which I was unconscious at first, which afterward amused me, but which in the end I had to avoid.

One evening Bonaparte was praising the ability of the elder M. Portalis, who was then working at the Civil Code, and M. de Rémusat said M. Portalis had profited by the study of Montesquieu in particular, adding that he had read and learned Montesquieu as one learns the catechism. Bonaparte, turning to one of my companions, said to her, laughing, "I would bet something that you do not know what this Montesquieu is." "Pardon me," she replied, "everybody has read 'Le Temple de Guide.'" At this Bonaparte went off into a fit of laughter, and I could not help smiling. He looked at me and said, "And you, madame?" I replied simply that I was not acquainted with "Le Temple de Guide," but had read "Considérations sur les Romains," and that I thought neither the one nor the other work was the catechism to which M. de Rémusat alluded. "*Diable!*" said Bonaparte, "you are a *savante!*" This epithet disconcerted me, for I felt that it would stick. A minute after, Mme. Bonaparte began to talk of a tragedy (I do not know what it was) which was then being performed. On this the First Consul passed the living authors in review, and spoke of Ducis, whose style he did not admire. He deplored the mediocrity of our tragic poets, and said that, above everything in the world, he should like to recompense the author of a fine tragedy. I ventured to say that Ducis had spoilt the "Othello" of Shakespeare. This long English name coming from my lips produced a sensation among our silent and attentive audience in epaulettes. Bonaparte did not altogether like anything English being praised. We argued the point awhile. All I said was very commonplace; but I had named Shakespeare, I had held my own against the Consul, I had praised an English author. What audacity! what a prodigy of erudition! I was obliged to keep silence for several days after, or at least only to take part in idle

talk, in order to efface the effect of my unlucky and easily gained reputation for cleverness.

When I left the palace and went back to my mother's house, I associated there with many amiable women and distinguished men, whose conversation was most interesting; and I smiled to myself at the difference between their society and that of Bonaparte's Court.

One good effect of our almost habitual silence was, that it kept us from gossip. The women had no chance of indulging in coquetry; the men were incessantly occupied in their duties; and Bonaparte, who did not yet venture to indulge all his fancies, and who felt that the appearance of regularity would be useful to him, lived in a way which deceived me as to his morality. He appeared to love his wife very much; she seemed to be all in all to him. Nevertheless, I discovered ere long that she had troubles of a nature which surprised me. She was of an exceedingly jealous disposition. It was a very great misfortune for her that she had no children by her second husband; he sometimes expressed his annoyance, and then she trembled for her future. The family of the First Consul, who were always bitter against the Beauharnais, made the most of this misfortune. From these causes quarrels arose. Sometimes I found Mme. Bonaparte in tears, and then she would complain bitterly of her brothers-in-law, of Mme. Murat, and of Murat, who kept up their own influence by exciting the Consul to passing fancies, and promoting his secret intrigues. I begged her to keep quiet. I could see that if Bonaparte loved his wife, it was because her habitual gentleness gave him repose, and that she would lose her power if she troubled or disturbed him. However, during my first years at Court, the slight differences which arose between them always ended in satisfactory explanations and in redoubled tenderness.

After 1802 I never saw General Moreau at Bonaparte's Court; they were already estranged. Moreau's mother-in-law and wife were schemers, and Bonaparte could not endure

a spirit of intrigue in women. Moreover, on one occasion the mother of Mme. Moreau, being at Malmaison, had ventured to jest about the suspected scandalous intimacy between Bonaparte and his young sister Caroline, then newly married. The Consul had not forgiven these remarks, for which he had severely censured both the mother and the daughter. Moreau complained, and was sharply questioned about his own attitude. He lived in retirement, among people who kept him in a state of constant irritation; and Murat, who was the chief of an active secret police, spied out causes of offense which were wholly unimportant, and continually carried malicious reports to the Tuileries. This multiplication of the police was one of the evils of Bonaparte's government, and was the result of his suspicious disposition. The agents acted as spies upon each other, denounced each other, endeavored to make themselves necessary, and kept alive Bonaparte's habitual mistrust. After the affair of the infernal machine, of which M. de Talleyrand availed himself to procure the dismissal of Fouché, the police had been put into the hands of Regnier, the chief judge. Bonaparte thought that his suppressing the Ministry of Police, which was a revolutionary invention, would look like liberalism and moderation. He soon repented of this step, and replaced the regular ministry by a multitude of spies, whom he continued to employ even after he had reinstated Fouché. His Prefect of Police, Murat, Duroc, Savary (who then commanded the *gend'armerie d'élite*), Maret (who had also a secret police, at the head of which was M. de Sémonville), and I don't know how many others, did the work of the suppressed ministry.

Fouché, who possessed in perfection the art of making himself necessary, soon crept back secretly into the favor of the First Consul, and succeeded in getting himself made minister a second time. The badly conducted trial of General Moreau aided him in that attempt, as will be seen by what follows.

At this time Cambacérès and Lebrun, Second and Third

Consuls, took very little part in the administration of the Government. The latter, who was an old man, gave Bonaparte no concern. The former, a distinguished magistrate, who was of great weight in all questions within the province of the Council of State, took part only in the discussion of certain laws. Bonaparte profited by his knowledge, and relied with good reason on the ridicule which his petty vanity excited to diminish his importance. Cambacérès, charmed with the distinctions conferred on him, paraded them with childish pleasure, which was humored and laughed at. His self-conceit on certain points frequently secured his safety.

At the time of which I speak, M. de Talleyrand had vast influence. Every great political question passed through his hands. Not only did he regulate foreign affairs at that period, and principally determine the new State constitutions to be given to Germany—a task which laid the foundations of his immense fortune—but he had long conferences with Bonaparte every day, and urged him to measures for the establishment of his power on the basis of reparation and reconstruction. At that time I am certain that measures for the restoration of monarchy were frequently discussed between them. M. de Talleyrand always remained unalterably convinced that monarchical government only was suitable to France; while, for his own part, it would have enabled him to resume all his former habits of life, and replaced him on familiar ground. Both the advantages and the abuses proper to courts would offer him chances of acquiring power and influence. I did not know M. de Talleyrand, and all I had heard of him had prejudiced me strongly against him. I was, however, struck by the elegance of his manners, which presented so strong a contrast to the rude bearing of the military men by whom I was surrounded. He preserved among them the indelible characteristics of a *grand seigneur*. He overawed by his disdainful silence, by his patronizing politeness, from which no one could escape. M. de Talleyrand, who was the most artificial of beings, contrived to

make a sort of natural character for himself out of a number of habits deliberately adopted; he adhered to them under all circumstances, as though they had really constituted his true nature. His habitually light manner of treating the most momentous matters was almost always useful to himself, but it frequently injured the effect of his actions.

For several years I had no acquaintance with him—I distrusted him vaguely; but it amused me to hear him talk, and see him act with ease peculiar to himself, and which lent infinite grace to all those ways of his, which in any other man would be regarded as sheer affectation.

The winter of this year (1803) was very brilliant. Bonaparte desired that fêtes should be given, and he also occupied himself with the restoration of the theatres. He confided the carrying out of the latter design to his Prefects of the Palace. M. de Rémusat was intrusted with the charge of the Comédie Française; a number of pieces which had been prohibited by Republican policy were put upon the stage. By degrees all the former habits of social life were resumed. This was a clever way of enticing back those who had been familiar with that social life, and of reuniting the ties that bind civilized men together. This system was skillfully carried out. Hostile opinions became weaker daily. The Royalists, who had been baffled on the 18th Fructidor, continued to hope that Bonaparte, after having reëstablished order, would include the return of the house of Bourbon among his restorations. They deceived themselves on this point indeed, but at least they might thank him for the reestablishment of order; and they looked forward to a decisive blow, which, by disposing of his person and suddenly rendering vacant a place which henceforth no one but he could fill, would make it evident that only the legitimate sovereign could be his natural successor. This secret idea of a party which is generally confident in what it hopes, and always imprudent in what it attempts, led to renewed secret correspondences with our princes, to attempts by the *émigrés*,

and to movements in La Vendée; and all these proceedings Bonaparte watched in silence.

On the other hand, those who were enamored of federal government observed with uneasiness that the consular authority tended toward a centralization which was by degrees reviving the idea of royalty. These malcontents were almost of the same mind as the few individuals who, notwithstanding the errors into which the cause of liberty had led some of its partisans, were forced by their consciences to acknowledge that the French Revolution was a movement of public utility, and who feared that Bonaparte might succeed in paralyzing its action. Now and then a few words were said on this subject, which, although very moderate in tone, showed that the Royalists were not the only antagonists the secret projects of Bonaparte would meet with. Then there were the ultra-Jacobins to be kept within bounds, and also the military, who, full of their pretensions, were astonished that any rights except their own should be recognized. The state of opinion among all these different parties was accurately reported to Bonaparte, who steered his way among them prudently. He went on steadily toward a goal, which at that time few people even guessed at. He kept attention fixed upon a portion of his policy which he enveloped in mystery. He could at will attract or divert attention, and alternately excite the approbation of the one or the other party—disturb or reassure them as he found it necessary; now exciting wonder, and then hope. He regarded the French as fickle children ready to be amused by a new plaything at the expense of their own dearest interests. His position as First Consul was advantageous to him, because, being so undefined, it excited less uneasiness among a certain class of people. At a later period the positive rank of Emperor deprived him of that advantage; then, after having let France into his secret, he had no other means left whereby to efface the impression from the country, but that fatal lure of military glory which he displayed before her. From

this cause arose his never-ending wars, his interminable conquests; for he felt we must be occupied at all hazards. And now we can see that from this cause, too, arose the obligation imposed on him to push his destiny to its limits, and to refuse peace either at Dresden or even at Châtillon. For Bonaparte knew that he must infallibly be lost, from that day on which his compulsory quietude should give us time to reflect upon him and upon ourselves.

At the end of 1802, or the beginning of 1803, there appeared in the "Moniteur" a dialogue between a Frenchman, enthusiastic on the subject of the English constitution, and a so-called reasonable Englishman, who, after having shown that there is, strictly speaking, no constitution in England, but only institutions, all more or less adapted to the position of the country and to the character of its inhabitants, endeavors to prove that these institutions could not be adopted by the French without giving rise to many evils. By these and similar means, Bonaparte endeavored to control that desire for liberty which always springs up anew in the minds of the French people.

About the close of 1802 we heard at Paris of the death of General Leclerc, of yellow fever, at Saint Domingo. In the month of January his pretty young widow returned to France. She was then in bad health, and dressed in deep, somber mourning; but still I thought her the most charming person I had ever seen. Bonaparte strongly exhorted her to conduct herself better than she had done before she went out to Saint Domingo; and she promised everything, but soon broke her word.

The death of General Leclerc gave rise to a little difficulty, and the settling of this tended toward that revival of former customs which was preparing the way for monarchy. Bonaparte and Mme. Bonaparte put on mourning, and we received orders to do likewise. This was significant enough; but it was not all. The ambassadors were to pay a visit at the Tuileries, to condole with the Consul and his wife on

their loss, and it was represented to them that politeness required them to wear mourning on the occasion. They met to deliberate, and, as there was not time for them to obtain instructions from their several courts, they resolved to accept the intimation they had received, thus following the custom usual in such cases. Since September, 1802, an ambassador from England, Lord Whitworth, had replaced the *chargé d'affaires*. There was hope of a lasting peace; intercourse between England and France increased daily; but, notwithstanding this, persons who were a little better informed than the crown foresaw causes of dissension between the two Governments. There had been a discussion in the English Parliament about the part which the French Government had taken in the matter of the new Swiss constitution, and the "Moniteur," which was entirely official, published articles complaining of certain measures which were taken in London against Frenchmen. Appearances were, however, extremely favorable; all Paris, and especially the Tuileries, seemed to be given up to *fêtes* and pleasures. Domestic life at the château was all peace, when suddenly the First Consul's taking a fancy to a young and beautiful actress, of the Théâtre Français, threw Mme. Bonaparte into great distress, and gave rise to bitter quarrels.

Two remarkable actresses (Mlles. Duchesnois and Georges) had made their *début* in tragedy almost at the same time. The one was very plain, but her genius speedily gained popularity; the other was not so talented, but was extremely beautiful.* The Parisian public sided warmly with one or

* The following is my father's recollection of the talents and the rivalry of these two celebrated actresses: "The *liaison* of the Emperor with Mlle. Georges was much talked about. I myself remember when a controversy raged in society respecting the merits of the two *tragédiennes*. After each representation given by the one or the other, there were very animated disputes. Connoisseurs and the public in general preferred Mlle. Duchesnois. She had not much talent, however, and acted without intelligence; but she had passion, tenderness, and a touching voice, which moved her audience to tears. It was, I believe, for her that the phrase, 'to have tears in the voice,' was invented. My mother and

the other, but in general the success of talent was greater than that of beauty. Bonaparte, on the contrary, was charmed with the latter; and Mme. Bonaparte soon learned, through the spying of her servants, that Mlle. Georges had on several occasions been introduced into a little back room in the château. This discovery caused her extreme distress; she told me of it with great emotion, and shed more tears than I thought such a temporary affair called for. I represented to her that gentleness and patience were the only remedies for a grief which time would certainly cure; and it was during the conversations we had on this subject that she gave me a notion of her husband which I would not otherwise have formed. According to her account, he had no moral principles whatever, and only concealed his vicious inclinations at that time because he feared they might harm him; but, when he could give himself up to them without any risk, he would abandon himself to the most shameful passions. Had he not seduced his own sisters one after the other? Did he not hold that his position entitled him to gratify all his inclinations? And, besides, his brothers were practicing on his weaknesses to induce him to relinquish all relations with his wife. As the result of their schemes she foresaw the much-dreaded divorce, which had already been mooted. "It is a great misfortune for me," she added, "that I have not borne a son to Bonaparte. That gives their hatred

my aunt (Mme. de Nansouty) were in favor of Mlle. Duchesnois, even to the point of disputing with my father himself, who, in his official capacity, was bound to be impartial. These discussions on dramatic art, enlivened by the facility which my father's functions gave us for attending the theatres, inspired me with a taste for literature and conversation quite beyond my age. When very young, I was taken to the theatre, and I saw both these Melpomenes. It was said the one was so good as to be beautiful, and the other was so beautiful as to be good. The latter, who was then very young, trusting to her charms, was indolent, and the want of flexibility in her voice and a kind of drawl in her pronunciation interfered with her elocution. I think, however, in reality she was more clever than her rival, but that, by using her talent in so many different ways, she at the same time developed and depreciated it; and she deserved at least a part of the reputation that she acquired in her old age."

a weapon which they can always use against me." "But, madame," I said, "it appears to me that your daughter's child almost repairs that misfortune; the First Consul loves him, and will, perhaps, in the end adopt him." "Alas!" replied she, "that is the object of my dearest wishes; but the jealous and sullen disposition of Louis Bonaparte leads him to oppose it. His family have maliciously repeated to him the insulting rumors concerning my daughter's conduct and the paternity of her son. Slander has declared the child to be Bonaparte's, and that is sufficient to make Louis refuse his consent to the adoption. You see how he keeps away from us, and now my daughter is obliged to be on her guard in everything. Moreover, independently of the good reasons I have for not enduring Bonaparte's infidelities, they always mean that I shall have a thousand other annoyances to submit to."

This was quite true. I observed that from the moment the First Consul paid attention to another woman—whether it was that his despotic temper led him to expect that his wife should approve this indication of his absolute independence in all things, or whether nature had bestowed upon him so limited a faculty of loving that it was all absorbed by the person preferred at the time, and that he had not a particle of feeling left to bestow upon another—he became harsh, violent, and pitiless to his wife. Whenever he had a mistress, he let her know it, and showed a sort of savage surprise that she did not approve of his indulging in pleasures which, as he would demonstrate, so to speak, mathematically, were both allowable and necessary for him. "I am not an ordinary man," he would say, "and the laws of morals and of custom were never made for me." Such speeches as these aroused the anger of Mme. Bonaparte, and she replied to them by tears and complaints, which her husband resented with the utmost violence. After a while his new fancy would vanish suddenly, and his tenderness for his wife revive. Then he was moved by her grief, and would lavish

caresses upon her as unmeasured as his wrath had been; and, as she was very placable and gentle, she was easily appeased.

While the storm lasted, however, my position was rendered embarrassing by the strange confidences of which I was the recipient, and at times by proceedings in which I was obliged to take part. I remember one occurrence in particular, during the winter of 1803, at which, and the absurd panic into which it threw me, I have often laughed since.

Bonaparte was in the habit of occupying the same room with his wife; she had cleverly persuaded him that doing so tended to insure his personal safety. "I told him," she said, "that as I was a very light sleeper, if any nocturnal attempt against him was made, I should be there to call for help in a moment." In the evening she never retired until Bonaparte had gone to bed. But when Mlle. Georges was in the ascendant, as she used to visit the château very late, he did not on those occasions go to his wife's room until an advanced hour of the night. One evening Mme. Bonaparte, who was more than usually jealous and suspicious, kept me with her, and eagerly talked of her troubles. It was one o'clock in the morning; we were alone in her boudoir, and profound silence reigned in the Tuileries. All at once she rose. "I can not bear it any longer," she said. "Mlle. Georges is certainly with him; I will surprise them." I was alarmed by this sudden resolution, and said all I could to dissuade her from acting on it, but in vain. "Follow me," she said; "let us go up together." Then I represented to her that such an act, very improper even on her part, would be intolerable on mine; and that, in case of her making the discovery which she expected, I should certainly be one too many at the scene which must ensue. She would listen to nothing; she reproached me with abandoning her in her distress, and she begged me so earnestly to accompany her, that, notwithstanding my repugnance, I yielded, saying

to myself that our expedition would end in nothing, as no doubt precautions had been taken to prevent a surprise.

Silently we ascended the back staircase leading to Bonaparte's room; Mme. Bonaparte, who was much excited, going first, while I followed slowly, feeling very much ashamed of the part I was being made to play. On our way we heard a slight noise. Mme. Bonaparte turned to me and said, "Perhaps that is Rustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, who keeps the door. The wretch is quite capable of killing us both." On hearing this, I was seized with such terror that I could not listen further, and, forgetting that I was leaving Mme. Bonaparte in utter darkness, I ran back as quickly as I could to the boudoir, candle in hand. She followed me a few minutes after, astonished at my sudden flight. When she saw my terrified face, she began to laugh, which set me off laughing also, and we renounced our enterprise. I left her, telling her I thought the fright she had given me was a very good thing for her, and that I was very glad I had yielded to it.

Mme. Bonaparte's jealousy affected her sweet temper so much that it could not long be a secret to anybody. I was in the embarrassing position of a confidant without influence over the person who confided in me, and I could not but appear to be mixed up in the quarrels which I witnessed. Bonaparte thought that one woman must enter eagerly into the feelings of another, and he showed some annoyance at my being made aware of the facts of his private life.

Meantime, the ugly actress grew in favor with the public of Paris, and the handsome one was frequently received with hisses. M. de Rémusat endeavored to divide patronage equally between the two; but whatever he did for the one or for the other was received with equal dissatisfaction, either by the First Consul or by the public.

These petty affairs gave us a good deal of annoyance. Bonaparte, without confiding the secret of his interest in the fair actress to M. de Rémusat, complained to my husband,

saying that he would not object to my being his wife's confidant, provided I would only give her good advice. My husband represented me as a sensible person, brought up with a great regard for propriety, and who would be most unlikely to encourage Mme. Bonaparte's jealous fancies. The First Consul, who was still well disposed toward us, accepted this view of my conduct; but thence arose another annoyance. He called upon me to interfere in his conjugal quarrels, and wanted to avail himself of what he called my good sense against the foolish jealousy of which he was wearied. As I never could conceal my real sentiments, I answered quite sincerely, when he told me how weary he was of all these scenes, that I pitied Mme. Bonaparte very much, whether she suffered with or without cause, and that he, above all persons, ought to excuse her; but, at the same time, I admitted that I thought it undignified on her part to endeavor to prove the infidelity which she suspected by employing her servants as spies on her husband. The First Consul did not fail to tell his wife that I blamed her in this respect, and then I was involved in endless explanations between the husband and the wife, into which I imported all the ardor natural to my age, and also the devotion and attachment which I felt for both of them. We went through a constant succession of scenes, whose details have now faded from my memory, and in which Bonaparte would be at one time imperious, harsh, excessively suspicious, and at another suddenly moved, tender, almost gentle, atoning with a good grace for the faults he acknowledged but did not renounce.

I remember one day, in order to avoid an awkward *tête-à-tête* with Mme. Bonaparte, he made me remain to dinner. His wife was just then very angry, because he had declared that henceforth he would have a separate apartment, and he insisted that I should give my opinion on this point. I was quite unprepared to answer him, and I knew that Mme. Bonaparte would not readily forgive me if I did not decide in her favor. I tried to evade a reply; but Bonaparte, who

enjoyed my embarrassment, insisted. I could find no other way out of the difficulty than by saying that I thought anything which might make people think the First Consul was altering his manner of living would give rise to injurious reports, and that the least change in the arrangements of the château would inevitably be talked about. Bonaparte laughed, and, pinching my ear, said, "Ah! you are a woman, and you all back each other."

Nevertheless, he carried out his resolution, and from that time forth occupied a separate apartment. His manner toward his wife, however, became more affectionate after this breeze, and she, on her side, was less suspicious of him. She adopted the advice which I constantly urged upon her, to treat such unworthy rivalry with disdain. "It would be quite time enough to fret," I said, "if the Consul chose one of the women in your own society; that would be a real grief, and for me a serious annoyance." Two years afterward my prediction was only too fully realized, especially as regarded myself.

CHAPTER II.

(1803.)

A Return to the Customs of the Monarchy—M. de Fontanes—Mme. d'Houdetot—Rumors of War—Meeting of the Corps Législatif—Departure of the English Ambassador—M. Maret—Marshal Berthier—Journey of the First Consul to Belgium—A Carriage Accident—The Amiens Fêtes.

With the exception of this slight disturbance, the winter passed quietly. The progress of the restoration of order was marked by several new institutions. The lyceums were organized; the magistrates again wore official robes, and were also invested with some importance. A collection of French paintings was placed at the Louvre, and called "the Museum," and M. Denon was appointed superintendent. Pensions and rewards were conferred on men of letters, and M. de Fontanes was frequently consulted on these points. Bonaparte liked to talk with him, and their conversations were in general very entertaining. The First Consul amused himself by attacking the pure and classical taste of M. de Fontanes, who defended our French *chefs-d'œuvre* with warmth, and thus he gained a reputation for courage among those present. For there were already persons at that Court who took so readily to the *rôle* of the courtier, that they looked upon any one who ventured to admire "Mérope" or "Mithridates," after the master had declared that he cared for neither of those works, as quite a heroic being.

Bonaparte appeared to derive great amusement from these literary controversies. At one time he even thought of inviting certain men of letters to come twice a week to Mme.

Bonaparte's receptions, so that he might enjoy their conversation. M. de Rémusat, who was acquainted with a number of distinguished men in Paris, was directed to invite them to the château. Accordingly, one evening, several academicians and well-known literary men were invited. Bonaparte was in a good humor that night; he talked very well, and allowed others to talk; he was agreeable and animated. I was charmed to see him make himself so agreeable. I was very anxious that he should make a favorable impression on persons who had not previously known him, and thus defeat certain prejudices which prevailed against him. When he chose, he could exhibit keen judgment, as he did, for instance, in appraising the worth of the old Abbé Morellet's intellect.* Morellet was a straightforward, positive man, who proceeded in argument from fact to fact and would never admit the power of the imagination on the progress of human ideas. Bonaparte delighted in upsetting this system. Allowing his imagination to take any flight it wished—and in the Abbé's presence it carried him far—he broached all kinds of subjects, gave full flight to his ideas, was highly amused at the bewilderment of the Abbé, and was really very entertaining.

The next day he spoke with pleasure of the previous evening, and said he would like to have many such. A similar reception was therefore fixed for a few days later. Somebody (I forget who) began to talk with much animation about liberty of thought and speech, and the advantages which they secure to nations. This led to a discussion considerably less free than on the former occasion, and the Consul maintained a silence when seemed to paralyze the company. On the third evening he came in late, was absent and gloomy, and spoke only a few unconnected sentences. Every one was silent and constrained; and the next day the First Consul told us that he saw there was nothing to be

* The Abbé Morellet, a friend of Mme. d'Houdetot and Mme. de Vergennes, was a well-known personage at the end of the eighteenth century, and was called by Voltaire the Abbé Mord-les. He died January 12, 1819.—P. R.

made of these men of letters, nothing to be gained by admitting them to intimacy, and he did not wish they should be invited again. He could not bear any restraint, and being obliged to appear affable and in a good humor on a certain day and at a certain hour was a yoke which he hastened to shake off.

During that winter two distinguished academicians, MM. de la Harpe and de Saint-Lambert, died. I regretted the latter very much, because I was exceedingly attached to Mme. d'Houdetot, whose intimate friend he had been for forty years, and at whose house he died. This delightful old lady received all the best and most agreeable society of Paris. I was a constant visitor at her house; there I found the revival of a day which then seemed lost beyond recall—I mean that in which people conversed in an agreeable and instructive manner. Mme. d'Houdetot, whose age and disposition alike kept her aloof from all political parties, enjoyed the repose that the country was enjoying, and profited by it to collect all that remained of Parisian good society at her house. They came willingly to tend and to amuse her old age. To go to her house was a relief from the restraint under which I lived at the Tuileries, partly from the example of others and partly from the experience which I was beginning to acquire.

About this time a rumor rose that war with England was likely to break out again. Private letters revealing certain enterprises set on foot in La Vendée were published. In these letters the English Government was accused of aiding the Vendeans, and George Cadoudal was named in them as the agent between the English Government and the Chouans. M. André was also mentioned; it was said he had got into France secretly, after already having endeavored, before the 18th Fructidor, to assist the Royalist cause. While this rumor was spreading, the Legislative Assembly was called together. The report of the state of the Republic which was laid before it was remarkable, and gave rise to much comment. It

included peace with foreign powers; the *conclusum* given at Ratisbon upon the new partition of Germany, and recognized by all the sovereigns; the constitution accepted by the Swiss; the Concordat; the regulation of public education; the formation of the Institute;* the improved administration of justice; the amelioration of the finances; the Civil Code, of which a portion was submitted to the Assembly; various public works commenced both on our frontiers and in France; plans for Antwerp, for Mont Cenis, the banks of the Rhine, and the canal de l'Ourcq; the acquisition of the island of Elba; the possession of Saint Domingo; several proposals for laws, upon indirect taxation, on the formation of chambers of commerce, on the exercise of the profession of medicine, and on manufactures. All this formed a satisfactory statement, and one honorable to the Government. At the end of the report, however, a few words were slipped in with reference to the possibility of a rupture with England, and the necessity for increasing the army. Neither the Legislative Assembly nor the Tribunate offered any opposition whatever, and approbation which at that time was really deserved was bestowed upon so fair a beginning to many great undertakings.

In March, bitter complaints appeared in our newspapers of certain pamphlets against Bonaparte which were circulated in England. This sensitiveness to strictures by the English free press was only a pretext; the occupation of Malta and our intervention in the Government of Switzerland were the true causes of the rupture. On the 8th of March, 1803, a message from the King of England to the Parliament declared that important differences between the two Governments had arisen, and complained of the warlike preparations which were being made in the ports of Holland. Immediately afterward the scene took place in which Bonaparte

* It would be more correct to say that the First Consul reorganized the Institute, by suppressing the class of moral and political sciences on January 23, 1803. This class was not reëstablished till after 1830.—P. R.

either feigned or allowed himself to exhibit violent anger in the presence of all the ambassadors. A little later he left Paris for Saint Cloud.

Notwithstanding his absorption in public affairs, he took care to direct one of his Prefects of the Palace to write a letter of congratulation and compliment to the celebrated musician Paisiello on the opera of "Proserpine," which had just been given in Paris. The First Consul was exceedingly anxious to attract the celebrated people of all countries to France, and he paid them liberally.

Shortly afterward the rupture between France and England took place, and the English ambassador—before whose house a great crowd had been in the habit of assembling daily, in order to judge of the state of affairs, according to the preparations for departure which they could or could not perceive in the courtyard—left Paris abruptly. M. de Talleyrand communicated to the Senate a statement of the reasons that rendered war inevitable. The Senate replied that they could only applaud the combined moderation and firmness of the First Consul, and sent a deputation to Saint Cloud to express their gratitude and their devotion. M. de Vaublanc, when speaking in the Legislative Assembly, exclaimed enthusiastically, "What chief of a nation has ever shown a greater love of peace?" If it were possible to separate the history of the negotiations of the First Consul from that of his exploits, it would read like the life of a magistrate whose sole endeavor had been the establishment of peace. The Tribunate expressed a desire that energetic measures should be taken; and, after these various acts of admiration and obedience, the session of the Legislative Assembly came to a close.

Then appeared certain violent notes against the English Government, which soon became numerous, and dealt in detail with the attacks of the free daily press in London. Bonaparte dictated the substance of these notes, and M. Maret drew them up. Thus the sovereign of a great empire entered, so to speak, into a war of words with journalists,

and lowered his own dignity by allowing it to be seen that he was stung by the criticisms of ephemeral newspapers, whose comments it would have been far wiser to ignore. It was easy for the English journalists to find out how hard their remarks hit the First Consul, and a little later the Emperor of France, and they accordingly redoubled their attacks. How many times, when we saw him gloomy and out of temper, did Mme. Bonaparte tell us it was because he had read some article against himself in the "Courier" or the "Sun"! He tried to wage a pen-and-ink war with the English press; he subsidized certain journals in London, expended a great deal of money, and deceived no one either in France or in England.

I have said that he often dictated notes on this subject for the "Moniteur." Bonaparte dictated with great ease. He never wrote anything with his own hand. His handwriting was bad, and as illegible by himself as by others; his spelling was very defective. He utterly lacked patience to do anything whatever with his own hands. The extreme activity of his mind and the habitual prompt obedience rendered to him prevented him from practicing an occupation in which the mind must necessarily wait for the action of the body. Those who wrote from his dictation—first M. Bourrienne, then M. Maret, and Menneval, his private secretary—had made a sort of shorthand for themselves, in order that their pens might travel as fast as his thoughts. He dictated while walking to and fro in his cabinet. When he grew angry, he would use violent imprecations, which were suppressed in writing, and which had at least the advantage of giving the writer time to come up with him. He never repeated anything that he once said, even if it had not been heard; and this was very hard on the poor secretary, for he remembered accurately what he had said and detected every omission. One day he read a tragedy in manuscript, and it interested him sufficiently to inspire him with a fancy to make some alterations in it. "Take a pen and paper," said

he to M. de Rémusat, "and write for me." Hardly giving my husband time to seat himself at a table, he began to dictate so quickly that M. de Rémusat, although accustomed to write with great rapidity, was bathed in perspiration while trying to follow him. Bonaparte perceived his difficulty, and would stop now and then to say, "Come, try to understand me, for I will not repeat what I say." He always derived amusement from causing any one uneasiness and distress. His great general principle, which he applied to everything, both small and great, was that there could be no zeal where there was no disquiet. Fortunately he forgot to ask for the sheet of observations he had dictated. M. de Rémusat and I have often tried to read it since, but we have never been able to make out a word of it.

M. Maret, the Secretary of State, was a man of very ordinary intellect; indeed, Bonaparte did not dislike mediocrity, because he said he had enough brains to give those about him what they wanted in that way. M. Maret rose to high favor in consequence of his great facility in writing from the First Consul's dictation. He accustomed himself to follow and seize upon the first indication of Bonaparte's idea so faithfully that he could report it just as it came from the speaker's brain without making an observation. His favor with his master was perhaps still more largely due to the fact that he felt or feigned boundless devotion to him, and it was displayed by such enthusiastic admiration that Bonaparte could not help being flattered. So far did M. Maret carry the art of skillful adulation, that it was positively asserted that when he traveled with the Emperor he took the trouble to leave with his wife drafts of letters, which she copied carefully, complaining that her husband was so exclusively devoted to his master that she could not help feeling jealous. As all the letters were delivered at the Emperor's own quarters while he was traveling, and as he frequently amused himself by opening them, these clever complainings produced exactly the intended effect.

When M. Maret* was Minister of Foreign Affairs, he took care not to follow the example of M. de Talleyrand, who used to say that it was, above all, Bonaparte himself whom it was necessary for that minister to manage. Maret, on the contrary, fostered all Bonaparte's passions, and was surprised that foreign sovereigns should dare to be angry when he insulted them, or should offer any resistance to their own ruin. He thus advanced his personal fortune at the expense of Europe, whose just interests an honest and able minister would have endeavored to protect. A courier was always in readiness, by whom he might dispatch to any one of the sovereigns the first angry words that escaped from Bonaparte, when he heard news which displeased him. His weak complaisance was sometimes injurious to his master. It caused more than one rupture which was regretted when the first outbreak of violence had passed, and it probably contributed to the fall of Bonaparte; for, in the last year of his reign, while he lingered at Dresden uncertain what to do, Maret delayed for eight days the retreat it was so important to make, because he had not the courage to inform the Emperor of the defection of Bavaria, a piece of intelligence it was most necessary he should learn.† An

* Afterward Duc de Bassano.

† The duties of the most conscientious editor do not bind him to explain, to justify, or, still less, to contradict the assertions or the suppositions of the author whose recollections he lays before the public. It is evident that a great many of the views expressed here are personal, or that they represent public opinion at that period of our history. While taking the responsibility of what he prints, the editor does not profess entire agreement with all the opinions of the author; and it is not necessary to bring forward an opinion in opposition to an impression, or a new document or a recent history in contrast with a contemporaneous impression of the facts, on every occasion of divergence. For instance, M. Maret doubtless merits reproach on more than one head, but the accusation that he was so base as not to inform the Emperor in time of the defection of Bavaria, in 1813, is probably one of those imputations which are due to the contempt with which M. de Talleyrand treated his pitiful, insignificant successor. He is known to have said, "I never knew but one man so stupid as the Duc de Bassano; he was M. Maret." It is probable that Maret, on his arrival at Leipsic in October, 1813, was made aware of the treaty of Bavaria

anecdote of M. de Talleyrand may be related here, as a sample of the skill with which that astute minister managed

with the Coalition, but that he did not attach any great importance to it, or did not dare speak of it to a master who was becoming day by day less capable of bearing the truth, and of facing things which displeased him. The Duc de Bassano was, of all the ministers, the least fit to cope with this fatal tendency. There was in his nature a mixture of sincere servility and blind admiration, which made him a courtier rather than a minister. The following is my father's opinion of Bassano: "He was neither an utterly unintelligent nor a bad man, but he was one of those people whose mediocrity, alike in good or in evil, may be as pernicious as stupidity or villainy. He had but little intellect; his self-sufficiency and haughtiness as an improvised nobleman and a *parvenu* statesman were absolutely absurd. His heavy frivolity, his *bourgeois* dignity, and his vulgar affectation obscured what there really was in him. He had a great capacity for work, much facility of expression, a quick and tolerably just perception of the superficial and material side of affairs, an accurate memory for details, a faculty for attending to several things at once, and a talent for identifying himself with the idea or even the sentiment of what was dictated to him. The latter quality made him a useful, or rather a convenient instrument, and as a minister of the second or third rank he would have done well. He had no leaning toward wrong or injustice. Violence directed against individuals was not to his liking, and it is said that he sometimes averted it. He was, moreover, sincerely attached to the Emperor, and, to my knowledge, he never endeavored to elude by any meanness those misfortunes which in later years that attachment drew down upon himself; but, full of self-confidence, greedy of favor, jealous of his influence, inflated with a sense of his own rank and power, he regarded with the eye of an enemy merit, independence, anything which might tend to throw himself into the shade, or did not serve his ambition, flatter his vanity, or minister to his greatness. To keep his place near the Emperor had become his sole thought, and was regarded by him as his chief duty; to please the Emperor in everything was all his study and all his policy. The Napoleonic system, as the Emperor practiced it, was to him official truth, and official truth was to him all truth." In the Memoirs of Count Beugnot, published a few years ago by his grandson, the following passage occurs: "M. Maret has an excellent heart; he is therefore by nature inclined to everything good. His mind is cultivated, and, if diplomacy had not drawn him away from the profession of letters, he would have made a respectable, if not a distinguished, figure in literature. His talent lies chiefly in a singular facility for reproducing the ideas of others, and he has exercised it so largely in editing the 'Moniteur,' and in other work of the same nature, that his whole mind is, as it were, absorbed by it. It was the Abbé Siéyès who originally procured the post of Secretary to the Consulate for him. At first he failed to please the First Consul, precisely on account of those qualities which since then have endeared him to Bonaparte—his obsequiousness, his eagerness, his propensity to merge his own mind in that of another; but by

Bonaparte, and also of the completeness of his own ascendancy.

A treaty of peace between England and France was being arranged at Amiens in the spring of 1810. Certain difficulties which had arisen between the plenipotentiaries were giving rise to some little uneasiness, and Bonaparte was anxiously expecting dispatches. A courier arrived, and brought to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the much-desired signature. M. de Talleyrand put it in his pocket and went to the First Consul. He appeared before him with that immovable countenance which he wears on every occasion. For a whole hour he remained with Bonaparte, transacting a number of important matters of business, and when all was done, "Now," said he, smiling, "I am going to give you a great pleasure; the treaty is signed, and here it is." Bonaparte was astounded at this fashion of announcing the matter. "Why did you not tell me at once?" he demanded. "Ah," replied M. de Talleyrand, "because then you would not have listened to me on any other subject. When you are pleased, you are not always pleasant." The self-control displayed in this reticence struck the Consul, "and," added M. de Talleyrand, "did not make him angry, because he saw immediately how far it might be made useful to himself."

degrees, as the First Consul absorbed authority, and became accustomed to rule alone, he grew reconciled to the Secretary of the Consulate. The despotism of the one and the favor of the other grew in the same proportion." ("Mémoires du Comte Beugnot," vol. ii., p. 316.) Baron Ernouf has recently published an apology for the Duc de Bassano, under the title "Maret, Duc de Bassano." These several estimates, which are different without being contradictory, show that the influence of the Duc de Bassano in the Imperial councils was not beneficial to the common weal. He was apparently one of those who think that a disagreeable disclosure or unwelcome advice is more hurtful to the offerer than useful to the recipient. Such people are careful rather to foster the weaknesses than to consider the actual situation of their masters, and to serve their passions at the expense of their interests. Such flatterers are doubtless detestable, but the source of their crimes is absolute power. It is because the monarch is all-powerful that it is dangerous to displease him. All meanness, as well as all justice, emanates from the king.—P. R.

Another person, who was really more attached to Bonaparte, and quite as demonstrative in his admiration for him as M. Maret, was Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram. He had served in the campaign in Egypt, and had become strongly attached to his General. Berthier's friendship for him was so great that, little as Bonaparte valued anything coming from the heart, he could not but respond to it in some degree. The sentiment was, however, very unequally divided between them, and was used by the powerful one of the two as a means of exaction. One day Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand: "I really can not understand how a relation that bears some appearance of friendship has established itself between Berthier and me. I don't indulge in useless sentiments, and Berthier is so uninteresting that I do not know why I should care at all about him; and yet, when I think of it, I believe I really have some liking for him." "If you do care about him," replied M. de Talleyrand, "do you know the reason why? It is because he believes in you."

These anecdotes, which I set down as they recur to my memory, did not come to my knowledge till a much later period, when my greater intimacy with M. de Talleyrand revealed to me the chief traits in Bonaparte's character. At first I was completely deceived by him, and was very happy to be so. I knew he had genius, I saw that he was disposed to make amends for the passing wrongs he did his wife, and I remarked his friendship for Berthier with pleasure; he caressed little Napoleon in my presence, and seemed to love him. I regarded him as accessible to kindly natural feelings, and my youthful imagination arrayed him in all those qualities which I desired to find in him. It is only just to him also to admit that excess of power intoxicated him; that his passions were increased in violence by the facility with which he was enabled to gratify them; but that while he was young, and as yet uncertain of the future, he frequently hesitated between the open exhibition of vice and, at least, the affectation of virtue.

After the declaration of war with England, somebody (I do not know who) suggested to Bonaparte the idea of an invasion by means of flat-bottomed boats. I can not say with certainty whether he really believed in this plan, or whether he only used it as a pretext for collecting and increasing his army, which he assembled at the camp of Boulogne. So many people maintained that a descent upon the shores of England in this way was practicable, that it is quite possible he may have thought fate had a success of the kind in store for him. Enormous works were begun in our ports, and in some of the Belgian towns; the army marched to the coast, and Generals Soult and Ney were sent to command it at different points. The idea of a conquest of England fired the general imagination; and even the English themselves began to feel uneasy, and thought it necessary to make some preparations for defense. Attempts were made to excite the public mind against the English by dramatic representations; scenes from the life of William the Conqueror were represented at the theatres. The conquest of Hanover was easily effected, but then came the blockade of our ports that did us so much harm.

During the summer of this year (1803) a journey to Belgium was arranged, and Bonaparte required that it should be made with great magnificence. He had little trouble in persuading Mme. Bonaparte to take with her everything that could make an impression on the people to whom she was about to exhibit herself. Mme. Talhouet and I were selected to accompany her, and the Consul gave me thirty thousand francs for those expenses which he prescribed. He set out on the 24th of June, with a *cortége* of several carriages, two generals of his guard, his aides-de-camp, Duroc, two Prefects of the Palace (M. de Rémusat and a Piedmontese named Salmatoris), and commenced the journey in great pomp.

Before we set out, we went for one day to Mortefontaine, an estate which had been purchased by Joseph Bonaparte. All the family were assembled there, and a strange occur-

rence took place. We passed the morning in walking about the gardens, which are beautiful. When dinner hour approached, a question arose about the placing of the guests. The elder Mme. Bonaparte was at Mortefontaine, and Joseph told his brother that he intended to take his mother in to dinner, and to place her on his right hand, while Mme. Bonaparte was to sit on his left. The First Consul took offense at this arrangement, which placed his wife in the second rank, and insisted that his brother should transfer their mother to that position. Joseph refused, and no argument could induce him to give way. When dinner was announced, Joseph took his mother's hand, and Lucien escorted Mme. Bonaparte. The First Consul, incensed at this opposition to his will, hurriedly crossed the room, took the arm of his wife, passed out before every one, seated her beside himself, and then, turning to me, ordered me to place myself near him. The company were all greatly embarrassed, I even more so than the others; and Mme. Joseph Bonaparte,* to whom some politeness was due, found herself at the bottom of the table, as if she were not one of the family.

The stiffness and gloom of that dinner-party may be easily imagined. The brothers were angry, Mme. Bonaparte was wretched, and I was excessively embarrassed by my prominent position. During the dinner Bonaparte did not address a single member of his family; he occupied himself with his wife, talked to me, and chose this opportune occasion to inform me that he had that morning restored to my cousin, the Vicomte de Vergennes, certain forests which had long been sequestrated on account of his emigration, but which had not been sold. I was touched by this mark of his kindness, but it was very vexatious to me that he selected such a moment to tell me of it, because the gratitude which I would otherwise have gladly expressed, and the joy which I really felt, made me appear to the observers of the little scene to be

* Joseph Bonaparte had married Mlle. Julia Clary, the daughter of a merchant at Marseilles.—P. R.

talking freely to him, while I was really in a state of painful constraint. The remainder of the day passed drearily, as may be supposed, and we left Mortefontaine on the morrow.

An accident which happened at the beginning of our journey increased the regard which I was then happy to feel for Bonaparte and his wife. He traveled with her and one of the generals of his guard, and his carriage was preceded by one containing Duroc and three aides-de-camp. A third carriage was occupied by Mme. Talhouet, M. de Rémusat, and myself; two others followed. Shortly after we had left Compiègne, where we visited a military school, on our way to Amiens, our carriage was violently overturned. Mme. Talhouet's head was badly cut; M. de Rémusat and I were only bruised. With some trouble we were extricated from the carriage. Bonaparte, who was on in front, was told of this accident; he at once alighted from his carriage, and with Mme. Bonaparte, who was much frightened about me, hastened to join us at a cottage, whither we had been taken. I was so terrified that, as soon as I saw Bonaparte, I begged him with tears to send me back to Paris; I already disliked traveling as much as did the pigeon of La Fontaine, and in my distress I cried out that I must return to my mother and my children.

Bonaparte said a few words intended to calm me; but, finding that he could not succeed in doing so, he took my arm in his, gave orders that Mme. Talhouet should be placed in one of the carriages, and, after satisfying himself that M. de Rémusat was none the worse for the accident, led me, frightened as I was, to his own carriage, and made me get in with him. We set off again, and he took pains to cheer up his wife and me, and told us, laughingly, to kiss each other and cry, "because," he said, "that always does women good." After a while his animated conversation distracted my thoughts, and my fear of the further journey subsided. Mme. Bonaparte having referred to the grief my mother would feel if any harm happened to me, Bonaparte ques-

tioned me about her, and appeared to be well aware of the high esteem in which she was held in society. Indeed, it was largely to this that his attention to me was due. At that period, when so many people still held back from the advances he made to them, he was greatly gratified that my mother had consented to my holding a place in his household. At that time I was in his eyes almost a personage whose example would, he hoped, be followed.

On the evening of the same day we arrived at Amiens, where we were received with enthusiasm impossible to describe. The horses were taken from the carriage, and replaced by the inhabitants, who insisted on drawing it themselves. I was the more affected by this spectacle, as it was absolutely novel to me. Alas! since I had been of an age to observe what was passing around me, I had witnessed only scenes of terror and woe, I had heard only sounds of hate and menace; and the joy of the inhabitants of Amiens, the garlands that decorated our route, the triumphal arches erected in honor of him who was represented on all these devices as the saviour of France, the crowds who fought for a sight of him, the universal blessings which could not have been uttered to order—the whole spectacle, in fact, so affected me that I could not restrain my tears. Mme. Bonaparte wept; I saw even the eyes of Bonaparte himself glisten for a moment.

CHAPTER III.

(1803.)

Continuation of the Journey to Belgium—Opinions of the First Consul on Gratitude, on Glory, and on the French—Ghent, Malines, and Brussels—The Clergy—M. de Roquelaure—Return to Saint Cloud—Preparations for an Invasion of England—Marriage of Mme. Leclerc—Journey of the First Consul to Boulogne—Illness of M. de Rémusat—I rejoin him—Conversations with the First Consul.

On Bonaparte's arrival in town, the Prefect of the Palace was directed to summon the various persons in authority, that they might be presented to him. The prefect, the mayor, the bishop, the presidents of the tribunals, would read an address to him, and then, turning to Mme. Bonaparte, make her a little speech also. According to the mood he happened to be in, Bonaparte would listen to these discourses to the end, or interrupt them by questioning the deputation on the nature of their respective functions, or on the district in which they exercised them. He rarely put questions with an appearance of interest, but rather with the air of a man who desires to show his knowledge, and wants to see whether he can be answered. These speeches were addressed to the Republic; but any one who reads them may see that in almost every respect they might have been addressed to a sovereign. Indeed, the mayors of some of the Flemish towns went so far as to urge the Consul to "complete the happiness of the world by exchanging his precarious title for one better suited to the lofty destiny to which he was called." I was present the first time that happened, and I kept my eyes fixed upon Bonaparte. When these very words were uttered, he had some difficulty in checking the smile that

hovered about his lips; but, putting strong control upon himself, he interrupted the orator, and replied, in a tone of feigned anger, that it would be unworthy of him to usurp an authority which must affect the existence of the Republic. Thus, like Cæsar, he repudiated the crown, though perhaps he was not ill pleased that they were beginning to offer it to him. The good people of the provinces we visited were not very far wrong; for the splendor that surrounded us, the sumptuousness of that military yet brilliant court, the strict ceremonial, the imperious tone of the master, the submission of all about him, and, finally, the expectation that homage should be paid the wife of the first magistrate, to whom the Republic certainly owed none—all this strongly resembled the progress of a king.

After these audiences, Bonaparte generally rode out on horseback; he showed himself to the people, who followed him with acclamations; he visited the public monuments and manufactories, but always in a hurried way, for he could never get over that precipitation which gave him an ill-bred air. Afterward he would give a dinner, or attend a fête which had been prepared for him, and this was always the most wearisome part of the business to him. "I am not made for pleasure," he would say, in a melancholy tone. Then he would leave the town, after having received petitions, attended to complaints, and distributed alms and presents. He was accustomed, when on a journey of this sort, to inform himself at each town he went to what public establishments were wanting there, and he would order them to be founded, in commemoration of his visit. The inhabitants would load him with blessings for this munificence. But shortly afterward a mandate from the Minister of the Interior would arrive, drawn up in this form: "In conformity with the gracious permission of the First Consul" (later it was "the Emperor"), "you are directed, citizen mayors, to have such and such a building constructed, taking care that the expenses shall be defrayed by the funds of your

commune." Thus these towns would suddenly find themselves obliged to alter the disposition of their funds, very often at a moment when they were not sufficient for necessary expenses. The Prefect took care, however, that the orders were executed, or at least the most useful portion of of them; and it must be admitted that, from one end France to the other, everything was being embellished, and that the general prosperity was such that new works, even of the most important nature, might safely be undertaken everywhere.

At Arras, at Lille, and at Dunkirk, we had similar receptions; but it seemed to me that the enthusiasm cooled down when we got beyond the former boundaries of France. At Ghent, especially, we detected some coldness in the popular greeting. In vain did the authorities endeavor to stir up the zeal of the inhabitants; they were curious, but not enthusiastic. Bonaparte was a little annoyed, and inclined to proceed without delay. He thought better of this, however, and said in the evening to his wife: "These people are bigoted and under the influence of the priests; we must remain a long time at church to-morrow, and propitiate the clergy by some favor. In this way we shall regain lost ground." Next day he attended high mass with every appearance of devoutness; he talked to the Bishop, whom he completely captivated, and by degrees he obtained the popular acclamations he desired. At Ghent he met the daughters of the Duc de Villequier, formerly one of the four Gentlemen of the Chamber to the King. These ladies were nieces of the Bishop, and Bonaparte restored to them the beautiful estate of Villequier, with its large revenues. I had the happiness of contributing to this restitution, by urging it with all my might, both upon Bonaparte and upon his wife. The two amiable young ladies have never forgotten this to me. When I assured Bonaparte of their gratitude, "Ah," said he, "gratitude! That is a poetic word which has no meaning in times of revolution; and what I have just done would not

prevent your friends from rejoicing if some Royalist emissary should succeed in assassinating me during this journey." And, as I betrayed the surprise with which I heard him, he continued: "You are young; you do not know what political hatred is. It is like a pair of spectacles: one sees everybody, every opinion, or every sentiment only through the glass of one's passions. Hence, nothing is bad or good of itself, but simply according to the party to which one belongs. In reality, this mode of seeing is convenient, and we profit by it; for we also have our spectacles, and, if we do not see things through our passions, we see them through our interests."

"But," I replied, "where, in such a system, do you place the applause which you do care to win? For what class of men do you spend your life in great and often perilous enterprises?"

"Ah," he answered, "one can not avoid one's destiny; he who is called can not resist. Besides, human pride finds the public it desires in that ideal world which is called posterity. He who believes that, a hundred years hence, a fine poem, or even a line in one, will recall a great action of his own, or that a painting will commemorate it, has his imagination fired by that idea. The battle-field has no dangers, the cannon roars in vain; to him it is only that sound which, a thousand years hence, will carry a brave man's name to the ears of our distant descendants."

"I shall never be able to understand," I continued, "how a man can expose himself to every sort of danger for fame's sake, if his own inward sentiment be only contempt for the men of his own time."

Here Bonaparte interrupted me quickly. "I do not despise men, madame—that is a thing you must never say; and I particularly esteem the French."

I smiled at this abrupt declaration, and, as he guessed why, he smiled also; and approaching me and pulling my ear, which was, as I have already said, a trick of his when

he was in a good humor, he repeated, "Do you hear, madame? you must never say that I despise the French."

From Ghent we went to Antwerp, where we were received with a special ceremony. On occasions of visits from kings and princes, the people of Antwerp are in the habit of parading through their streets a giant, who never makes his appearance except on such solemn festivals. Although we were neither king nor prince, we were obliged to yield to the people's wish in this matter, and it put Bonaparte in good humor with the town of Antwerp. He occupied himself much while there with the important extension which he designed for its harbor, and gave orders for the commencement of the great works which have since been executed there.

On the way from Antwerp to Brussels we stopped at Malines for a few hours, and there we saw the new Archbishop, M. de Roquelaure.* He was Bishop of Senlis under Louis XVI., and had been the intimate friend of my great-uncle, the Count de Vergennes. I had seen a great deal of him in my childhood, and I was glad to meet him again. Bonaparte talked to him in a very insinuating manner. At this period he affected great esteem for the priests, and care for their interests. He knew how steadily religion supports royalty, and he hoped that through the priests he might get the people taught that catechism which we have since seen, in which all who did not love and obey the Emperor were threatened with eternal condemnation. For the first time since the Revolution, the clergy found the Government occupying itself with their welfare, and giving them rank and consideration. They showed themselves grateful, and were useful to Bonaparte until the moment came when he endeavored to impose his ever-growing despotism on their con-

* M. de Roquelaure had been Bishop of Senlis and Almoner to the King. He became Archbishop of Malines in 1802. The Emperor replaced him in 1808 by the Abbé de Pradt. He was a member of the Académie Française, and died in 1818. He did not belong to the family of the Duc de Roquelaure.—P. R.

sciences, and the priests had to choose between him and their duty. At this time, however, the words, "He has reëstablished religion,"* were in every pious mouth, and told immensely in his favor.

Our entry into Brussels was magnificent. Several fine regiments awaited the First Consul at the gate, where he mounted his horse. Mme. Bonaparte found a superb carriage, presented to her by the city, awaiting her; the streets were lavishly decorated, cannon were fired, the bells were rung; the numerous clergy were assembled in great pomp on the steps of all the churches; there was an immense crowd of the population, and also many foreigners, and the weather was beautiful. I was enchanted. Our stay in Brussels was a succession of brilliant fêtes. The French ministers, Consul Lebrun, the envoys from the foreign courts who had business to arrange, came to meet us there. At Brussels I heard M. de Talleyrand reply in an adroit and flattering manner to a question suddenly put to him by Bonaparte, who asked him how he had so rapidly made his great fortune? "Nothing could be more simple," replied M. de Talleyrand; "I bought stock on the 17th Brumaire, and I sold it again on the 19th."

One Sunday we were to visit the cathedral in great state. M. de Rémusat went early in the morning to the church, to arrange the ceremony. He had been directed not to object to any honor which the clergy might propose to pay to the First Consul on this occasion. As, however, it was arranged that the priests should go to the great doors with the canopy and the cross to receive the First Consul, a question arose whether Mme. Bonaparte was to share this distinction with him, and Bonaparte did not venture to bring her so prominently forward. She was, therefore, placed in a tribune with the Second Consul. At twelve o'clock, the hour agreed upon, the clergy left the altar, and proceeded to the grand

* Bonaparte, knowing that in Belgium he would have to deal with religious people, took Cardinal Caprera with him. The Cardinal was extremely useful.

entrance of the magnificent Church of Sainte Gudule. They awaited the arrival of the First Consul, but he did not appear. At first they were astonished, then alarmed; but they presently perceived that he had slipped into the church, and seated himself on the throne which was prepared for him. The priests, surprised and disconcerted, returned to the sanctuary, and commenced divine service. The fact was, just as he was setting out, Bonaparte was told that, at a similar ceremony, Charles V. had preferred to enter the Church of Sainte Gudule by a little side-door which had ever after been called by his name; and it seemed he had taken a fancy to use the same entrance, hoping, perhaps, that henceforth it would be called the door of Charles V. and of Bonaparte.

One morning the numerous and magnificent regiments which had been brought to Brussels were reviewed by the Consul, or, as on this occasion I ought to call him, the General. His reception by the troops was nothing short of rapturous. It was well worth seeing how he talked to the soldiers—how he questioned them one after the other respecting their campaigns or their wounds; taking particular interest in the men who had accompanied him to Egypt. I have heard Mme. Bonaparte say that her husband was in the constant habit of poring over the list of what are called the *cadres* of the army, at night, before he slept. He would go to sleep repeating the names of the corps, and even those of some of the individuals who composed them; he kept those names in a corner of his memory, and this habit came to his aid when he wanted to recognize a soldier, and to give him the pleasure of a cheering word from his General. He spoke to the subalterns in a tone of good fellowship, which delighted them all, as he reminded them of their common feats of arms. Afterward, when his armies became so numerous, when his battles became so deadly, he disdained to exercise this kind of fascination. Besides, death had extinguished so many remembrances, that in a few years it became difficult for him to find any great number of the companions of his

early exploits; and, when he addressed his soldiers before leading them into battle, it was as a perpetually renewed posterity, to which the preceding and destroyed army had bequeathed its glory. But even this somber style of encouragement availed for a long time with a nation which believed itself to be fulfilling its destiny while sending its sons year after year to die for Bonaparte.

I have said that Bonaparte took great pleasure in recalling his campaign in Egypt; it was, indeed, his favorite theme of discourse. He had taken with him, on the journey I am describing, M. Monge the *savant*, whom he had made a senator, and whom he liked particularly, for the sole reason that he was among the number of the members of the Institute who had gone with him to Egypt. Bonaparte often talked to him of that expedition—"that land of poetry," he would say, "which was trodden by Cæsar and Pompey." He would speak with enthusiasm of the time when he appeared before the amazed Orientals like a new Prophet; for the sway he exercised over imagination, being the most complete of all, he prized more highly than any other. "In France," he said, "one must conquer everything at the point of demonstration. In Egypt we did not require our mathematics; did we, Monge?"

It was at Brussels that I began to get accustomed to M. de Talleyrand, and to shake off the earlier impression made by his disdainful manner and sarcastic disposition. The idleness of a court life makes the day seem a hundred hours long, and it happened that we often passed many of those hours together in the *salon*, waiting until it should please Bonaparte to come in or to go out. It was during one of these weary waits that I heard M. de Talleyrand complain that his family had not realized any of the plans he had formed for them. His brother, Archambault de Périgord, had just been sent into exile for having indulged in the sarcastic language common to the family. He had, however, applied it to persons of rank too high to be ridiculed with

impunity, and he had also offended by refusing to give his daughter in marriage to Eugène de Beauharnais, to whom he had preferred Count Just de Noailles. M. de Talleyrand, who was quite as anxious as Mme. Bonaparte that his niece should marry Beauharnais, blamed his brother's conduct severely, and I could perfectly understand that such an alliance would have been advantageous to his personal policy. One of the first things that struck me, when I had talked for a little while with M. de Talleyrand, was the entire absence of any kind of illusion or enthusiasm on his part with regard to all that was passing around us. Every one else was more or less under the influence of feelings of this kind. The implicit obedience of the military officers might easily pass for zeal, and, in the case of some of them, it really was devotion. The ministers affected or felt profound admiration; M. Maret paraded his worship of the First Consul on every occasion; Berthier was happy in the sincerity of his attachment; in short, every one seemed to feel something. M. de Rémusat tried to like his post, and to esteem the man who had conferred it on him. As for myself, I cultivated every opportunity of emotion and of self-deception; and the calm indifference of M. de Talleyrand amazed me. "Good heavens!" I said to him on one occasion, "how is it possible that you can live and work without experiencing any emotion either from what passes around us, or from your own actions?" "Ah! what a woman you are, and how young!" he replied: and then he began to ridicule me, as he did every one else. His jests wounded my feelings, yet they made me laugh. I was angry with myself for being amused, and yet, because my vanity was pleased at my own comprehension of his wit, less shocked than I ought to have been at the hardness of his heart. However, I did not yet know him, and it was not till much later, when I had got over the restraint that he imposed on every one at first, that I observed the curious mixture of qualities in his character.

On leaving Brussels we went to Liége and Maestricht, and reëntered the former boundaries of France by way of Mézières and Sedan. Mme. Bonaparte was charming during this journey, and left an impression on my mind of her kindness and graciousness which, as I found fifteen years afterward, time could not efface.

I was delighted to return to Paris, and to find myself once more among my family and free from the restraint of court life. M. de Rémusat, like myself, was tired of the idle yet restless pomp of the last six weeks; and we rejoiced in the quiet of our happy home.

On his return to Saint Cloud, Bonaparte and Mme. Bonaparte received complimentary addresses from the Corps Législatif, the tribunals, etc.; the First Consul also received a visit from the Corps Diplomatique. Shortly after this, he enhanced the dignity of the Legion of Honor by appointing M. de Lacépède its Chancellor. Since the fall of Bonaparte, certain liberal writers, and among others Mme. de Staël, have endeavored to stigmatize that institution by reviving the recollection of an English caricature which represented Bonaparte cutting up the *bonnet rouge* of the Revolution to make the crosses of the Legion. But, if he had not misused that institution as he misused everything, there would have been nothing to blame in the invention of a recompense which was an inducement to every kind of merit, without being a great expense to the State. What splendid deeds on the battle-field has that little bit of ribbon inspired! If it had been accorded to merit only in every walk of life, if it had never been given from motives of caprice or individual favor, it would have been a fine idea to assimilate all services rendered to the country, no matter of what nature, and to bestow a similar decoration upon them all. The institutions of Bonaparte in France ought not to be indiscriminately condemned. Most of them have a commendable purpose, and might have been made of advantage to the nation. But his insatiable greed of power perverted them. So intolerant

was he of any obstacles, that he could not even endure those which arose from his own institutions, and he instantly set them aside by an arbitrary decision.

Having in the course of this year (1803) created the different senatorships, he gave a Chancellor, a Treasurer, and Prætors to the Senate. M. de Laplace was the Chancellor. Bonaparte honored him because he was a *savant*, and liked him because he was a skillful flatterer. The two Prætors were General Lefebvre and General Serrurier. M. de Fargues * was the Treasurer.

The Republican year ended as usual in the middle of September, and the anniversary of the Republic was celebrated by popular fêtes, and kept with royal pomp at the palace of the Tuileries. We heard at the same time that the Hanoverians, who had been conquered by General Mortier, had celebrated the First Consul's birthday with great rejoicings. Thus, by degrees, by appearing at first at the head of all, and then quite alone, he accustomed Europe to see France in his person only, and presented himself everywhere as the sole representative of the nation.

Bonaparte, who well knew that he would meet with resistance from those who held by the old ways of thinking, applied himself early and skillfully to gain the young, to whom he opened all the doors of advancement in life. He attached auditors to the different ministries, and gave free scope to ambition, whether in military or in civil careers. He often said that he preferred to every other advantage that of governing a new people, and the youthful generation afforded him that novelty.

The institution of the jury was also discussed in that year. I have heard that Bonaparte himself had no liking for it; but, as he intended later on to govern rather by himself than with the assistance of assemblies which he feared, he was obliged to make some concessions to their most distinguished members. By degrees, all the laws were presented

* M. de Fargues had been useful to Bonaparte on the 18th Brumaire.

to the Council by the ministers, and were either changed into decrees, which, without any other sanction, were put in force from one end of France to the other; or else, having been received with the silent approbation of the Corps Législatif, they were passed with no more trouble than that imposed upon reporters of the Council, who had to preface them by a discourse, so that they might have some show of necessity. Lyceums were also established in all the important towns, and the study of ancient languages, which had been abolished during the Revolution, was again made obligatory in public education.

It was at this time that the flotilla of flat-bottomed boats which was to be used for the invasion of England was being constructed. Day by day it was more confidently asserted that in fine weather it would be possible for the flotilla to reach the shores of England without being impeded by ships of war. It was said that Bonaparte himself would command the expedition, and such an enterprise did not seem to be beyond the bounds of his daring or of his good fortune. Our newspapers represented England as agitated and alarmed, and in reality the English Government was not quite exempt from fear on the subject. The "Moniteur" still complained bitterly of the English liberal journals, and the gauntlet of wordy war was taken up on both sides. In France the law of conscription was put in action, and large bodies of troops were raised. Sometimes people asked what was the meaning of this great armament, and of such paragraphs as the following, which appeared in the "Moniteur": "The English journalists suspect that the great preparations for war, which the First Consul has just commenced in Italy, are intended for an Egyptian expedition."

No explanation was given. The French nation placed confidence in Bonaparte of a kind like that which some credulous minds feel in magic; and, as his success was believed to be infallible, it was not difficult to obtain a tacit consent to all his operations from a people naturally prone

to worship success. At that time a few wise heads began to perceive that he would not be useful to us; but, as the general dread of the Revolutionary Government still proclaimed him to be necessary, no opposition could be made to his authority without the risk of facilitating the revolt of that party, which it was believed he alone could control.

In the mean time he was always active and energetic; and, as it did not suit him that the public mind should be left to repose, which leads to reflection, he aroused apprehension and disturbance in every way that might be useful to himself. A letter from the Comte d'Artois, taken from the "Morning Chronicle," was printed about this time; it offered the services of the *émigrés* to the King of England, in case of a descent upon his coasts. Rumors were spread of certain attempts made in the eastern departments; and since the war in La Vendée had been followed by the inglorious proceedings of the Chouans, people had become accustomed to the idea that any political movement set on foot in that part of France had pillage and incendiarism for its objects. In fact, there seemed no chance of quietness except in the duration of the established Government; and when certain friends of liberty deplored its loss—for the new liberal institutions were of little value in their eyes because they were the work of absolute power—they were met with the following argument, which was perhaps justified by circumstances: "After the storm through which we have passed, and amid the strife of so many parties, superior force only can give us liberty; and, so long as that force tends to promote principles of order and morality, we ought not to regard ourselves as straying from the right road; for the creator will disappear, but that which he has created will remain with us."

While more or less disturbance was thus kept up by his orders, Bonaparte himself maintained a peaceful attitude. He had returned to his usual orderly and busy life at Saint Cloud, and we passed our days as I have already described.

His brothers were all employed *—Joseph, at the camp of Boulogne; Louis, at the Council of State; Jérome, the youngest, in America, whither he had been sent, and where he was well received by the Anglo-Americans. Bonaparte's sisters, who were now in the enjoyment of wealth, vied with each other in the decoration of the houses which the First Consul had given them, and in the luxury of their furniture and equipment. Eugène de Beauharnais occupied himself exclusively in his military duties; his sister lived a dull and quiet life.

Mme. Leclerc had inspired Prince Borghese (who had not long arrived in France from Rome) with an ardent attachment, which she returned. The Prince asked her hand of Bonaparte, but his demand was at first refused. I do not know what the motive of his refusal was, but think it may perhaps have been dictated by his vanity, which would have been hurt by the supposition that he desired to be relieved of any family claims; and probably, also, he did not wish to appear to accept a first proposal with alacrity. But, as the *liaison* between his sister and the Prince became publicly known, the Consul consented at last to legitimize it by a marriage, which took place at Mortefontaine while he was at Boulogne.

He set out to visit the camp and the flotilla on the 3d of November, 1803. This time his journey was of an entirely military character. He was accompanied only by the generals of his guard, by his aides-de-camp, and by M. de Rémusat.

When they arrived at Pont de Briques, a little village about a league from Boulogne, where Bonaparte had fixed his headquarters, my husband fell dangerously ill. So soon as I heard of his illness I set out to join him, and arrived at Pont de Briques in the middle of the night. Entirely occupied by my anxiety, I had thought of nothing but of the

* It was at the end of the autumn or the beginning of winter, in 1803, that Lucien married Mme. Jouberthon and quarreled with his brother.

state in which I should find the invalid. But, when I got out of the carriage, I was rather disconcerted by finding myself alone in the midst of a camp, and not knowing what the First Consul would think of my arrival. I was reassured, however, by the servants, who told me I was expected, and that a room had been set apart for me two days before. I passed the remainder of the night there, waiting until daylight before I saw my husband, as I did not like to risk disturbing him. I found him greatly pulled down by illness, but he was so rejoiced to see me that I congratulated myself on having come without asking permission.

In the morning Bonaparte sent for me. I was so agitated that I could hardly speak. He saw this the moment I entered the room, and he kissed me, made me sit down, and restored me to composure by his first words. "I was expecting you," he said. "Your presence will cure your husband." At these words I burst into tears. He appeared touched, and endeavored to console me. Then he directed me to come every day to dine and breakfast with him, laughing as he said, "I must look after a woman of your age among so many soldiers." He asked me how I had left his wife. A little while before his departure some more secret visits from Mlle. Georges had given rise to fresh domestic disagreements. "She troubles herself," he said, "a great deal more than is necessary. Josephine is always afraid that I shall fall seriously in love. Does she not know, then, that I am not made for love? For what is love? A passion which sets all the universe on one side, and on the other the beloved object. I certainly am not of a nature to give myself up to any such exclusive feeling. What, then, do these fancies, into which my affections do not enter, matter to her? This," he continued, looking at me seriously, "is what her friends ought to dwell upon; and, above all, they ought not to try to increase their influence over her by fostering her jealousy." There was in his last words a tone of suspicion and severity which I did not deserve, and I think he knew that very

well; but he never missed an opportunity of carrying out his favorite system, which was to keep one's mind what he called "breathless"; that is to say, constantly anxious.

He remained at Pont de Briques for ten days after I arrived there. My husband's malady was a painful one, but the doctors were not alarmed. With the exception of one quarter of an hour during which the First Consul's breakfast lasted, I spent the morning with my dear invalid. Bonaparte went to the camp every day, reviewed the troops, visited the flotilla, and assisted at some slight skirmishes, or rather at an exchange of cannon-balls, between us and the English, who constantly cruised in front of the harbor and tried to molest our workmen.

At six o'clock Bonaparte returned, and then I was summoned. Occasionally some of the officers of his household, the Minister of Marine or the Minister of Public Works, who had accompanied him, were invited to dinner. At other times we dined *tête-à-tête*, and then he talked on a multitude of subjects. He spoke of his own character, and described himself as having always been of a melancholy temperament—far more so than any of his comrades. My memory has faithfully preserved all he said to me. The following is a correct summary of it:

"I was educated," he said, "at a military school, and I showed no aptitude for anything but the exact sciences. Every one said of me, 'That child will never be good for anything but geometry.' I kept aloof from my schoolfellows. I had chosen a little corner in the school-grounds, where I would sit and dream at my ease; for I have always liked reverie. When my companions tried to usurp possession of this corner, I defended it with all my might. I already knew by instinct that my will was to override that of others, and that what pleased me was to belong to me. I was not liked at school. It takes time to make one's self liked; and, even when I had nothing to do, I always felt vaguely that I had no time to lose.

"I entered the service, and soon grew tired of garrison work. I began to read novels, and they interested me deeply. I even tried to write some. This occupation brought out something in my imagination which mingled itself with the positive knowledge I had acquired; and I often let myself dream, in order that I might afterward measure my dreams by the compass of my reason. I threw myself into an ideal world, and I endeavored to find out in what precise points it differed from the actual world in which I lived. I have always liked analysis; and, if I were to be seriously in love, I should analyze my love bit by bit. *Why?* and *How?* are questions so useful that they can not be too often asked. I conquered, rather than studied, history; that is to say, I did not care to retain, and did not retain, anything that could not give me a new idea; I disdained all that was useless, but took possession of certain results which pleased me.

"I did not understand much about the Revolution, but I approved of it. Equality, which was to elevate myself, attracted me. On the 20th of June I was in Paris, and I saw the populace marching upon the Tuileries. I have never liked popular movements, and I was indignant at the violent deeds of that day. I thought the ringleaders in the attack very imprudent, for I said to myself, 'It is not they who will profit by this revolution.' But, when I was told that Louis had put the red cap on his head, I came to the conclusion that he had ceased to reign; for in politics there is no resurrection.

"On the 10th of August I felt that, had I been called upon, I would have defended the King. I set myself against those who founded the Republic by the people. Besides, I saw men in plain clothes attacking men in uniform, and I could not stand that.

"One evening I was at the theatre; it was the 12th Vendémiaire. I heard it said about me that next day *du train* might be looked for. You know that was the usual expression of the Parisians, who regarded the various changes of

government with indifference, as those changes did not disturb their business, their pleasures, or even their dinners. After the Terror, people were satisfied with anything, so that they were allowed to live quietly.

"I heard it said that the Assembly was sitting in permanence; I went there, and found all confusion and hesitation. Suddenly I heard a voice say from the middle of the hall, 'If any one here knows the address of General Bonaparte, he is begged to go and tell him that he is expected at the Committee of the Assembly.' I have always observed with interest how chance interferes in certain events, and this chance decided me. I went to the Committee.

"There I found several terrified deputies, Cambacérès among others. They expected to be attacked the next day, and they could not come to any resolution. They asked my advice; I answered by asking for guns. This proposition so alarmed them that the whole night passed without their coming to any decision. In the morning there was very bad news. Then they put the whole business into my hands, and afterward began to discuss whether they had the right to repel force by force. 'Are you going to wait,' I asked them, 'until the people give you permission to fire upon them? I am committed in this matter; you have appointed me to defend you; it is right that you should leave me to act.' Thereupon I left these lawyers to stultify themselves with words. I put the troops in motion, and pointed two cannons with terrible effect from Saint Roch; the army of citizens and the conspirators were swept away in an instant.

"But I had shed Parisian blood! What sacrilege! It was necessary to obliterate the effect of such a deed. I felt myself more and more urgently called upon to do something. I asked for the command of the army of Italy. Everything had to be put in order in that army, both men and things. Only youth can have patience, because it has the future before it. I set out for Italy with ill-trained soldiers, who were, however, full of zeal and daring. In the midst of the

troops I had wagons placed, and escorted on the march, although they were empty. These I called the treasure-chests of the army. I put it in the order of the day that shoes should be distributed to the recruits: no one would wear them. I promised my soldiers that fortune and glory should await us behind the Alps; I kept my word, and ever since then the army would follow me to the end of the world.

"I made a splendid campaign; I became a person of importance in Europe. On the one hand, with the assistance of my orders of the day, I maintained the revolutionary system; on the other hand, I secretly conciliated the *émigrés* by allowing them to form certain hopes. It is easy to deceive that party, because it starts always not from what exists, but from what it wishes to believe. I received magnificent offers of recompense if I would follow the example of General Monk; the Pretender even wrote to me in his vague and florid style; I conquered the Pope more effectually by not going to Rome than if I had burned his capital. In short, I became important and formidable; and the Directory, although I made them very uneasy, could not bring any formal accusation against me.

"I have been reproached with having favored the 18th Fructidor; they might as well reproach me with having supported the Revolution. It was necessary to take advantage of the Revolution, and to derive some profit from the blood that had been shed. What! were we to give ourselves up unconditionally to the princes of the house of Bourbon, who would have thrown in our teeth all the misfortunes we had suffered since their departure, and would have imposed silence upon us, because we had solicited their return? Were we to exchange our victorious flag for that white banner which had mingled with the standards of our enemies? Was I to content myself with a few millions and a petty dukedom? The part of Monk is not a difficult one to play; it would have given me less trouble than the Egyptian campaign, or even than the 18th Brumaire; but can anything

teach princes who have never seen a battle-field? To what did the return of Charles II. lead the English, except the dethronement of James II.? Had it been necessary, I should certainly have dethroned the Bourbons a second time, so that the best thing they could have done would have been to get rid of me.

"When I returned to France, I found public opinion in a lethargic condition. In Paris—and Paris is France—people can never interest themselves in things if they do not care about persons. The customs of an old monarchy had taught them to personify everything. This habit of mind is bad for a people who desire liberty seriously; but Frenchmen can no longer desire anything seriously, except perhaps it be equality; and even that they would renounce willingly if every one could flatter himself that he was the first. To be equals, with everybody uppermost, is the secret of the vanity of all of you; every man among you must, therefore, be given the hope of rising. The great difficulty of the Directory was that no one cared about them, and that people began to care a good deal about me.

"I do not know what would have happened to me had I not conceived the happy thought of going to Egypt. When I embarked I did not know but that I might be bidding an eternal farewell to France; but I had no doubt that she would recall me. The charm of Oriental conquest drew my thoughts away from Europe more than I should have believed possible. My imagination interfered this time again with my actions; but I think it died out at Saint Jean d'Acre. However that may be, I shall never allow it to interfere with me again.

"In Egypt I found myself free from the wearisome restraints of civilization. I dreamed all sorts of things, and I saw how all that I dreamed might be realized. I created a religion. I pictured myself on the road to Asia, mounted on an elephant, with a turban on my head, and in my hand a new Koran, which I should compose according to my own

ideas. I would have the combined experience of two worlds to set about my enterprise; I was to have ransacked, for my own advantage, the whole domain of history; I was to have attacked the English power in India, and renewed my relations with old Europe by my conquest. The time which I passed in Egypt was the most delightful part of my life, for it was the most ideal. Fate decided against my dreams; I received letters from France; I saw that there was not a moment to lose. I reverted to the realities of life, and I returned to Paris—to Paris, where the gravest interests of the country are discussed in the *entr'acte* of an opera.

"The Directory trembled at my return. I was very cautious; that is one of the epochs of my life in which I have acted with the soundest judgment. I saw the Abbé Siéyès, and promised him that his verbose constitution should be put into effect; I received the chiefs of the Jacobins and the agents of the Bourbons; I listened to advice from everybody, but I only gave it in the interest of my own plans. I hid myself from the people, because I knew that when the time came curiosity to see me would make them run after me. Every one was taken in my toils; and, when I became the head of the State, there was not a party in France which did not build some special hope upon my success."

CHAPTER IV.

(1803–1804.)

Continuation of the First Consul's Conversations at Boulogne—Reading of the Tragedy of "Philippe Auguste"—My new Impressions—Return to Paris—Mme. Bonaparte's Jealousy—Winter Fêtes of 1804—M. de Fontanes—M. Fouché—Savary—Pichegru—Arrest of General Moreau.

One evening, while we were at Boulogne, Bonaparte turned the conversation upon literature. Lemercier, the poet, whom Bonaparte liked, had just finished a tragedy, called "Philippe Auguste," which contained allusions to the First Consul, and had brought the manuscript to him. Bonaparte took it into his head to read this production aloud to me. It was amusing to hear a man, who was always in a hurry when he had nothing to do, trying to read Alexandrine verses, of which he did not know the meter, and pronouncing them so badly that he did not seem to understand what he read. Besides, he no sooner opened any book than he wanted to criticise it. I asked him to give me the manuscript, and I read it out myself. Then he began to talk; he took the play out of my hand, struck out whole passages, made several marginal notes, and found fault with the plot and the characters. He did not run much risk of spoiling the piece, for it was very bad.* Singularly enough, when he had done reading, he told me he did not wish the author to know that all these erasures and corrections were made by so important a hand, and he directed me to take them upon myself. I objected to this, as may be supposed. I had great difficulty

* This piece was never acted, nor, I believe, printed.—P. R.

in convincing him that, as it might be thought strange that even he should thus have meddled with an author's manuscript, it would be contrary to all the *convenances* for me to have taken such a liberty. "Well, well," said he, "perhaps you are right; but on this, as on every other occasion, I own I do not like that vague and leveling phrase, the *convenances*, which you women are always using. It is a device of fools to raise themselves to the level of people of intellect; a sort of social gag, which obstructs the strong mind and only serves the weak. It may be all very well for women: they have not much to do in this life; but you must be aware that I, for example, can not be bound by the *convenances*."

"But," I replied, "is not the application of these laws to the conduct of life like that of the dramatic unities to the drama? They give order and regularity, and they do not really trammel genius, except when it would, without their control, err against good taste."

"Ah, good taste! That is another of those classical words which I do not adopt.* It is perhaps my own fault, but there are certain rules which mean nothing to me. For example, what is called 'style,' good or bad, does not affect me. I care only for the force of the thought. I used to like Ossian, but it was for the same reason which made me delight in the murmur of the winds and waves. In Egypt I tried to read the 'Iliad'; but I got tired of it. As for French poets, I understand none of them except Corneille. That man understood politics, and if he had been trained to public affairs he would have been a statesman. I think I appreciate him more truly than any one else does, because I exclude all the dramatic sentiments from my view of him. For example, it is only lately I have come to understand the *dénouement* of 'Cinna.' At first I regarded it as merely a contrivance for a pathetic fifth act; for really, clemency,

* M. de Talleyrand once said to the Emperor, "Good taste is your personal enemy; if you could have got rid of it by cannon-balls, it would long ago have ceased to exist."

properly speaking, is such a poor little virtue, when it is not founded on policy, that to turn Augustus suddenly into a kind-hearted prince appeared to me an unworthy climax. However, I saw Monvel act in the tragedy one night, and the mystery of the great conception was revealed to me. He pronounced the 'Soyons amis, Cinna,' in so cunning and subtle a tone, that I saw at once the action was only a feint of the tyrant, and I approved as a calculation what had appeared to me silly as a sentiment. The line should always be so delivered that, of all those who hear it, only Cinna is deceived.

"As for Racine, he pleases me in 'Iphigénie.' That piece, while it lasts, makes one breathe the poetic air of Greece. In 'Britannicus' he has been trammeled by Tacitus, against whom I am prejudiced, because he does not sufficiently explain his meaning. The tragedies of Voltaire are passionate, but they do not go deeply into human nature. For instance, his Mahomet is neither a prophet nor an Arab. He is an impostor, who might have been educated at the École Polytechnique, for he uses power as I might use it in an age like the present. And then, the murder of the father by the son is a useless crime. Great men are never cruel except from necessity.

"As for comedy, it interests me about as much as the gossip of your drawing-rooms. I understand your admiration of Molière, but I do not share it; he has placed his personages in situations which have no attractions for me."

From these observations it is plain that Bonaparte cared only to observe human nature when it was struggling with the great chances of life, and that man in the abstract interested him but little. In conversations of this kind the time I spent at Boulogne with the First Consul was passed, and it was at the close of my sojourn there that I underwent the first experience that inspired me with mistrust of persons among whom I was obliged to live at Court. The officers of the household could not believe that a woman might re-

main for hours together with their master, simply talking with him on matters of general interest, and they drew conclusions which were injurious to my character. I may now venture to say that the purity of my mind, and my life-long attachment to my husband, prevented my even conceiving the possibility of such a suspicion as that which was formed in the Consul's ante-chamber, while I was conversing with him in his salon. When Bonaparte returned to Paris, his aides-de-camp talked about my long interviews with him, and Mme. Bonaparte took fright at their stories; so that when, after a month's stay at Pont de Briques, my husband was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, and we returned to Paris, my jealous patroness received me coldly.

I returned full of gratitude toward the First Consul. He had received me so kindly; he had shown such interest in the state of my husband's health; his attention to me had so much soothed my troubled and anxious mind, and had been so great a resource in that solitary place; and I was so much flattered by the pleasure he seemed to take in my society, that on my return I told every one, with the eager gratitude of one twenty-three years old, of the extreme kindness he had shown me. My friend, who was really attached to me, advised me to be careful of my words, and apprised me of the impression they had made. I remember to this hour that her hint struck like a dagger to my heart. It was the first time I had suffered injustice; my youth and all my feelings revolted against such an accusation. Stern experience only can steel us against the unjust judgments of the world, and perhaps we ought to regret the time when they had the power to wound us deeply. My friend's warning had, however, explained Mme. Bonaparte's conduct toward me. One day, when I was more hurt by this than usual, I could not refrain from saying to her, with tears in my eyes, "What, madame! do you suspect me?" As she was very kind and always easily touched by passing emotions, she embraced me, and thenceforth treated me with her former cordiality. But she

did not understand my feelings. There was nothing in her mind which corresponded to my just indignation; and, without endeavoring to ascertain whether my relations with her husband at Bolougne had been such as they were represented to her, she was content to conclude that in any case the affair had been merely temporary, since I did not, when under her own eyes, depart from my usual reserve toward Bonaparte. In order to justify herself, she told me that the Bonaparte family had spread injurious reports against me during my absence. "Do you not perceive," I asked her, "that, rightly or wrongly, it is believed here that my tender attachment to you, madame, makes me clear-sighted to what is going on, and that, feeble as my counsels are, they may help you to act with prudence? Political jealousy spreads suspicion broadcast everywhere, and, insignificant as I am, I do believe they want to make you quarrel with me." Mme. Bonaparte agreed in the truth of my observation; but she had not the least idea that I could feel aggrieved because it had not occurred to herself in the first instance. She acknowledged that she had reproached her husband about me, and he had evidently amused himself by leaving her in doubt. These occurrences opened my eyes about the people among whom I lived to an extent which alarmed me and upset all my former feelings toward them. I began to feel that the ground which I had trodden until then with all the confidence of ignorance was not firm; I knew that from the kind of annoyance I had just experienced I should never again be free.

The First Consul, on leaving Boulogne, had declared, in the order of the day, that he was pleased with the army; and in the "Moniteur" of November 12, 1803, we read the following: "It was remarked as a presage that, in the course of the excavations for the First Consul's camp, a war hatchet was found, which probably belonged to the Roman army that invaded Britain. There were also medals of William the Conqueror found at Ambleteuse, where the First Consul's tent was pitched. It must be admitted that these cir-

cumstances are singular, and they appear still more strange when it is borne in mind that when General Bonaparte visited the ruins of Pelusium, in Egypt, he found there a medallion of Julius Cæsar."

The allusion was not a very fortunate one, for, notwithstanding the medallion of Julius Cæsar, Bonaparte was obliged to leave Egypt; but these little parallels, dictated by the ingenious flattery of M. Maret, pleased his master immensely, and Bonaparte was confident that they were not without effect upon the country.

In the journals every effort was made at that time to excite the popular imagination on the subject of the invasion of England. I do not know whether Bonaparte really believed that such an adventure was possible, but he appeared to do so, and the expense incurred in the construction of flat-bottomed boats was considerable. The war of words between the English newspapers and the "Moniteur" continued. We read in the "Times," "It is said that the French have made Hanover a desert, and they are now about to abandon it"; to which a note in the "Moniteur" immediately replied, "Yes, when you abandon Malta." The Bishops issued pastorals, in which they exhorted the nation to arm itself for a just war. "Choose men of good courage," said the Bishop of Arras, "and go forth to fight Amalek. Bossuet has said, 'To submit to the public orders is to submit to the orders of God, who establishes empires.'"

This quotation from Bossuet reminds me of a story which M. Bourlier, the Bishop of Evreux, used to tell. It related to the time when the Council was assembled at Paris with a view to inducing the Bishops to oppose the decrees of the Pope. "Sometimes," said the Bishop of Evreux, "the Emperor would have us all summoned, and would begin a theological discussion with us. He would address himself to the most recalcitrant among us, and say, 'My religion is that of Bossuet; he is my Father of the Church; he defended our liberties. I want to commence his work and to

maintain your dignity. Do you understand me?' Speaking thus, and pale with anger, he would clap his hand on the hilt of his sword. The ardor with which he was ready to defend us made me tremble, and this singular amalgamation of the name of Bossuet and the word liberty, with his own threatening gestures, would have made me smile if I had not been too heavy-hearted at the prospect of the hard times which I foresaw for the Church."

I now return to the winter of 1804. This winter passed as the preceding one had done, in balls and fêtes at Court and in Paris, and in the organization of the new laws which were presented to the Corps Législatif. Mme. Bacciochi, who had a very decided liking for M. de Fontanes, spoke of him so often at that time to her brother, that her influence, added to Bonaparte's own high opinion of the academician, determined him to make M. de Fontanes President of the Corps Législatif. This selection appeared strange to some people; but a man of letters would do as well as any other President for what Bonaparte intended to make of the Corps Législatif. M. de Fontanes had to deliver harangues to the Emperor under most difficult circumstances, but he always acquitted himself with grace and distinction. He had but little strength of character, but his ability told when he had to speak in public, and his good taste lent him dignity and impressiveness. Perhaps that was not an advantage for Bonaparte. Nothing is so dangerous for sovereigns as to have their abuses of power clothed in the glowing colors of eloquence, when they figure before nations; and this is especially dangerous in France, where forms are held in such high esteem. How often have the Parisians, although in the secret of the farce the Government was acting, lent themselves to the deception with a good grace, simply because the actors did justice to that delicacy of taste which demands that each shall do his best with the *rôle* assigned to him?

In the course of the month of January, the "Moniteur"

published a selection of articles from the English journals, in which the differences between Bavaria and Austria, and the probabilities of a continental war, were discussed. Paragraphs of this kind were from time to time inserted in the newspapers, without any comment, as if to prepare us for what might happen. These intimations—like the clouds over mountain summits, which fall apart for a moment now and then, and afford a glimpse of what is passing behind—allowed us to have momentary peeps at the important discussions which were taking place in Europe, so that we should not be much surprised when they resulted in a rupture. After each glimpse the clouds would close again, and we would remain in darkness until the storm burst.

I am about to speak of an important epoch, concerning which my memory is full and faithful. It is that of the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, and the crime to which it led. With respect to General Moreau, I shall repeat what I have heard said, but shall be careful to affirm nothing. I think it well to preface this narrative by a brief explanation of the state of affairs at that time. Certain persons, somewhat closely connected with politics, were beginning to assert that France felt the necessity of hereditary right in the governing power. Political courtiers, and honest, sincere revolutionists, seeing that the tranquillity of the country depended on one life, were discussing the instability of the Consulate. By degrees the thoughts of all were once more turned to monarchy, and this would have had its advantages if they could have agreed to establish a monarchy tempered by the laws. Revolutions have this great disadvantage, that they divide public opinion into an infinite number of varieties, which are all modified by circumstances. This it is which gives opportunity to that despotism which comes after revolutions. To restrain the power of Bonaparte, it would have been necessary to venture on uttering the word "Liberty"; but as, only a few years before, that word had been used from one end of France to the other as a disguise for

the worst kind of slavery, it inspired an unreasonable but fatal repugnance.

The Royalists, finding that day by day Bonaparte was departing more widely from the path they had expected he would take, were much disturbed. The Jacobins, whose opposition the First Consul feared much more, were secretly preparing for action, for they perceived that it was to their antagonists that the Government was giving guarantees. The Concordat, the advances made to the old nobility, the destruction of revolutionary equality, all these things constituted an encroachment upon them. How happy would France have been had Bonaparte contended only against the factions! But, to have done that, he must have been animated solely by the love of justice, and guided by the counsels of a generous mind.

When a sovereign, no matter what his title may be, sides with one or other of the violent parties which stir up civil strife, it is certain that he has hostile intentions against the rights of citizens, who have confided those rights to his keeping. Bonaparte, in order to fix his despotic yoke upon France, found himself obliged to come to terms with the Jacobins; and, unfortunately, there are persons whom no guarantee but that of crime will satisfy. Their ally must involve himself in some of their iniquities. This motive had a great deal to do with the death of the Duc d'Enghien; and I am convinced that all which happened at that time was the result of no violent feeling, of no blind revenge, but simply of a Machiavellian policy, resolved to smooth its own path at any cost. Neither was it for the gratification of vanity that Bonaparte wanted to change his title of Consul for that of Emperor. We must not believe that he was always ruled by insatiable passions; he was capable of controlling them by calculation, and, if in the end he allowed himself to be led away, it was because he became intoxicated by success and flattery. The comedy of republican equality, which he was obliged to play so long as he remained Consul, annoyed

him, and in reality only deceived those who were willing to be deceived. It resembled the political pretenses of ancient Rome, when the Emperors from time to time had themselves reëlected by the Senate. I have heard persons who, having put on the love of liberty like a garment, and yet paid assiduous court to Bonaparte while he was First Consul, declare that they had quite withdrawn their esteem from him so soon as he conferred the title of Emperor upon himself. I never could understand their argument. How was it possible that the authority which he exercised almost from the moment of his entrance into the government did not enlighten them as to his actual position? Might it not rather be said that he gave a proof of sincerity in his assumption of a title whose real powers he exercised?

At the epoch of which I am treating, it became necessary that the First Consul should strengthen his position by some new measure. The English, who had been threatened, were secretly exciting disturbances to act as diversions from the projects formed against themselves; their relations with the Chouans were resumed; and the Royalists regarded the Consular Government as a mere transition state from the Directory to the Monarchy. One man only stood in the way; it became easy to conclude that he must be got rid of.

I remember to have heard Bonaparte say in the summer of that year (1804) that for once events had hurried him, and that he had not intended to establish royalty until two years later. He had placed the police in the hands of the Minister of Justice. This was a sound and moral proceeding, but it was contradicted by his intention that the magistracy should use that police as it had been used when it was a revolutionary institution. I have already said that Bonaparte's first ideas were generally good and great. To conceive and carry them out was to exercise his power, but to submit to them afterward savored of abdication. He was unable to endure the dominion even of any of his own institutions. Restrained by the slow and regular forms of justice, and also by the

feebleness and mediocrity of his Chief Judge, he surrounded himself with innumerable police agents, and by degrees regained confidence in Fouché, who was an adept in the art of making himself necessary. Fouché, a man of keen and far-seeing intellect, a Jacobin grown rich, and consequently disgusted with some of the principles of that party—with which, however, he still remained connected, so that he might have support should trouble arise—had no objection to invest Bonaparte with royalty. His natural flexibility made him always ready to accept any form of government in which he saw a post for himself. His habits were more revolutionary than his principles, and the only state of things, I believe, which he could not have endured, would have been one which should make an absolute nonentity of him. To make use of him one must thoroughly understand his disposition, and be very cautious in dealing with him, remembering that he needed troublous times for the full display of his capacity; for, as he had no passions and no aversions, he rose at such times superior to the generality of those about him, who were all more or less actuated by either fear or resentment.

Fouché has denied that he advised the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. Unless there is complete certainty of the fact, I see no reason for bringing the accusation of a crime against a man who positively denies it. Besides, Fouché, who was very far-sighted, must have foreseen that such a deed would give only a temporary guarantee to the party which Bonaparte wanted to win. He knew the First Consul too well to fear that he would think of replacing the King on a throne which he might occupy himself, and there is little doubt that, with the information he possessed, he would have pronounced the murder of the Duc d'Enghien to be a mistake.

M. de Talleyrand's plans were also served by his advice that Bonaparte should invest himself with royalty. That proceeding would suit M. de Talleyrand to a nicety. His enemies, and even Bonaparte himself, have accused him of having advised the murder of the unhappy prince. But

Bonaparte and his enemies are not credible on this point; the well-known character of M. de Talleyrand is against the truth of the statement. He has said to me more than once that Bonaparte informed him and the two Consuls of the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien and of his own unalterable determination at the same time. He added that they all three saw that words were useless, and therefore kept silence. That was indeed a deplorable weakness, but one very common to M. de Talleyrand, who would not think of remonstrating for the sake of conscience only, when he knew that a line of action had been decided upon. Opposition and bold resistance may take effect upon any nature, however resolute. A sovereign of a cruel and sanguinary disposition will sometimes sacrifice his inclination to the force of reason arrayed against it. Bonaparte was not cruel either by inclination or on system; he merely wanted to carry his point by the quickest and surest method. He has himself said that at that time he was obliged to get rid of both Jacobins and Royalists. The imprudence of the latter furnished him with this fatal opportunity. He seized it; and what I shall hereafter have to relate will show that it was with the coolest of calculation, or rather of sophistry, that he shed illustrious and innocent blood.

A few days after the first return of the King, the Duc de Rovigo [General Savary] presented himself at my house one morning.* He then tried to clear himself from the accusations that were brought against him. He spoke to me of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. "The Emperor and I," he said, "were deceived on that occasion. One of the inferior agents in Georges Cadoudal's conspiracy had been suborned by my police. He came to us, and stated that one night, when all the conspirators were assembled, the secret arrival of an important chief who could not yet be named

* The Duc de Rovigo knew how intimate my husband and I were with M. de Talleyrand, and he was anxious to induce us to further his interests in that quarter.

had been announced to them. A few nights later, a person appeared among them, to whom the others paid great respect. The spy described the unknown so as to give us the impression that he was a prince of the house of Bourbon. About the same time the Duc d'Enghien had established himself at Ettenheim, with the intention, no doubt, of awaiting the result of the conspiracy. The police agents wrote that he sometimes disappeared for several days together. We concluded that at these times he came to Paris, and his arrest was resolved upon. Afterward, when the spy was confronted with the persons who had been arrested, he recognized Pichegru as the important personage of whom he had spoken; and when I told this to Bonaparte he exclaimed, with a stamp of his foot, 'Ah, the wretch! what has he made me do?'"

To return to the facts. Pichegru arrived in France on the 15th of January, 1804, and from the 25th of January was concealed in Paris. It was known that, in the year 5 of the Republic, General Moreau had denounced him to the Government for keeping up relations with the house of Bourbon. Moreau was supposed to hold Republican opinions; but he had probably then exchanged them for the idea of a constitutional monarchy. I do not know whether his family would now defend him as earnestly as they did then from the accusation of having aided the plans of the Royalists, nor do I know whether implicit confidence is to be placed on confessions made in the reign of Louis XVIII. The conduct of Moreau in 1813, and the honor paid to his memory by our princes, might, however, fairly lead us to believe that they had reason to count on him previously. At the period of which I am now speaking, Moreau was deeply irritated against Bonaparte. It has never been doubted that he visited Pichegru in secret; he certainly kept silence about the conspiracy. Some of the Royalists who were arrested at this time declared that he had merely displayed that prudent hesitation which waits to declare itself for the success of a

party. Moreau, it was said, was a feeble and insignificant man, except on the field of battle, and overweighted by his reputation. "There are persons," said Bonaparte, "who do not know how to wear their fame. The part of Monk suited Moreau perfectly. In his place I should have acted as he did, only more cleverly."

It is not, however, in order to justify Bonaparte that I mention my doubts. Whatever was Moreau's character, his fame was real; it ought to have been respected, and an old comrade in arms, grown discontented and embittered, ought to have been excused. A reconciliation with him, even if it had only been a result of that political calculation which Bonaparte discerned in the "Auguste" of Corneille, would still have been the wisest proceeding. But I do not doubt that Bonaparte was sincerely convinced of what he called Moreau's *moral treason*, and he held that to be sufficient for the law and for justice, because he always refused to look at the true aspect of anything which was displeasing to himself. He was assured that proofs to justify the condemnation of Moreau were not wanting. He found himself committed to a line of action, and afterward he refused to recognize anything but party spirit in the equity of the tribunals; and, besides, he knew the most injurious thing which could happen to him would be that this interesting prisoner should be declared innocent. When he found himself on the point of being compromised, he would stop at nothing. From this cause arose the deplorable incidents of the famous trial. The conspiracy had been a subject of conversation for several days. On the 17th of February, 1804, I went to the Tuileries in the morning. The Consul was in the room with his wife; I was announced and shown in. Mme. Bonaparte was in great distress; her eyes were red with crying. Bonaparte was sitting near the fireplace, with little Napoleon * on his

* The eldest child of Mme. Louis Bonaparte, afterward Queen Hortense. He was born on the 10th of October, 1802, and died of croup on the 5th of May, 1807.—P. R.

knees. He looked grave, but not agitated, and was playing mechanically with the child.

"Do you know what I have done?" said he. I answered in the negative. "I have just given an order for Moreau's arrest." I could not repress a start. "Ah, you are astonished," said he. "There will be a great fuss about this, will there not? Of course, it will be said that I am jealous of Moreau, that this is revenge, and other petty nonsense of the same kind. I jealous of Moreau! Why, he owes the best part of his reputation to me. It was I who left a fine army with him, and kept only recruits with myself in Italy. I wanted nothing more than to get on well with him. I certainly was not afraid of him; I am not afraid of anybody, and less of Moreau than of other people. I have hindered him from committing himself twenty times over. I warned him that there would be mischief made between us; he knew that as well as I did. But he is weak and conceited; he allows women to lead him, and the various parties have urged him."

While he was speaking Bonaparte rose, approached his wife, and, taking her by the chin, made her hold up her head. "Ha!" he said, "every one has not got a good wife, like me. You are crying, Josephine. What for, eh? Are you frightened?" "No; but I don't like to think of what will be said." "What? How can that be helped?" Then, turning to me, he added, "I am not actuated by any enmity or any desire of vengeance; I have reflected deeply before arresting Moreau. I might have shut my eyes, and given him time to fly, but it would have been said that I did not dare to bring him to trial. I have the means of convicting him. He is guilty; I am the Government; the whole thing is quite simple."

I can not tell whether the power of my old recollections is still upon me, but I confess that even at this moment I can hardly believe that when Bonaparte spoke thus he was not sincere. I have watched each stage of progress in the art of

dissimulation, and I know that at that particular epoch he still retained certain accents of truthfulness, which afterward were no longer to be detected in his voice. Perhaps, however, it was only that at that time I still believed in him.

With the above words he left us, and Mme. Bonaparte told me that he remained up almost the whole of the night, debating whether or not he should have Moreau arrested, weighing the pros and cons of the measure, without any symptom of personal feeling in the matter; that then, toward daybreak, he sent for General Berthier, and after a long interview with him he determined on sending to Grosbois, whither Moreau had retired.

This event gave rise to a great deal of discussion, and opinion was much divided. General Moreau's brother, a tribune, spoke with great vehemence at the Tribunate, and produced considerable effect. A deputation was sent up by the three representative bodies with an address of congratulation to the First Consul. In Paris, all who represented the liberal portion of the population, a section of the *bourgeoisie*, lawyers, and men of letters, were warmly in favor of Moreau. It was, of course, plain enough that political opposition formed an element in the interest exhibited on his behalf; his partisans agreed that they would throng the court at which he was to be brought up, and there was even a threatening whisper about what should be done if he were condemned. Bonaparte's police informed him that there was a plot to break into Moreau's prison. This irritated him, and his calmness began to give way. Murat, his brother-in-law, who was then Governor of Paris, hated Moreau, and took care to add to Bonaparte's exasperation by his daily reports to him, he and Dubois, the Prefect of Police, combining together to pursue him with alarming rumors. Events, unhappily, came to the aid of their design. Each day a fresh ramification of the conspiracy was discovered, and each day Parisian society refused more obstinately than on the preceding to believe

that there was any conspiracy at all. A war of opinion was being waged between Bonaparte and the Parisians.

On the 29th of February Pichegru's hiding-place was discovered, and he was arrested, after a gallant struggle with the gendarmes. This event somewhat shook the general incredulity, but public interest still centered in Moreau. His wife's grief assumed a rather theatrical aspect, and this also had its effect. In the mean time Bonaparte, who was ignorant of the formalities of law, found them much more tedious than he had expected. At the commencement of the affair, the Chief Judge had too readily undertaken to simplify and shorten the procedure, and now only one charge was distinctly made: that Moreau had held secret conferences with Pichegru, and had received his confidence, but without pledging himself positively to anything. This was not sufficient to secure a condemnation, which was becoming a necessity. In short, notwithstanding that great name which is mixed up in the affair, Georges Cadoudal has always been believed to have been, as at the trial he appeared to be, the real leader of the conspiracy.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement that pervaded the palace. Everybody was consulted; the most trifling conversations were repeated. One day Savary took M. de Rémusat aside, and said, "You have been a magistrate, you know the laws; do you think the details of this affair that we are in possession of are sufficient for the information of the judges?" "No man," replied my husband, "has ever been condemned merely because he did not reveal projects with which he was made acquainted. No doubt that is a political wrong with respect to the Government, but it is not a crime which ought to involve the penalty of death; and, if that is your sole plea, you will only have furnished Moreau with evidence damaging to yourselves." "In that case," said Savary, "the Chief Judge has led us into making a great blunder. It would have been better to have had a military commission."

From the day of Pichegru's arrest, the gates of Paris were shut, while search was made for Georges Cadoudal, who eluded pursuit with extraordinary success. Fouché, who laid the foundations of his new reputation on this occasion, mercilessly ridiculed the unskillfulness of the police, and his comments enraged Bonaparte, who was already angry enough; so that, when he had incurred a real danger, and saw that the Parisians were disinclined to believe the statement of the facts, he began to wish for revenge. "Judge," said he, "whether the French can ever be governed by legal and moderate institutions? I have put down a revolutionary but useful department of the ministry, and conspiracies are immediately formed. I have foregone my own personal feelings; I have handed over the punishment of a man who intended to kill me to an authority independent of myself; and, far from giving me any thanks for all this, people laugh at my moderation, and assign corrupt motives to my conduct. I will teach them to belie my intentions. I will lay hold of all my powers again, and prove to them that I alone am made to govern, to decide, and to punish."

Bonaparte grew more and more angry as he became aware, from moment to moment, that something was amiss with himself. He had thought to rule public opinion, but here was public opinion escaping from his hold. He had been ruled himself by it in the outset of his career, I am certain, and he had gained no credit by that; so he resolved that never again would he be so mistaken. It will seem strange, to those who do not know how utterly the wearing of a uniform destroys the habit of thinking, that not the slightest uneasiness was felt on this occasion with respect to the army. Military men do everything by word of command, and they abstain from opinions which are not prescribed to them. Very few officers remembered then that they had fought and conquered under Moreau, and the *bourgeoisie* was much more excited about the affair than any other class.

The Polignacs, M. de Rivière, and some others were arrested. Then the public began to think there really was some truth in the story of the conspiracy, and that the plot was a Royalist one. Nevertheless, the Republican party still demanded Moreau. The nobility were alarmed and kept very quiet; they condemned the imprudence of the Polignacs, who have since acknowledged that they were not seconded with so much zeal as they had been led to expect. The error into which they fell, and to which the Royalist party was always prone, was that they believed in the existence of what they desired, and acted upon their illusions. This is a mistake common to men who are led by their passions or by their vanity.

I suffered a great deal at this time. At the Tuileries the First Consul was moody and silent, his wife was frequently in tears, his family were angry; his sister exasperated him by her violent way of talking. In society opinions were divided: on the one hand were distrust, suspicion, indignant satisfaction; on the other, regret that the attempt had failed and passionate condemnation. All these contentions distracted and upset me. I shut myself up with my mother and my husband; we questioned one another about all that we heard and everything that we respectively thought. M. de Rémusat's steady rectitude of mind was grieved by the errors which were perpetrated; and, as his judgment was quite uninfluenced by passion, he began to dread the future, and imparted to me his sagacious and melancholy prevision of a character which he studied closely and silently. His apprehensions distressed me; the doubts which were springing up in my own mind rendered me very unhappy. Alas! the moment was drawing near when I was to be far more painfully enlightened.

CHAPTER V.

The Arrest of Georges Cadoudal—The Mission of M. de Caulaincourt to Ettenheim—The Arrest of the Duc d'Enghien—My Distress and my Urgency with Mme. Bonaparte—An Evening at Malmaison—The Death of the Duc d'Enghien—Remarkable Words of the First Consul.

After the arrests which I have already recorded, there appeared in the "Moniteur" certain articles from the "Morning Chronicle," in which it was stated that the death of Bonaparte and the restoration of Louis XVIII. were imminent. It was added that persons newly arrived from London affirmed that speculation upon these eventualities was rife on the Stock Exchange, and that Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau were named openly there. In the same "Moniteur" appeared a letter from an Englishman to Bonaparte, whom he addressed as "Monsieur Consul." The purport of this letter was to recommend, as specially applicable to Bonaparte, a pamphlet written in Cromwell's time, which tended to prove that persons such as Cromwell and himself could not be assassinated, because there was no crime in killing a dangerous animal or a tyrant. "To kill is not to assassinate in such cases," said the pamphlet; "the difference is great."

In France, however, addresses from all the towns and from all the regiments, and pastorals by all the Bishops, complimenting the First Consul and congratulating France on the danger which had been escaped, were forwarded to Paris; and these documents were punctually inserted in the "Moniteur."

At length, on the 29th of March, Georges Cadoudal was

arrested in the Place de l'Odéon. He was in a cabriolet, and, perceiving that he was followed, he urged on his horse. A gendarme bravely caught the animal by the head, and was shot dead by Cadoudal; the cabriolet was, however, stopped, owing to the crowd which instantly collected at the noise of the pistol-shot, and Cadoudal was seized. Between sixty thousand and eighty thousand francs in notes were found on him, and given to the widow of the man whom he had killed. The newspapers stated that he acknowledged he had come to France for no other purpose than to assassinate Bonaparte; but I remember to have heard at the time that the prisoner, whose courage and firmness during the whole of the proceedings were unshaken, and who evinced great devotion to the house of Bourbon, steadily denied that there had ever been any purpose of assassination, while admitting that his intentions had been to attack the carriage of the First Consul, and to carry him off without harming him.

At this time the King of England (George III.) was taken seriously ill, and our Government reckoned upon his death to insure the retirement of Mr. Pitt from the ministry.

On the 21st of March the following appeared in the "Moniteur": "Prince de Condé has addressed a circular to the *émigrés*, with a view to collecting them on the Rhine. A prince of the house of Bourbon is now on the frontier for that purpose."

Immediately afterward the secret correspondence that had been taken from Mr. Drake, the accredited English Minister in Bavaria, was published. These proved that the English Government was leaving no means untried of creating disturbance in France. M. de Talleyrand was directed to send copies of this correspondence to all the members of the Corps Diplomatique, and they expressed their indignation in letters which were inserted in the "Moniteur."

Holy Week was approaching. On Passion Sunday, the 18th of March, my week of attendance on Mme. Bonaparte began. I went to the Tuileries in the morning, in time for

mass, which was again celebrated with all the former pomp. After mass, Mme. Bonaparte received company in the great drawing-room, and remained for some time, talking to several persons. When we went down to her private apartments, she informed me that we were to pass that week at Malmaison. "I am very glad," she added; "Paris frightens me just now." Shortly afterward we set out; Bonaparte was in his own carriage, Mme. Bonaparte and myself in hers. I observed that she was very silent and sad for a part of the way, and I let her see that I was uneasy about her. At first she seemed reluctant to give me any explanation, but at length she said, "I am going to trust you with a great secret. This morning Bonaparte told me that he had sent M. de Caulaincourt to the frontier to seize the Duc d'Enghien. He is to be brought back here." "Ah, madame," I exclaimed, "what are they going to do with him?" "I believe," she answered, "he will have him tried." I do not think I have ever in my life experienced such a thrill of terror as that which her words sent through me. Mme. Bonaparte thought I was going to faint, and let down all the glasses. "I have done what I could," she went on, "to induce him to promise me that the prince's life shall not be taken, but I am greatly afraid his mind is made up." "What, do you really think he will have him put to death?" "I fear so." At these words I burst into tears, and then, so soon as I could master my emotion sufficiently to be able to speak, I urged upon her the fatal consequences of such a deed, the indelible stain of the royal blood, whose shedding would satisfy the Jacobin party only, the strong interest with which the prince inspired all the other parties, the great name of Condé, the general horror, the bitter animosity which would be aroused, and many other considerations. I urged every side of the question, of which Mme. Bonaparte contemplated one only. The idea of a murder was that which had struck her most strongly; but I succeeded in seriously alarming her, and she promised me that she would

endeavor by every means in her power to induce Bonaparte to relinquish his fatal purpose.

We both arrived at Malmaison in the deepest dejection. I took refuge at once in my own room, where I wept bitterly. I was completely overwhelmed by this terrible discovery. I liked and admired Bonaparte; I believed him to be called by an invincible power to the highest of human destinies; I allowed my youthful imagination to run riot concerning him. All in a moment, the veil which hid the truth from my eyes was torn away, and by my own feelings at that instant I could only too accurately divine what would be the general opinion of such an act.

There was no one at Malmaison to whom I could speak freely. My husband was not in waiting, and had remained in Paris. I was obliged to control my agitation, and to make my appearance with an unmoved countenance; for Mme. Bonaparte had earnestly entreated me not to let Bonaparte divine that she had spoken to me of this matter.

On going down to the drawing-room at six o'clock, I found the First Consul playing a game of chess. He appeared quite serene and calm; it made me ill to look at his face. So completely had my mind been upset by all that had passed through it during the last two hours, that I could not regard him with the feelings which his presence usually inspired; it seemed to me that I must see some extraordinary alteration in him. A few officers dined with him. Nothing whatever of any significance occurred. After dinner he withdrew to his cabinet, where he transacted business with his police. That night, when I was leaving Mme. Bonaparte, she again promised me that she would renew her entreaties.

I joined her as early as I could on the following morning, and found her quite in despair. Bonaparte had repelled her at every point. He had told her that women had no concern with such matters; that his policy required this *coup d'état;* that by it he should acquire the right to exercise clemency

hereafter; that, in fact, he was forced to choose between this decisive act and a long series of conspiracies which he would have to punish in detail, as impunity would have encouraged the various parties. He should have to go on prosecuting, exiling, condemning, without end; to revoke his measures of mercy toward the *émigrés;* to place himself in the hands of the Jacobins. The Royalists had more than once compromised him with the revolutionists. The contemplated action would set him free from all parties alike. Besides, the Duc d'Enghien, after all, had joined in the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal; he was a cause of disturbance to France, and a tool in the hands of England for effecting her purposes of vengeance. The prince's military reputation might in the future prove a source of trouble in the army; whereas by his death the last link between our soldiers and the Bourbons would be broken. In politics, a death which tranquillizes a nation is not a crime. Finally, he had given his orders—he would not withdraw them; there was an end of the matter.

During this interview, Mme. Bonaparte informed her husband that he was about to aggravate the heinousness of the deed by the selection of M. de Caulaincourt, whose parents had formerly been in the household of the Prince de Condé, as the person who was to arrest the Duc d'Enghien. "I did not know that," replied Bonaparte; "but what does it matter? If Caulaincourt is compromised, there is no great harm in that; indeed, it will only make him serve me all the better, and the opposite party will henceforth forgive him for being a gentleman." He then added that M. de Caulaincourt, who had been informed of only a portion of his plan, believed that the Duc d'Enghien was to be imprisoned in France.

My heart failed me at these words. M. de Caulaincourt was a friend of mine. It seemed to me that he ought to have refused to undertake such a task as that which had been imposed upon him.

The day passed drearily. I remember that Mme. Bona-

parte, who was very fond of trees and flowers, was busy during the morning superintending the transplanting of a cypress to a newly laid-out portion of her garden. She threw a few handfuls of earth on the roots of the tree, so that she might say that she had planted it with her own hands. "Ah, madame," said I to her, as I observed her doing so, "a cypress is just the tree to suit such a day as this." I have never passed by that cypress since without a thrill of pain.

My profound emotion distressed Mme. Bonaparte. She had great faith in all Bonaparte's views, and, owing to her natural levity and fickleness, she excessively disliked painful or lasting impressions. Her feelings were quick, but extraordinarily evanescent. Being convinced that the death of the Duc d'Enghien was inevitable, she wanted to get rid of an unavailing regret; but I would not allow her to do so. I importuned her all day long, without ceasing. She listened to me with extreme gentleness and kindness, but in utter dejection; she knew Bonaparte better than I. I wept while talking to her; I implored her not to allow herself to be put down, and, as I was not without influence over her, I succeeded in inducing her to make a last attempt.

"Mention me to the First Consul, if necessary," said I. "I am of very little importance, but at least he will be able to judge of the impression he is about to make by the effect upon me, and I am more attached to him than other people are. I, who would ask nothing better than to find excuses for him, can not see even one for what he intends to do."

We saw very little of Bonaparte during the whole of that second day. The Chief Judge, the Prefect of Police, and Murat all came to Malmaison, and had prolonged audience of the First Consul; I augured ill from their countenances. I remained up a great part of the night; and when at length I fell asleep my dreams were frightful. I fancied that I heard constant movements in the château, and that a fresh attempt was about to be made upon our lives. I was possessed with a strong desire to go and throw myself at Bona-

parte's feet, and implore him to take pity upon his own fame, which I then believed to be very pure and bright, and I grieved heartily over the tarnishing of it. The hours of that night can never be effaced from my memory.

On the Tuesday morning Mme. Bonaparte said to me, "All is useless. The Duc d'Enghien arrives this evening. He will be taken to Vincennes and tried to-night. Murat has undertaken the whole. He is odious in this matter; it is he who is urging Bonaparte on, by telling him that his clemency will be taken for weakness, that the Jacobins will be furious, and one party is now displeased because the former fame of Moreau has not been taken into consideration, and will ask why a Bourbon should be differently treated. Bonaparte has forbidden me to speak to him again on the subject. He asked me about you," she added, "and I acknowledged that I had told you everything. He had perceived your distress. Pray try to control yourself."

At this I lost all self-restraint, and exclaimed, "Let him think what he likes of me. It matters very little to me, madame, I assure you; and if he asks me why I am weeping, I will tell him that I weep for him." And, in fact, I again burst into tears.

Mme. Bonaparte was thrown into utter consternation by the state I was in—she was almost a stranger to any strong mental emotion; and when she tried to calm me by reassuring words I could only say to her, "Ah, madame, you do not understand me!" After this event, she said, Bonaparte would go on just as he had done before. Alas! it was not the future which was troubling me. I did not doubt his power over himself and others. The anguish that filled my whole being was interior and personal.

Dinner hour came, and she had to go down with a composed face. Mine was quite beyond my control. Again Bonaparte was playing chess: he had taken a fancy to that game. Immediately on perceiving me he called me to him, saying that he wanted to consult me. I was not able to speak. He

addressed me in a tone of kindness and interest, which increased my confusion and distress. When dinner was served, he placed me near himself, and asked me a number of questions about the affairs of my family. He seemed bent on bewildering me, and hindering me from thinking. Little Napoleon (the son of Louis and Hortense) had been brought down from Paris; and his uncle placed the child in the middle of the table, and seemed much amused when he pulled the dishes about, and upset everything within his reach.

After dinner he sat on the floor, playing with the boy, and apparently in very high spirits, but, it seemed to me, assumed. Mme. Bonaparte, who was afraid that he would have been angry at what she had told him about me, looked from him to me, smiling sweetly, as if she would have said, "You see, he is not so bad after all; we may make our minds easy."

I hardly knew where I was. I felt as though I were dreaming a bad dream; no doubt I looked bewildered. Suddenly, fixing a piercing gaze on me, Bonaparte said, "Why have you no rouge on? You are too pale." I answered that I had forgotten to put on any. "What!" said he, "a woman forget to put on her rouge?" And then, with a loud laugh, he turned to his wife and added, "That would never happen to you, Josephine." I was greatly disconcerted, and he completed my discomfiture by remarking, "Two things are very becoming to women—rouge and tears."

When General Bonaparte was in high spirits, he was equally devoid of taste and moderation, and on such occasions his manners smacked of the barrack-room. He went on for some time jesting with his wife with more freedom than delicacy, and then challenged me to a game of chess. He did not play well, and never would observe the correct "moves." I allowed him to do as he liked; every one in the room kept silence. Presently he began to mutter some lines of poetry, and then repeated a little louder, "Soyons ami, Cinna," and Guzman's lines in Act v. Scene vii. of "Alzire":

"Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence:
Les tiens t'ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance:
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,
M'ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner."

As he half whispered the line,

"Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,"

I could not refrain from raising my eyes and looking at him. He smiled, and went on repeating the verses. In truth, at that moment I did believe that he had deceived his wife and everybody else, and was planning a grand scene of magnanimous pardon. I caught eagerly at this idea, and it restored me to composure. My imagination was very juvenile in those days, and I longed so much to be able to hope!

"You like poetry?" Bonaparte asked me. How I longed to answer, "Especially when the lines are applicable"; but I did not dare to utter the words. I may as well mention in this place that the very day after I had set down the above reminiscence, a friend lent me a book entitled "Mémoires Secrètes sur la Vie de Lucien Bonaparte." This work, which is probably written by a secretary of Lucien's, is inaccurate in several instances. Some notes added at the end are said to be written by a person worthy of belief. I found among them the following, which struck me as curious: "Lucien was informed of the death of the Duc d'Enghien by General Hullin, a relative of Mme. Jouberthon, who came to her house some hours after that event, looking the image of grief and consternation. The Military Council had been assured that the First Consul only purposed to assert his authority, and fully intended to pardon the prince, and certain lines from 'Alzire,' commencing

'Des dieux que nous servons connais la différence,'

had been quoted to them."

But to resume. We went on with our game, and his gayety gave me more and more confidence. We were still

playing when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and presently General Hullin was announced. Bonaparte pushed away the chess-table roughly, rose, and went into the adjoining gallery. There he remained all the rest of the evening, with Murat, Hullin, and Savary. We saw no more of him, and yet I went to my room feeling more easy. I could not believe but that Bonaparte must be moved by the fact of having such a victim in his hands. I hoped the prince would ask to see him; and in fact he did so, adding, "If the First Consul would consent to see me, he would do me justice, for he would know that I have done my duty." My idea was that Bonaparte would go to Vincennes, and publicly grant the prince pardon in person. If he were not going to act thus, why should he have quoted those lines from "Alzire"?

That night, that terrible night, passed. Early in the morning I went down to the drawing-room, and there I found Savary. He was deadly pale, and I must do him the justice to say that his face betrayed great agitation. He spoke to me with trembling lips, but his words were quite insignificant. I did not question him; for persons of his kind will always say what they want to say without being asked, although they never give answers.

Mme. Bonaparte came in, looked at me very sadly, and, as she took her seat, said to Savary, "Well—so it is done?" "Yes, madame," he answered. "He died this morning, and, I am bound to acknowledge, with great courage." I was struck dumb with horror.

Mme. Bonaparte asked for details. They have all been made known since. The prince was taken to one of the trenches of the chateau. Being offered a handkerchief to bind his eyes with, he rejected it with dignity, and, addressing the gendarmes, said, "You are Frenchmen: at least you will do me the service not to miss your aim." He placed in Savary's hands a ring, a lock of hair, and a letter for Mme. de Rohan; and all these Savary showed to Mme. Bonaparte. The letter was open; it was brief and tender. I do not

know whether these last wishes of the unfortunate prince were carried out.

"After his death," said Savary, "the gendarmes were told that they might take his clothes, his watch, and the money he had in his pocket; but not one of them would touch anything. People may say what they like, but one can not see a man like that die as coolly as one can see others. I feel it hard to get over it."

Presently Eugène de Beauharnais made his appearance. He was too young to have recollections of the past, and in his eyes the Duc d'Enghien was simply a conspirator against the life of his master. Then came certain generals, whose names I will not set down here; and they approved of the deed so loudly that Mme. Bonaparte thought it necessary to apologize for her own dejection, by repeating over and over again the unmeaning sentence, "I am a woman, you know, and I confess I could cry."

In the course of the morning a number of visitors came to the Tuileries. Among them were the Consuls, the Ministers, and Louis Bonaparte and his wife. Louis preserved a sullen silence, which seemed to imply disapprobation. Mme. Louis was so frightened that she did not dare to feel, and seemed to be asking what she ought to think. Women, even more than men, were subjugated by the magic of that sacramental phrase of Bonaparte's—"My policy." With those words he crushed one's thoughts, feelings, and even impressions; and, when he uttered them, no one in the palace, especially no woman, would have dared to ask him what he meant.

My husband also came during the morning, and his presence relieved me from the terrible oppression from which I was suffering. He, like myself, was grieved and downcast. How grateful I was to him for not lecturing me upon the absolute necessity of our appearing perfectly composed under the circumstances! We sympathized in every feeling. He told me that the general sentiment in Paris was one of dis-

gust, and that the heads of the Jacobin party said, "He belongs to us now." He added the following words, which I have frequently recalled to mind since: "The Consul has taken a line which will force him into laying aside the useful, in order to efface this recollection, and into dazzling us by the extraordinary and the unexpected." He also said to Mme. Bonaparte: "There is one important piece of advice which you ought to give the First Consul. It is that he should not lose a moment in restoring public confidence. Opinion is apt to be precipitate in Paris. He ought at least to prove to the people that the event which has just occurred is not due to the development of a cruel disposition, but to reasons whose force I am not called upon to determine, and which ought to make him very circumspect."

Mme. Bonaparte fully appreciated the advice of M. de Rémusat, and immediately repeated his words to her husband. He seemed well disposed to listen to her, and answered briefly, "That is quite true." On rejoining Mme. Bonaparte before dinner, I found her in the gallery, with her daughter and M. de Caulaincourt, who had just arrived. He had superintended the arrest of the prince, but had not accompanied him to Paris. I recoiled at the sight of him. "And you, too," said he, addressing me, so that all could hear him, "you are going to detest me! And yet I am only unfortunate; but that I am in no small degree, for the Consul has disgraced me by this act. Such is the reward of my devotion to him. I have been shamefully deceived, and I am now ruined." He shed tears while speaking, and I could not but pity him.

Mme. Bonaparte assured me afterward that he had spoken in the same way to the First Consul, and I was myself a witness to his maintenance of a severe and angry bearing toward Bonaparte, who made many advances to him, but for a long time in vain. The First Consul laid out his plans before him, but found him cold and uninterested; then he made him brilliant offers, by way of amends, which were at first

rejected. Perhaps they ought to have been always refused.

In the mean time public opinion declared itself strongly against M. de Caulaincourt. Certain persons condemned the aide-de-camp mercilessly, while they made excuses for the master; and such injustice exasperated M. de Caulaincourt, who might have bowed his head before frank and candid censure, fairly distributed between them. When, however, he saw that every sort of affront was to be heaped on him, in order that the real culprit might go quite free, he conceived an utter disdain for these people, and consented to force them into silence by placing himself in a position of such authority as would enable him to overrule them. He was urged to take this course by Bonaparte, and also by his own ambition. "Do not act like a fool," said the former. "If you retreat before the blows which are aimed at you, you will be done for; no one will give you any thanks or credit for your tardy opposition to my wishes, and you will be all the more heavily censured because you are not formidable." By dint of similar reasoning frequently reiterated, and by the employment of every sort of device for consoling and coaxing M. de Caulaincourt, Bonaparte succeeded in appeasing his resentment, and by degrees he raised him to posts of great dignity about his own person. The weakness which induced M. de Caulaincourt to pardon the indelible injury which the First Consul had done him may be more or less blamed; but, at least, it should be admitted that he was never a blind or servile courtier, and that he remained to the last among the small number of Bonaparte's servants who never neglected an opportunity of telling him the truth.*

* M. de Caulaincourt retained the same feelings all his life, and very severely condemned the policy and the personal character of Bonaparte, whose fatal projects he frequently endeavored to avert. M. Monnier, the son of the celebrated member of the Assemblies of the Revolution, with whom my father was very intimate in his youth, told him that in the campaign of 1813 M. de Caulaincourt, then Duc de Vienne, while accompanying the Emperor with several members of his staff and of his household, saw a shell strike the ground close by Napoleon.

Before dinner, both Mme. Bonaparte and her daughter entreated me to command my countenance as much as possible. The former told me that her husband had asked her that morning what effect the deplorable news had produced upon me; and on her replying that I had wept, he said, "That is a matter of course; she merely did what was to be expected of her as a woman. You don't understand anything about our business; but it will all subside and everybody will see that I have not made a blunder."

At length dinner was announced. In addition to the household officers on duty for that week, the dinner-party included M. and Mme. Louis Bonaparte, Eugène Beauharnais, M. de Caulaincourt, and General Hullin, who was then Commandant of Paris. The sight of this man affected me painfully. His expression of face, perfectly unmoved, was just the same on that day as it had been on the preceding.* I quite believe that he did not think he had done an ill deed, or that he had performed an act of zeal in presiding over the military commission which condemned the prince. Bonaparte rewarded the fatal service which he had rendered him with money and promotion, but he said more than once, when he noted Hullin's presence, "The sight of him annoys me; he reminds me of things which I do not like."

Bonaparte did not come into the drawing-room at all; he went from his cabinet to the dinner-table. He affected no high spirits that day; on the contrary, he remained during the whole time of dinner in a profound reverie. We were all very silent. Just as we were about to rise from table, the First Consul said, in a harsh, abrupt tone, as if in reply to

He rode up, putting his horse between the Emperor and the missile, and covered him as much as possible from the fragments of the shell, which happily exploded without hitting anybody. In the evening, M. Monnier, who was supping at headquarters, spoke to him of this deed of bravery, by which he had risked his own life to save that of his master. "That is true," replied the Duc de Vienne, "and yet I could not believe that there is a God in heaven if that man were to die on the throne."

* I have since been assured that he was deeply grieved.

his own thoughts, "At least they will see what we are capable of, and henceforth, I hope, they will leave us alone." He then passed on into the drawing-room, where he talked for a long time in a low voice with his wife, looking at me now and then, but without any anger in his glance. I sat apart from all, downcast and ill, without either the power or the wish to utter a word.

Presently Joseph Bonaparte and M. and Mme. Bacciochi * arrived, accompanied by M. de Fontanes.† Lucien was on bad terms with his brother, who had objected to his marriage with Mme. Jouberthon, and came no more to the palace; indeed, he was then making ready to leave France. During the evening, Murat, Dubois, who was Prefect of Police, the members of the Council of the State, and others arrived, all with composed faces. The conversation was at first trifling and awkward: the women sitting silent, the men standing in a semicircle, Bonaparte walking about from one side of the room to the other. Presently he began a discussion, half literary, half historical, with M. de Fontanes. The mention of certain names which belong to history gave him an opportunity of bringing out his opinion of some of our kings and great military commanders. I remarked on this evening that he dwelt on dethronements of every kind, both actual and such as are effected by a change of mind. He lauded Charlemagne, but maintained that France had always been *en décadence* under the Valois. He depreciated the greatness of Henry IV. "He was wanting," said he, "in gravity. Good nature is an affectation which a sovereign ought to avoid. What does he want? Is it to remind those who surround him that he is a man like any other? What nonsense! So soon as a man is a king he is apart from all, and I have always held that the instinct of true policy was in

* M. Bacciochi was then a colonel of dragoons, and had nothing whatever to do with politics. He had a passion for the violin, and played all day.

† M. de Fontanes was appointed President of the Corps Législatif at this time, and afterward perpetual President.

Alexander's idea of making himself out to be the descendant of a god." He added that Louis XIV. knew the French better than Henry IV.; but he hastened to add that Louis had allowed "priests and an old woman" to get the better of him, and he made some coarse remarks on that point. Then he held forth on Louis XIV.'s generals, and on military science in general.

"Military science," said Bonaparte, "consists in calculating all the chances accurately in the first place, and then in giving accident exactly, almost mathematically, its place in one's calculations. It is upon this point that one must not deceive one's self, and that a decimal more or less may change all. Now, this apportioning of accident and science can not get into any head except that of a genius, for genius must exist wherever there is a creation; and assuredly the grandest improvisation of the human mind is the gift of an existence to that which has it not. Accident, hazard, chance, whatever you choose to call it, a mystery to ordinary minds, becomes a reality to superior men. Turenne did not think about it, and so he had nothing but method. I think," he added with a smile, "I should have beaten him. Condé had a better notion of it than Turenne, but then he gave himself up to it with impetuosity. Prince Eugene is one of those who understood it best. Henry IV. always put bravery in the place of everything; he only fought actions—he would not have come well out of a pitched battle. Catinat has been cried up chiefly from the democratic point of view; I have, for my own part, carried off a victory on the spot where he was beaten. The philosophers have worked up his reputation after their own fancy, and that was all the easier to do, because one may say anything one likes about ordinary people who have been lifted into eminence by circumstances not of their own creating. A man, to be really great, no matter in what order of greatness, must have actually improvised a portion of his own glory—must have shown himself superior to the event which he has brought about. For

instance, Cæsar acted now and then with weakness, which makes me suspect the praises that are lavished on him in history.

"I am rather doubtful of your friends the historians, M. de Fontanes. Even your Tacitus himself explains nothing; he arrives at certain results without indicating the routes that have been followed. He is, I think, able as a writer, but hardly so as a statesman. He depicts Nero as an execrable tyrant, and then he tells us, almost in the same page with a description of the pleasure he felt in burning down Rome, that the people loved him. All that is not plain and clear. Believe me, we are sometimes the dupes of our beliefs—of writers who have fabricated history for us in accordance with the natural bent of their own minds. But do you know whose history I should like to read, if it were well written? That of King Frederick II. of Prussia. I hold him to be one of those who has best understood his business in every sort of way. These ladies"—here he turned to us—"will not be of my opinion; they will say that he was harsh and selfish. But, after all, is a great statesman made for feeling? Is he not a completely eccentric personage, who stands always alone, on his own side, with the world on the other? The glass through which he looks is that of his policy; his sole concern ought to be that it should neither magnify nor diminish. And, while he observes objects with attention, he must also be careful to hold the reins equally; for the chariot which he drives is often drawn by ill-matched horses. How, then, is he to occupy himself with those fine distinctions of feelings which are important to the generality of mankind? Can he consider the affections, the ties of kinship, the puerile arrangements of society? In such a position as his, how many actions are regarded separately, and condemned, although they are to contribute as a whole to that great work which the public does not discern? One day, those deeds will terminate the creation of the Colossus which will be the wonder of posterity. And you, mistaken as you are—you

will withhold your praises, because you are afraid lest the movement of that great machine should crush you, as Gulliver crushed the Lilliputians when he moved his legs. Be advised; go on in advance of the time, enlarge your imagination, look out afar, and you will see that those great personages whom you think violent and cruel are only politic. They know themselves better, they judge themselves more correctly than you do; and, when they are really able men, they know how to master their passions, for they even calculate the effects of them."

From this, which was a kind of manifesto, the opinions of Bonaparte may be gathered, and also a notion of the rapid succession in which his ideas followed each other when he allowed himself to talk. It sometimes happened that his discourse would be less consecutive, for he put up well enough with interruptions; but on the day in question every one seemed to be benumbed in his presence; no one ventured to take up certain applications of his words, which it was evident he intended. He had never ceased walking to and fro while he was talking, and this for more than an hour. Many other things which he said have escaped my memory. At length, abruptly breaking off the chain of his ideas, he directed M. de Fontanes to read aloud certain extracts from Drake's correspondence, which I have already mentioned, all relating to the conspiracy. When the reading of the extracts was concluded, "There are proofs here," said he, "that can not be disputed. These people wanted to throw France into confusion, and to destroy the Revolution by destroying me; it was my duty both to defend and to avenge the Revolution. I have proved of what it is capable. The Duc d'Enghien was a conspirator like any other, and he had to be treated as such. The whole affair, moreover, was arranged without caution or accurate knowledge of the ground, on the faith of some obscure correspondence; a few credulous old women wrote letters, and were believed. The Bourbons will never see anything except through the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and they are

fated to be perpetually deluded. The Polignacs made sure that every house in Paris would be open to them; and, when they arrived here, not a single noble would receive them. If all these fools were to kill me, they would not get their own way; they would only put angry Jacobins in my place. The day of etiquette is over, but the Bourbons can not give it up. If ever you see them return, mark my words that it will be the first subject that will occupy their minds. Ah! it would have been another story could they have been seen, like Henry IV., covered with dust and blood on a battle-field. A kingdom is not got back by dating a letter from London, and signing it 'Louis.' Nevertheless, such a letter compromises imprudent people, and I am obliged to punish them, although I feel a sort of pity for them. I have shed blood; it was necessary to do so. I may have to shed more, but not out of anger—simply because blood-letting is one of the remedies in political medicine. I am the man of the State; I am the French Revolution. I say it, and I will uphold it."

After this last declaration, Bonaparte dismissed us all. We dispersed without daring to interchange our ideas, and thus ended this fatal day.*

* The murder of the Duc d'Enghien is an inexhaustible subject of controversy between the opponents of the Empire and the supporters of Napoleon. In the most recent and important works of historians and memoir-writers, there is nothing to contradict the above narrative, which possesses, moreover, every mark of sincerity and truthfulness. The First Consul originated and ordered the crime; Savary and the military commission executed it; M. de Caulaincourt was the unconscious medium. A full account of the trial may be found in a work entitled "Le Duc d'Enghien d'après les Documents Historiques," par L. Constant, 8vo, Paris, 1869. The following extract from Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe" will, I think, be of interest at this point, although the work does not rank among the best productions of its author, and can not be absolutely relied on. Nevertheless, M. de Chateaubriand's resignation of his post on the day following the crime is justly held honorable to him. "A council was held on the proposed arrest of the Duc d'Enghien. Cambacérès, in his unpublished Memoirs, asserts—and I believe him—that he opposed the arrest; but, although he records his own words, he does not say what replies they elicited. The 'Mémorial de Ste. Hélène' denies, however, that Bonaparte had to

refuse any entreaties for clemency. The imaginary scene in which Josephine begs on her knees for the life of the Duc d'Enghien, and, clinging to the coat of Napoleon, is dragged along the ground by her inexorable husband, is one of those melodramatic inventions with which the fiction-writers of the present day compose their veracious histories. On the evening of March 19th Josephine was in ignorance that the Duc d'Enghien was to be tried; she only knew that he had been arrested. She had promised Mme. de Rémusat to interest herself in his fate. . . . On March 21st, Bonaparte said to his wife, 'The Duc d'Enghien has been shot.' The Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat, with whom I was acquainted, were full of exceedingly curious details of the private life of the Imperial Court. Their author burned them during the Hundred Days, but afterward rewrote them. They are now but recollections of former recollections; the colors are faded; but Bonaparte is always clearly depicted and impartially judged."—P. R.

CHAPTER VI.

(1804.)

The Impression produced in Paris by the Death of the Duc d'Enghien—The First Consul's Efforts to dispel it—Performance at the Opera House—Death of Pichegru—Breach between Bonaparte and his Brother Lucien—Project of adopting the young Napoleon—Foundation of the Empire.

The First Consul spared no pains to allay the excitement which was caused by this event. He perceived that his conduct had raised the question of his real character, and he set himself to prove, both by his speeches in the Council of State, and also to all of us, that political considerations only, and not passion of any kind, had led to the death of the Duc d'Enghien. As I said before, he made no attempt to check the genuine indignation evinced by M. de Caulaincourt, and toward me he displayed indulgence which once more unsettled my opinions. How strong a power of persuasion do sovereigns, whatever their character, exercise over us! Our feelings, and, to be frank, our vanity also, run to meet their slightest advances half-way. I grieved, but I felt myself being slowly won over by the adroitness of Bonaparte; and I cried

"Plut à Dieu ce fût le dernier de ses crimes!"

Meanwhile we returned to Paris, and then my feelings were again painfully excited by the state of opinion there. I could make no reply to what was said. I could only try to persuade those who believed that this fatal act was but the beginning of a blood-stained reign, that they were mistaken; and although it would be difficult, in point of fact, to ex-

aggerate the impression that such a crime must produce, still party spirit ran so high that, although my own feelings revolted against it, I sometimes found myself endeavoring to offer some sort of excuse for it—uselessly enough, since I was addressing myself to people whose convictions were unalterable.

I had a warm discussion with Mme. de ——, a cousin of Mme. Bonaparte's. She was one of those persons who did not attend the evening receptions at the Tuileries, but who, having divided the palace into two separate regions, considered that they might appear in Mme. Bonaparte's apartment on the ground floor in the morning, without departing from their principles or sullying their reminiscences by recognition of the actual government on the first floor.

She was a clever, animated woman, with rather high-flown notions. Mme. Bonaparte was frightened by her vehement indignation; and, finding me with her one day, she attacked me with equal vigor, and compassionated both of us for being, as she said, bound in chains to a tyrant. She went so far that I tried to make her understand the distress she was inflicting on her cousin. Then she turned violently upon me, and accused me of not sufficiently appreciating the horror of the event that had just taken place. "As for me," she said, "every sense and every feeling is so outraged that, if your Consul were to come into this room, you would see me fly on the instant, as one flies from a venomous beast." "Ah, madame," I answered (little thinking that my words would prove prophetic), "refrain from expressions which at some future day may prove embarrassing to you. Weep with us, but reflect that the recollection of words uttered in a moment of excitement often complicates one's subsequent actions. To-day you are angry with me for my apparent moderation; yet, perhaps, my feelings will last longer than yours." And, in fact, a few months later, Mme. de —— became lady-in-waiting to her cousin, the newly made Empress.

Hume says somewhere that Cromwell, having established a sort of phantom of royalty, very soon found himself surrounded by that particular class of nobles who conceive themselves called on to live in palaces so soon as their doors are reopened. The First Consul, on assuming the insignia of the power he already wielded, offered a salve to the conscience of the old nobility which vanity always readily applies; for who can resist the temptation of recovering the rank he feels himself made to adorn? I am about to draw a very homely comparison, but I believe a true one. In the nature of the *grand seigneur* there is something of the character of the cat, which remains faithful to the same house, no matter who may become the proprietor of it.

Bonaparte, stained with the blood of the Duc d'Enghien, but having become an Emperor, succeeded in obtaining from the French nobles that for which he would have vainly sought so long as he was only First Consul; and when, in later days, he maintained to one of his ministers that this murder was indeed a crime, but not a blunder—"for," he added, "the consequences that I foresaw have all exactly happened"—he was, in that sense, right.

And yet, if we look at things from a higher standpoint, the consequences of this act of his reached further than he thought for. He succeeded, doubtless, in moderating certain opinions, for there are numbers of people who give up feeling when there is nothing to hope; but, as M. de Rémusat said, the odium which the crime cast upon him obliged him to divert our thoughts from it by a succession of extraordinary feats, which would impose silence respecting the past. Moreover, he bound himself, as it were, to be always successful, for by success alone could he be justified. If we contemplate the tortuous and difficult path he was henceforth obliged to tread, we shall conclude that a noble and pure policy, based upon the prosperity of the human race and the free exercise of its rights, would have been then, as it is always, the best on which a sovereign can act.

By the death of the Duc d'Enghien, Bonaparte succeeded in compromising, first ourselves, then the French nobility, finally the whole nation and all Europe. Our fate was united with his, it is true—this was a great point for him; but, when he dishonored us, he lost the right to that devotion and adherence which he claimed in vain when the hour of his ill fortune came. How could he reckon on a link forged, it must be owned, at the cost of the noblest feelings of the soul? Alas! I judge by my own case. From that time forward I began to blush in secret at the chain I wore; and this hidden feeling, which I stifled at different times with more or less success, afterward became the general sentiment.

On his return to Paris, the First Consul was struck by the effect he had produced. He perceived that feelings go more slowly than opinions, and that men's countenances wore a new expression in his presence. Weary of a remembrance that he would have liked to render a bygone from the very first, he thought the best plan was to let the people wear out their emotions as quickly as possible; and so he determined to appear in public, although certain persons advised him to defer doing so for a while. "But we must, at any cost," he answered, "throw that event into the past; and it will remain new so long as anything fresh is to be felt about it. If we change nothing in our habits, the public will soon regard the occurrence as an old affair." It was therefore arranged that he should go to the opera.

On that evening I was in attendance on Mme. Bonaparte; her carriage followed her husband's. His usual custom was not to wait for her, but to pass rapidly up the staircase and show himself in his box; on this occasion, however, he waited in the little ante-room adjoining it until Mme. Bonaparte arrived. She was trembling very much, and he was excessively pale; he looked round at us all, as if mutely asking us how we thought he would be received; and then he went forward at last like a man marching up to a battery.

He was greeted in the usual way, either because the sight of him produced its customary effect—for the multitude do not change their habits in a moment—or because the police had taken measures of precaution beforehand. I had greatly feared he would not be applauded, and yet, when I saw that he was, my heart sank within me.

He remained only a few days in Paris; thence he removed to Saint Cloud, and I believe from that time forth he began to carry his projects of sovereignty into execution. He felt the necessity of imposing an authority which could no longer be contested upon Europe, and, at the very moment when he had just broken with all parties by deeds which he himself regarded as merely acts of vigor, he thought it well to reveal the goal toward which he had been advancing with more or less precaution. He began by obtaining from the Corps Législatif, now assembled, a levy of sixty thousand men; not that he wanted them for the war with England, which could only be carried on by sea, but because he required to assume an imposing attitude when about to astonish Europe by an altogether novel incident. The Code of Civil Laws had just been completed; this was an important work, and was said to be worthy of general approval. The halls wherein the three great bodies of the State assembled rang on this occasion with the praises of Bonaparte. M. Marcorelle, a deputy of the Corps Législatif, moved, amid loud acclamations, on the 24th of March, three days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, that a bust of the First Consul should be placed in the Chamber of Deputies. "Let us," he said, "by a striking mark of our affection, proclaim to Europe that he who has been threatened by the daggers of vile assassins is the object of our attachment and admiration."

A few days later, Fourcroy, a member of the Council of State, closed the session in the name of the Government. He alluded to the princes of the house of Bourbon as "members of that unnatural family which would have drowned France in her own blood, so that they might reign over her," and

added that they must be threatened with death if they ventured to pollute French territory by their presence.

Meanwhile, preparations for the great trial were going on; every day more Chouans were arrested, either in Brittany or in Paris, who were concerned in this conspiracy, and Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, and Moreau had already been examined several times. The two first, it was said, answered with firmness; Moreau appeared to be much dejected. No clear information was obtained by these interrogatories.

One morning General Pichegru was found strangled in his prison. This event made a great sensation. It was unhesitatingly attributed to the need of getting rid of a formidable enemy. Pichegru's determination of character would, it was said, have led him, when the proceeding became public, to utter strong language, which would have had an undesirable effect. He would, perhaps, have created a party in his favor; he would have cleared Moreau, whose guilt it was already so difficult to prove. On the other hand, the partisans of Bonaparte said: "Nobody can doubt that Pichegru came to Paris in order to get up an insurrection. He himself does not deny it. His own avowals would have convinced the most incredulous; his absence will prevent that full light, which is so desirable, from being thrown on the proceedings."

Many years afterward I asked M. de Talleyrand one day what he thought of the death of Pichegru. "I think," said he, "that it happened very suddenly and in the nick of time!" But just then M. de Talleyrand had fallen out with Bonaparte, and took every opportunity of bringing accusations against him; I therefore by no means commit myself to any statement respecting this event. The subject was not spoken of at Saint Cloud, and every one refrained from the slightest reflection on it.

About this time Lucien Bonaparte left France, having quarreled irrevocably with his brother. His marriage with

Mme. Jouberthon, which Bonaparte had been unable to prevent, was the cause of the rupture. The Consul, full of his great projects, made a last attempt to induce him to renounce this marriage; but it was in vain that Lucien was apprised of the approaching grandeur of his family, in vain that a marriage with the Queen of Etruria* was proposed to him. "Love was the strongest," and he refused everything. A violent scene ensued, and Lucien was exiled from France.

On this occasion I happened to see the First Consul give way to one of those rare bursts of emotion of which I have before spoken. It was at Saint Cloud, rather late one evening. Mme. Bonaparte was anxiously waiting the result of this final conference between the two brothers; M. de Rémusat and I were the only persons with her. She did not care for Lucien, but she deprecated any family scandal. It was near midnight when Bonaparte came into the room; he was deeply dejected, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, he exclaimed, in a troubled voice, "It is all over! I have broken with Lucien, and ordered him from my presence." Mme. Bonaparte began to expostulate. "You are a good woman," he said, "to plead for him." Then he rose from his chair, took his wife in his arms, and laid her head softly on his shoulder, and with his hand still resting on the beautiful head which formed a contrast to the sad, set countenance so near it, he told us that Lucien had resisted all his entreaties, and that he had resorted equally in vain to both threats and persuasion. "It is hard, though," he added, "to find in one's own family such stubborn opposition to interests of such magnitude. Must I, then, isolate myself from every one? Must I rely on myself alone? Well! I will

* After the treaty of Lunéville, in 1801, Tuscany had been erected into the kingdom of Etruria and given to the son of the Duke of Parma. The King having died in 1803, his widow, Marie Louise, a daughter of Charles IV., King of Spain, succeeded him, and reigned until 1807, at which period the little kingdom was incorporated with the Empire, to be again dismembered in 1809 in favor of Mme. Bacciochi, who took the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

suffice to myself, and you, Josephine—you will be my comfort always."

I retain a pleasurable recollection of this little scene. Tears were in Bonaparte's eyes as he spoke. I felt inclined to thank him when he betrayed feelings like those of other men. Shortly after this, his brother Louis crossed his wishes in another way, and this incident had probably a great influence on the fate of Mme. Bonaparte.

The Consul, being quite resolved to raise himself to the throne of France and to found a dynasty, had occasionally glanced at the question of a divorce already; but, either because of his attachment to his wife being still too strong, or because his existing relations with Europe did not permit him to hope for an alliance which would strengthen his political position, he seemed just then disinclined to break with Josephine, and disposed to adopt the young Louis Napoleon, who was his own nephew and also Josephine's grandson.

He no sooner allowed this project to be discerned than his family rebelled. Joseph Bonaparte ventured to represent to him that he had done nothing to forfeit the right to the crown which, as eldest brother, he would acquire, and he defended that right as if it had really existed of old.

Bonaparte, who was always irritated by opposition, grew very angry, and only the more determined. He confided his intentions to his wife, who was overjoyed, and spoke to me as though the realization of this project would bring her own anxieties to an end. Mme. Louis assented, but without displaying any gratification. She was not at all ambitious, and, in fact, could not help fearing that such an elevation would bring down misfortune on the head of her son.

One day, when Bonaparte was surrounded by his family, he placed the little Napoleon between his knees, and said, while playing with him, "Do you know, my little fellow, that you run the risk of being a king some day?" "And Achille?"* immediately asked Murat, who was present.

* Achille was the eldest son of Murat.

"Oh, Achille," answered Bonaparte, "will be a great soldier." This reply incensed Mme. Murat; but Bonaparte, pretending not to notice her, and stung by his brother's opposition, which he believed with reason to have been prompted by Mme. Murat, went on to say to his little step-grandson, "And mind, my poor child, I advise you, if you value your life, not to accept invitations to dine with your cousins."

We may imagine to what feelings such bitter words would give rise. From that moment Louis Bonaparte was beset by his family, who adroitly reminded him of the rumors respecting his wife, and that he ought not to sacrifice the interests of his own kinsfolk to those of a child who was at least half a Beauharnais; and, as Louis Bonaparte was not quite so destitute of ambition as people have since made him out, he, like Joseph, went to the First Consul to ask why the sacrifice of his own rights should be demanded of him. "Why," said he, "should I yield my share of inheritance to my son? How have I deserved to be cut off? What will my position be when this child, having become yours, finds himself very much higher placed than I, and quite independent of me, standing next to yourself, and regarding me with suspicion, if not with contempt? No; I will never consent to this; and, rather than renounce the proper course of succession to the royalty which is to be yours, rather than consent to humble myself before my own son, I will leave France, taking Napoleon with me, and we shall see whether you will dare openly to take a child from his father!"

The First Consul, powerful as he was, found it impossible to overcome his brother's opposition. His wrath availed nothing, and he was obliged to yield, for fear of a vexatious and even ridiculous scandal; for such it certainly would have been, to see this whole family quarreling beforehand over the crown which France had not yet actually conferred.

The strife was hushed up, and Napoleon was obliged to draw up the scheme of succession, and the possible case of

adoption which he reserved to himself the power of making, in the terms to be found in the decree relating to the elevation of the First Consul to the Empire.

These quarrels embittered the enmity already existing between the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais. The former regarded the plan of adoption as the result of Mme. Bonaparte's scheming. Louis gave stricter orders to his wife than before that she should hold no familiar intercourse with her mother. "If you consult her interests at the cost of mine," he told her harshly, "I swear to you that I will make you repent. I will separate you from your son; I will shut you up in some out-of-the-way place, and no power on earth shall deliver you. You shall pay for your concessions to your own family by the wretchedness of the rest of your life. And take care, above all, that none of my threats reach the ears of my brother. Even his power should not save you from my anger."

Mme. Louis bowed her head, a patient victim to this violence. She was then expecting the birth of her second child. Grief and anxiety told upon her health, which was permanently injured; the fresh complexion, her only beauty, disappeared. She had possessed natural spirits, but they now died away for ever; and she became silent and timid. She refrained from confiding her troubles to her mother, whose indiscretion and hasty temper she dreaded; and neither would she further irritate the First Consul. He, knowing well his brother's character, felt grateful to her for her reticence, and guessed at the sufferings she had to endure. From that time forth he never let an opportunity pass without exhibiting the interest—I may even say the respect—with which the mild and prudent demeanor of his stepdaughter inspired him.

What I have just said is quite opposed to the general opinion which has unfortunately been entertained of this unhappy woman; but her vindictive sisters-in-law never missed an opportunity of injuring her reputation by the

most odious calumnies, and, as she bore the name of Bonaparte, the public, who, when they came to hate the Imperial despotism, included every one belonging to the family in their impartial contempt, readily believed every calumny against Mme. Louis. Her husband (whose ill treatment of her irritated him all the more against her), obliged to own that she could not love him after the tyranny he had exercised, jealous with the jealousy of pride, and naturally suspicious, embittered by ill health, and utterly selfish, made her feel the full weight of conjugal despotism. She was surrounded by spies; her letters were opened before they reached her hands; her conversations even with female friends were resented; and, if she complained of this insulting severity, he would say to her, "You can not love me. You are a woman—consequently a being all made up of evil and deceit; you are the daughter of an unprincipled mother; you belong to a family that I loathe. Are not these reasons enough for me to suspect you?"

Mme. Louis, from whom I obtained these details long afterward, found her only comfort in the affection of her brother, whose conduct, though jealously watched by the Bonapartes, was unassailable. Eugène, who was simple and frank, light-hearted, and open in all his dealings, displaying no ambition, holding himself aloof from every intrigue, and doing his duty wherever he was placed, disarmed calumny before it could reach him, and knew nothing of all that took place in the palace. His sister loved him passionately, and confided her sorrows to him only, during the few moments that the jealous watchfulness of Louis allowed them to pass together.

Meanwhile, the First Consul, having complained to the Elector of Bavaria of the correspondence which Mr. Drake kept up in France, and this English gentleman entertaining some apprehensions as to his own safety, as did also Sir Spencer Smith, the British Envoy at the Court of Würtemberg, they both suddenly disappeared. Lord Morpeth asked the

Government, in the House of Commons, for an explanation of Drake's conduct. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that the envoy had been given authority for his proceedings, and that a fuller explanation should be afforded when the ambassador had furnished the information that had been demanded from him.

At this time Bonaparte held long and frequent consultations with M. de Talleyrand. The latter, whose opinions were essentially monarchical, urged the Consul to change his title to that of King. He has since owned to me that the name of Emperor alarmed him; it conveyed a sense of vagueness and immensity, which was precisely what charmed the imagination of Bonaparte. He added, "A combination of the Roman Republic and of Charlemagne in the title turned his head. I amused myself one day by mystifying Berthier. I took him aside, and said to him, 'You know of the great scheme that is occupying us. Go to the Consul, and urge him to take the title of King; it will please him.' Accordingly Berthier, who was delighted to have an opportunity of speaking to Bonaparte on an agreeable subject, went up to him at the other end of the room in which we were all assembled, and I drew back a little, foreseeing the storm. Berthier began his little speech, but at the word 'King' Bonaparte's eyes flashed fire; he seized Berthier by the throat, and pushed him back against the wall. 'You idiot!' he said; 'who has been advising you to come here and excite my anger? Another time, don't take such a task on yourself.' Poor Berthier, in dire confusion, looked piteously at me, and it was a long time before he forgave my sorry jest."

At last, on April 30, 1804, the tribune Curée, who had no doubt learnt his part, and who, later on, was rewarded for his complaisance by being created a senator, made what was then called "a motion of order" in the Tribunate, demanding that the government of the Republic should be confided to an Emperor, and that the Empire should be made hereditary in the family of Napoleon Bonaparte. His speech

was effective. He regarded an hereditary succession, he said, as a guarantee against plots from without, and that in reality the title of Emperor only meant "Victorious Consul." Nearly all the tribunes put down their names to speak. A commission of thirteen members was appointed. Carnot alone had the courage to protest against this proposal. He declared that he would vote against an Empire, for the same reason that he had voted against a life Consulship, but without any personal animosity, and that he was quite prepared to render obedience to the Emperor should he be elected. He spoke in high praise of the American form of government, and added that Bonaparte might have adopted it at the time of the treaty of Amiens; that the abuses of despotism led to worse results than the abuses of liberty; and that, before smoothing the way to this despotism, which would be all the more dangerous because it was reared on military success, it would have been advisable to create institutions for its due repression. Notwithstanding Carnot's opposition, the motion was put to the vote and adopted.

On May 4th a deputation from the Tribunate carried it to the Senate, who were already prepared for it. The Vice-President, François de Neufchateau, replied that the Senate had expected the vote, and would take it into consideration. At the same sitting it was decided that the motion of the Tribunate and the answer of the Vice-President should be laid before the First Consul.

On May 5th the Senate sent an address to Bonaparte, asking him, without further explanation, for a final act which would insure the future peace of France. His answer to this address may be read in the "Moniteur." "I beg you," he said, "to let me know your entire purpose. I desire that we may be able to say to the French nation on the 14th of next July, 'The possessions that you acquired fifteen years ago, liberty, equality, and glory, are now beyond the reach of every storm." In reply, the Senate voted unanimously for imperial government, adding that, in the

interests of the French people, it was important that it should be intrusted to Napoleon Bonaparte.

After May 8th addresses from the towns poured in at Saint Cloud. An address from Lyons came first; a little later came those from Paris and other places. At the same time came the vote from Klein's division,* and then one from the troops in camp at Montreuil under the orders of General Ney;† and the other divisions promptly followed these examples. M. de Fontanes addressed the First Consul in the name of the Corps Législatif, which at this moment was not sitting; but those among its members who were then in Paris met, and voted as the Senate had done. The excitement that these events caused at Saint Cloud may readily be imagined.

I have already recorded the disappointment which Louis Bonaparte's rejection of the project of adoption had inflicted on his mother-in-law. She still hoped, however, that the First Consul would contrive, if he himself remained in the same mind, to overcome the opposition of his brother; and she expressed to me her delight that her husband's new prospects had not induced him to reconsider the terrible question of the divorce. Whenever Bonaparte was displeased with his brothers, Mme. Bonaparte always rose in his estimation, because he found consolation in the unfailing sweetness of her disposition. She never tried to extract from him any promise either for herself or for her children; and the confidence she showed in his affection, together with the disinterestedness of Eugène, when contrasted with the exactions of the Bonaparte family, could not fail to please him. Mme. Bacciochi and Murat, who were in great anxiety about coming events, endeavored to worm out of M. de Talleyrand, or out of Fouché, the secret projects of the First Consul, so that they might know what to expect. Their perturbation

* General Klein afterward married the daughter of the Countess d'Arberg, a lady-in-waiting. He was created senator, and remained a peer under the King.

† Afterward Marshal Ney.

was beyond their power to conceal; and it was with some amusement that I detected it in their troubled glances and in every word they let fall.

At last we were told, one evening, that on the following day the Senate was to come in great state and lay before Bonaparte the decree which should give him a crown. When I recall that evening, the emotions I experienced on hearing the news return to me. The First Consul, when informing his wife of the coming event, had told her he intended to surround himself with a more numerous Court, but that he would fitly distinguish between the new-comers and those old servants who had first devoted themselves to his service. He particularly desired her to assure M. de Rémusat and me of his good will toward us. I have already told how he bore with the anguish which I was unable to hide on the occasion of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. His indulgence on this point did not diminish; perhaps it amused him to pry into my secret feelings, and gradually to appease them by such marked kindness that it revived my flagging attachment to him.

I could not as yet overcome my feelings toward him. I grieved over his great fault; but when I saw that he was, so to speak, a better man than formerly, though I believed he had made a fatal mistake, I felt grateful to him for keeping his word and being gentle and kind afterward, as he had promised. The fact is that at this period he could not afford to dispense with anybody, and he therefore neglected no means of success. His dexterous behavior toward M. de Caulaincourt had won him over so that he had gradually recovered his former serenity of mind, and was at this epoch one of the confidants of the First Consul's schemes. Bonaparte, having questioned his wife as to what each person at Court had said at the time of the prince's death, learned from her that M. de Rémusat, who was habitually reticent both from inclination and from prudence, but who always spoke the truth when asked, had not hesitated to own his indigna-

tion. Being apparently resolved that nothing should irritate him, he broached the subject to M. de Rémusat, and, having revealed to him as much of his policy as he thought proper, succeeded in convincing my husband that he had really believed the Duke's death indispensable to the safety of France. My husband, when repeating this conversation to me, said, "I am far from agreeing with him that this deed of blood was needed to establish his authority, and I did not hesitate to tell him so; but I own that it is a relief to me to think that he did not commit the crime out of revenge. He is evidently distressed, no matter what he may say, by the effect it has produced; and I believe he will never again seek to strengthen his authority by such terrible means. I did not neglect to point out to him that in an age like ours, and in a nation like ours, it is playing a dangerous game to rule by terror and bloodshed; and I think that the earnest attention with which he listened to me augurs well for the future."

This sincere avowal of what we both felt shows how much need we had of hope. Severe judges of other people might blame us, no doubt, for the facility with which we again deceived ourselves, and impute our credulity, with apparent justice, to our own position in the Court. Ah! it is so hard to have to blush in secret for the calling one has chosen, it is so pleasant to like one's self-imposed duties, it is so natural to paint in bright colors one's own and one's country's future, that it is only after a long struggle the conviction of a truth which must shatter one's whole life is admitted. Such a truth did come home to us, slowly, but with a strength that could not be gainsaid; and we paid dearly for an error to which all well-disposed persons clung as long as possible.

On May 18, 1804, the Second Consul, Cambacérès, President of the Senate, came to Saint Cloud, accompanied by all the senators and escorted by a large body of troops. He made a set speech, and gave to Bonaparte for the first time the title of "Your Majesty." Bonaparte took it calmly, just as though he had borne it all his life. The Senate then pro-

ceeded to the apartment of Mme. Bonaparte, who in her turn was proclaimed Empress. She replied with that natural grace which always raised her to the level of any position, however lofty, in which she might be placed.

At the same time, the Grand Dignitaries, as they were called, were created—Grand Elector, Joseph Bonaparte; High Constable, Louis Bonaparte; Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Cambacérès; Arch-Treasurer, Lebrun. The Ministers, Maret (the Secretary of State, who ranked with the Ministers), the Colonels-general of the Guards, Duroc (the Governor of the Palace), and the aides-de-camp took the oaths; and the next day the officers of the army, among whom was Colonel Eugène Beauharnais, were presented to the Emperor by the new Constable.

The opposition which Bonaparte had encountered in his own family, to his intended adoption of the little Louis, induced him to postpone that project. The succession was therefore declared to belong to the heirs male of Napoleon Bonaparte, and failing these, to the sons of Joseph and of Louis, who were created Imperial Princes. The organic *senatus consultum* declared that the Emperor might adopt as his successor any one of his nephews whom he chose, but not until the selected individual had reached the age of eighteen, and that no further act of adoption could take place in the family.

The civil list was to be the same as that granted to the King in 1791, and the princes were to be endowed in accordance with the law of December 20, 1791. The great dignitaries were to have one third of the sum settled on the princes. They were to preside over the electoral colleges of the six largest towns in the Empire, and the princes, from the eighteenth year of their age, were to be permanent members of the Senate and the Council of State.

Fourteen Marshals of France were created at this date, and the title of Marshal was conferred on four of the Senators. The new Marshals were Berthier, Murat, Moncey,

Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessières; the four Senators were Kellermann, Lefebvre, Pérignon, and Serrurier.

An article in the "Moniteur" apprised the public that the title of Imperial Highness was to be given to the princes, that of Serene Highness and Monseigneur to the great dignitaries; that the Ministers were to be called Monseigneur by public officials and all petitioners, and the Marshals Monsieur le Maréchal.

Thus disappeared the title of "Citizen," which had long since been disused in society, where "Monsieur" had resumed its former place, but which Bonaparte was always most careful to employ. On the same day, the 18th of May, his brothers, with Cambacérès and Lebrun and the officers of his household, were invited to dine with him, and we heard him use the old word "Monsieur" for the first time, without being betrayed by habit into saying "Citizen" even once.

Titles were also accorded to the great officers of the Empire, eight inspectors and colonels-general of artillery, engineers, cavalry, and the navy, and the great civil officers of the Crown, to whom I shall refer hereafter.

CHAPTER VII.

Effects and Causes of the Accession of Bonaparte to the Imperial Throne—The Emperor converses—The Grievances of Mme. Murat—The Character of M. de Rémusat—The New Court.

The accession of Bonaparte to the Imperial throne was very variously regarded in Europe, and even in France opinions were divided. It is, however, quite certain that it did not displease the great majority of the nation. The Jacobins were not astonished by it, for they themselves were in the habit of pushing success as far as it would go, whenever luck favored them. Among the Royalists it spread disheartenment, and that was just what Bonaparte wanted. The exchange of the Consulate for Imperial authority was, however, regarded with dislike by all true friends of liberty. These true friends were, unfortunately, divided into two classes, so that their influence was diminished—an evil which still exists. One class regarded the change of the reigning dynasty with indifference, and would have accepted Bonaparte as readily as another, provided that he had received his royal authority in right of a constitution which would have restrained as well as founded it. They regarded the seizure of power by an enterprising and warlike man with serious apprehension; for it was plain enough that the so-called "bodies of the State," which were already reduced to insignificance, would be unable to check his encroachments. The Senate seemed to be given over to mere passive obedience; the Tribunate was shaken to its foundations; and what was to be expected from a silent Corps Législatif? The Ministers, deprived of all responsibility, were no more than head

clerks, and it was evident beforehand that the Council of State would henceforth be merely a storehouse, whence such laws as circumstances might demand could be taken, as occasion for them arose.

If this section of the friends of liberty had been more numerous and better led, it might have set itself to demand the settled and legitimate exercise of its rights, which is never demanded in vain by a nation in the long run. There existed, however, a second party, which agreed with the first on fundamental principles only, and, abiding by theories of its own, which it had already attempted to practice in a dangerous and sanguinary manner, lost the opportunity of producing an effective opposition. To this section belonged the proselytes of the Anglo-American Government, who had disgusted the nation with the notion of liberty.

They had witnessed the creation of the Consulate without any protest, for it was a tolerably fair imitation of the Presidentship of the United States; they believed, or wished to believe, that Bonaparte would maintain that equality of rights to which they attached so much importance, and some among them were really deceived. I say "some," because I think the greater number fell into a trap, baited with flattery and consultations on all sorts of matters, which Bonaparte dexterously set for them. If they had not had some private interest to serve by deceiving themselves, how could they have declared afterward that they had approved of Bonaparte only as Consul, but that as Emperor he was odious to them? In what respect was he, while Consul, different from his ordinary self? What was his Consular authority but dictatorship under another name? Did he not, as Consul, make peace and declare war without consulting the nation? Did not the right of levying the conscription devolve upon him? Did he permit freedom in the discussion of affairs? Could any journal publish a single article without his approval? Did he not make it perfectly clear that he held his power by the right of his victorious arms? How,

then, could stern Republicans have allowed him to take them by surprise?

I can understand how it was that men, worn out by the turmoil of the Revolution, and afraid of that liberty which had been so long associated with death, looked for repose under the dominion of an able ruler, on whom fortune was seemingly resolved to smile. I can conceive that they regarded his elevation as a decree of destiny, and fondly believed that in the irrevocable they should find peace. I may confidently assert that those persons believed quite sincerely that Bonaparte, whether as Consul or as Emperor, would exert his authority to oppose the attempts of faction, and would save us from the perils of anarchy.

None dared to utter the word Republic, so deeply had the Terror stained that name, and the Directorial government had perished in the contempt with which its chiefs were regarded. The return of the Bourbons could only be brought about by the aid of a revolution; and the slightest disturbance terrified the French people, in whom enthusiasm of every kind seemed to be dead. Besides, the men in whom they had trusted had, one after the other, deceived them; and as, this time, they were yielding to force, they were at least certain that they were not deceiving themselves.

The belief, or rather the error, that only despotism could at that epoch maintain order in France, was very widespread. It became the mainstay of Bonaparte; and it is due to him to say that he also held it. The factions played into his hands by imprudent attempts which he turned to his own advantage; he had some grounds for his belief that he was necessary; France believed it too; and he even succeeded in persuading foreign sovereigns that he formed a barrier against Republican influences, which, but for him, might spread widely. At the moment when Bonaparte placed the Imperial crown upon his head, there was not a king in Europe who did not believe that he wore his own crown more securely because of that event. Had the new Emperor added

to that decisive act the gift of a liberal constitution, the peace of nations and of kings might, in sober seriousness, have been for ever secured.

Sincere defenders of Bonaparte's original system—and some of these still exist—advance, in justification of it, that we could not have exacted from him that which it belongs only to a legitimate sovereign to bestow; that freedom to discuss our interests might have been followed by the discussion of our rights; that England, jealous of our reviving prosperity, would have fomented fresh disturbances among us; that our princes had not abandoned their designs, and that the slow methods of constitutional government would not have availed to restrain the contending factions. Hume says, when speaking of Cromwell, that it is a great difficulty for a usurping government that its personal policy is generally opposed to the interest of its country. This gives a superiority to hereditary authority, of which it would be well that nations should be convinced. But, after all, Bonaparte was not an ordinary usurper; his elevation offered no point of comparison with that of Cromwell. "I found the crown of France lying on the ground," said he, "and I took it up on the point of my sword." He was the product of an inevitable revolution; but he had no share in its disasters, and I sincerely believe that, until the death of the Duc d'Enghien, it would have been possible for him to legitimize his power by conferring upon France benefits of a kind which would have pledged the nation to him and his for ever.

His despotic ambition misled him; but, I say it again, he was not the only one who went astray. He was beguiled by appearances which he did not take the trouble to investigate. The word "liberty" did indeed resound in the air about him, but those who uttered it were not held in sufficient esteem by the nation to be made its representatives to him. Well-meaning, honest folk asked nothing of him but repose, and did not trouble themselves about the form under which it was to be granted. And then, he knew well that the secret

weakness of the French nation was vanity, and he saw a means of gratifying it easily by the pomp and display that attend on monarchical power. He revived distinctions which were now, in reality, democratic, because they were placed within the reach of all and entailed no privileges. The eagerness displayed in the pursuit of these titles, and of crosses, which were objects of derision while they hung on the coats of one's neighbors, was not likely to undeceive him, if indeed he was on the wrong road. Was it not natural, on the contrary, that he should applaud and congratulate himself, when he had succeeded in bringing feudal and republican pretensions to the same level by the assistance of a few bits of ribbons and some words added to men's names? Had not we ourselves much to do with that notion which became so firmly fixed in his mind, that, for his own safety and for ours, he ought to use the power which he possessed to suspend the Revolution without destroying it? "My successor," said he, "whoever he may be, will be forced to march with his own times, and to find his support in liberal opinions. I will bequeath them to him, but deprived of their primitive asperity." France imprudently applauded this idea.

Nevertheless, a warning voice—that of conscience for him, that of our interests for us—spoke to him and to us alike. If he would silence that importunate whisper, he would have to dazzle us by a series of surprising feats. Hence those interminable wars, whose duration was so all-important to him that he always called the peace which he signed "a halt," and hence the fact that into every one of his treaties he was forced by M. de Talleyrand's skill in negotiation. When he returned to Paris, and resumed the administration of the affairs of France, in addition to the fact that he did not know what to do with an army whose demands grew with its victories, he had to encounter the dumb but steady and inevitable resistance which the spirit of the age, in spite of individual proclivities, opposes to despotism; so

that despotism has happily become an impracticable mode of government. It died with the good fortune of Bonaparte, when, as Mme. de Staël said, "The terrible mace which he alone could wield fell at last upon his own head." Happy, thrice happy, are the days in which we are now living, since we have exhausted every experiment, and only madmen can dispute the road which leads to safety.

Bonaparte was seconded for a long time by the military ardor of the youth of France. That insensate passion for conquest which has been implanted by an evil spirit in men collected into societies, to retard the progress of each generation in every kind of prosperity, urged us forward in the path of Bonaparte's career of devastation. France can rarely resist glory, and it was especially tempting when it covered and disguised the humiliation to which we were then condemned. When Bonaparte was quiet, he let us perceive the reality of our servitude; when our sons marched away to plant our standards on the ramparts of all the great cities of Europe, that servitude disappeared. It was a long time before we recognized that each one of our conquests was a link in the chain that fettered our liberties; and, when we became fully aware of what our intoxication had led us into, it was too late for resistance. The army had become the accomplice of tyranny, had broken with France, and would treat a cry for deliverance as revolt.

The greatest of Bonaparte's errors—one very characteristic of him—was that he never took anything but success into account in the calculations on which he acted. Perhaps he was more excusable than another would have been in doubting whether any reverse could come to him. His natural pride shrank from the idea of a defeat of any kind. There was the weak point in his strong mind, for such a man as he ought to have contemplated every contingency. But, as he lacked nobility of soul, and had not that instinctive elevation of mind which rises above evil fortune, he turned his thoughts away from this weakness in himself, and contemplated only

his wonderful faculty of growing greater with success. "*I shall succeed*" was the basis of all his calculations, and his obstinate repetition of the phrase helped him to realize the prediction. At length his own good fortune grew into a superstition with him, and his worship of it made every sacrifice which was to be imposed upon us fair and lawful in his eyes.

And we ourselves—let us once more own it—did we not at first share this baleful superstition? At the time of which I write, it had great mastery over our wonder-loving imaginations. The trial of General Moreau and the death of the Duc d'Enghien had shocked every one's feelings, but had not changed public opinion. Bonaparte scarcely tried to conceal that both events had furthered the project which for a long time past he had been maturing. It is to the credit of human nature that repugnance to crime is innate among us; that we willingly believe, when a guilty act is acknowledged by its perpetrator, that he has been absolutely forced to commit it; and, when he succeeded in raising himself by such deeds, we too readily accepted the bargain that he offered us—absolution on our part, as the guerdon of success on his.

Thenceforth he was no longer beloved; but the days in which monarchs reign through the love of nations are gone by, and, when Bonaparte let us see that he could punish even our thoughts, he was well pleased to exchange the affection we had striven to retain for him for the very real fear that he inspired. We admired, or at least we wondered at, the boldness of the game which he was openly playing; and when at last he sprang, with imposing audacity, from the blood-stained grave at Vincennes to the steps of the Imperial throne, exclaiming, "I have won!" France, in her amazement, could but reëcho his words. And that was all he wanted her do.

A few days after Bonaparte had assumed the title of Emperor (by which I shall not scruple to designate him, for,

after all, he bore it longer than that of Consul *), on one of those occasions when, as I have said before, he was disposed to talk freely to us, he was discussing his new position with the Empress, my husband, and myself. I think I see him still, in the window-recess of a drawing-room at Saint Cloud, astride on a chair, resting his chin on the back of it. Mme. Bonaparte reclined on a sofa near him; I was sitting opposite him, and M. de Rémusat stood behind my chair. For a long time the Emperor had been silent; then he suddenly addressed me: "You have borne me a grudge for the death of the Duc d'Enghien?" "It is true, Sire," I answered, "and I still bear it you. I believe you did yourself much harm by that act." "But are you aware that he was waiting at the frontier for me to be assassinated?" "Possibly, Sire; but still he was not in France." "Ah! there is no harm in showing other countries, now and then, that one is the master." "There, Sire, do not let us speak of it, or you will make me cry." "Ah! tears! Woman's only weapon. That is like Josephine. She thinks she has carried her point when she begins to cry. Are not tears, M. de Rémusat, the strongest argument of women?" "Sire," replied my husband, "there are tears which can not be censured."

"Ah! I perceive that you also take a serious view of the matter. But that is quite natural; you have seen other days, all of you, and you remember them. I only date from the day when I began to be somebody. What is a Duc d'Enghien to me? Only an *émigré*, more important than the others—nothing more. But that was enough to make me strike hard. Those crack-brained Royalists had actually spread a report that I was to replace the Bourbons on the throne. The Jacobins became alarmed, and they sent Fouché to me to inquire into my intentions. Power has for the last two years fallen so naturally into my hands, that people may

* This remark would appear a strange one, if the reader did not recollect that the Memoirs were written under the Restoration, when the words Emperor, Empire, and Bonaparte were no longer uttered in good society.—P. R.

well have doubted sometimes whether I had any serious intention of investing myself with it officially. I came to the conclusion that it was my duty to profit by this, in order to put a lawful end to the Revolution. The reason why I chose Empire rather than Dictatorship is because one becomes legitimate by taking up well-known ground. I began by trying to reconcile the two contending factions at the time of my accession to the Consulship. I thought that, in establishing order by means of permanent institutions, I should put an end to their enterprises; but factions are not to be put down so long as any fear of them is shown, and every attempt to conciliate them looks like fear. Besides, it may sometimes be possible to get the better of a sentiment; but of an opinion, never. I saw clearly that I could make no alliance between the two, but that I might make one with both of them on my own account. The Concordat and the permissions to return have conciliated the *émigrés*, and I shall soon be completely reconciled with them; for you will see how the attractions of a Court will allure them. The mere phrases that recall former habits will win over the nobility, but the Jacobins require deeds. They are not men to be won by fair words. They were satisfied with my necessary severity when, after the 3d Nivose,* at the very moment of a purely Royalist conspiracy, I transported a number of Jacobins. They might justly have complained if I had struck a weaker blow. You all thought I was becoming cruel and bloodthirsty, but you were wrong. I have no feelings of hatred—I am not capable of acting from revenge; I only sweep obstacles from my path, and, if it were expedient, you should see me pardon Georges Cadoudal to-morrow, although he came simply and solely to assassinate me.

"When people find that public tranquillity is the result of the event in question, they will no longer reproach me with it, and in a year's time this execution will be regarded as a great act of policy. It is true, however, that it has

* The epoch of the "infernal machine."

driven me to shorten the crisis. What I have just done I did not intend to do for two years yet. I meant to retain the Consulate, although words and things clash with one another under this form of government, and the signature I affixed to all the acts of my authority was the sign manual of a continual lie. We should have got on nevertheless, France and I, because she has confidence in me, and what I will she wills.

"As, however, this particular conspiracy was meant to shake the whole of Europe, the Royalists and also Europe had to be undeceived. I had to choose between continuous persecution or one decisive blow; and my decision was not doubtful. I have for ever silenced both Royalists and Jacobins. Only the Republicans remain—mere dreamers, who think a republic can be made out of an old monarchy, and that Europe would stand by and let us quietly found a federative government of twenty million men. The Republicans I shall not win, but they are few in number and not important. The rest of you Frenchmen like a monarchy; it is only the government that pleases you. I will wager that you, M. de Rémusat, are a hundred times more at your ease, now that you call me *Sire* and that I address you as *Monsieur?*"

As there was some truth in this remark, my husband laughed, and answered that certainly the sovereign power became his Majesty very well.

"The fact is," resumed the Emperor, good-humoredly, "I believe I should not know how to obey. I recollect, at the time of the Treaty of Campo Formio, M. de Cobentzel and I met, in order to conclude it, in a room where, according to an Austrian custom, a dais had been erected and the throne of the Emperor of Austria was represented. On entering the room, I asked what that meant; and afterward I said to the Austrian Minister, 'Now, before we begin, have that arm-chair removed, for I can never see one seat higher than the others without instantly wanting to place myself in it.'

You see, I had an instinct of what was to happen to me some day.

"I have now acquired one great advantage for my government of France: neither she nor I will deceive ourselves any longer. Talleyrand wanted me to make myself *King*—that is *the* word of his dictionary; but I will have no *grands seigneurs*, except those I make myself. Besides which, the title of King is worn out. Certain preconceived ideas are attached to it; it would make me a kind of heir, and I will be the heir of no one. The title that I bear is a grander one; it is still somewhat vague, and leaves room for the imagination. Here is a revolution brought to an end, and, I flatter myself, not harshly. Would you know why? Because no interests have been displaced, and many have been revived. That vanity of yours must always have breathing room; you would have been wearied to death with the dull sternness of a republican government. What caused the Revolution? Vanity. What will end it? Vanity again. Liberty is a pretext; equality is your hobby, and here are the people quite pleased with a king taken from the ranks of the soldiery. Men like the Abbé Siéyès," he added, laughing, "may inveigh against despotism, but my authority will always be popular. To-day I have the people and the army on my side; and with these a man would be a great fool who could not reign."

With these concluding words, Bonaparte rose. Hitherto he had been very agreeable; his tone of voice, his countenance, his gestures, all were familiar and encouraging. He had been smiling, he had seen our answering smiles, and had even been amused by the remarks we had made on his discourse; in fact, he had put us perfectly at our ease. But now, in a moment, his manner changed. He looked at us sternly, in a way that always seemed to increase his short stature, and gave M. de Rémusat some insignificant order in the curt tone of a despotic master, who takes care that every request shall be a command.

His tone of voice, so different from that to which I had been listening for the last hour, made me start; and, when we had withdrawn, my husband, who had noticed my involuntary movement, told me that he had felt the same sensation. "You perceive," he said, "he was afraid that this momentary unbending and confidence might lessen the fear he is always anxious to inspire. He therefore thought proper to dismiss us with a reminder that he is the *master*." I never forgot this just observation, and more than once I have seen that it was founded on a sound appreciation of Bonaparte's character.

I have allowed myself to digress in relating this conversation and the reflections which preceded it, and must now return to the day on which Bonaparte was made Emperor, and continue to depict the curious scenes of which I was an eye-witness.

I have already enumerated the guests whom Bonaparte invited to dine with him on that day. Just before dinner was announced, Duroc, the Governor of the Palace, informed each of us, severally, that the title of Prince was to be given to Joseph and Louis Bonaparte, and that of Princess to their wives. Mmes. Bacciochi and Murat were enraged at the distinction thus made between themselves and their sisters-in-law; and Mme. Murat could hardly conceal her anger. At six o'clock the new Emperor made his appearance, and, with perfect ease and readiness, saluted each one present by his or her new title. The scene made a deep impression on me; I felt it like a presentiment. The early part of the day had been fine, but very hot; but, about the time of the arrival of the Senate at Saint Cloud, the weather suddenly changed, the sky became overcast, thunder was heard, and for several hours a storm seemed impending. The dark and heavy atmosphere which weighed on the palace of Saint Cloud struck me as an evil omen, and I could hardly conceal the depression I felt. The Emperor was in good spirits, and, I think, secretly enjoyed the slight confusion which the

new ceremonial created among us all. The Empress was, as usual, gracious, and unaffected, and easy; Joseph and Louis looked pleased; Mme. Joseph appeared resigned to anything that might be required of her; Mme. Louis was equally submissive; and Eugène Beauharnais, whom I can not praise too highly in comparison with the others, was simple and natural, evidently free from any secret ambition or repining. This was not the case with the new-made Marshal Murat; but his fear of his brother-in-law forced him to restrain himself, and he maintained a sullen silence. Mme. Murat was excessively angry, and during the dinner had so little control over herself that, on hearing the Emperor address Mme. Louis several times as "Princess," she could not restrain her tears. She drank several glasses of water in order to recover herself, and to appear to be taking something at the table, but her tears were not to be checked. Every one was embarrassed, and her brother smiled maliciously. For my own part, I was surprised, and even shocked, to see that young and pretty face disfigured by emotions whose source was so mean a passion.

Mme. Murat was then between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age; her dazzlingly white skin, her beautiful fair hair, the flowery wreath which decked it, the rose-colored dress she wore, all contributed to give her a youthful and childlike appearance. The feelings which she now displayed contrasted harshly with those charms. No one could pity her tears, and I think they impressed every one else as disagreeably as they impressed me.

Mme. Bacciochi, who was older and had more command over herself, shed no tears; but her manner was abrupt and sarcastic, and she treated us all with marked haughtiness.

The Emperor became annoyed at last by his sisters' behavior, and he aggravated their ill humor by indirect taunts, which wounded them very deeply. All that I witnessed during that eventful day gave me new notions of the effect which ambition produces on minds of a certain order; it was

a spectacle of which I could have formed no previous conception.

On the following day, after a family dinner, a violent scene took place, at which I was not present; but we could hear something of it through the wall which divided the Empress's boudoir from our salon. Mme. Murat burst into complaints, tears, and reproaches; she asked why she and her sisters were to be condemned to obscurity and contempt, while strangers were to be loaded with honors and dignity? Bonaparte answered her angrily, asserting several times that he was master, and would distribute honors as he pleased. It was on this occasion that he uttered the memorable remark, "Really, mesdames, to hear your pretension, one would think we hold the crown from our father, the late King."

The Empress afterward retailed to me the whole of this angry dispute. With all her kind-heartedness, she could not help enjoying the wrath of a person who so thoroughly disliked her. The discussion ended by Mme. Murat's falling on the floor in a dead faint, overcome by her excessive anger and by the acrimony of her brother's reproaches. At this, Bonaparte's anger vanished, and when his sister recovered consciousness he gave her some little encouragement. A few days later, after a consultation with M. de Talleyrand, Cambacérès, and others, it was arranged that titles of courtesy should be given to the sisters of the Emperor, and we learned from the "Moniteur" that they were to be addressed as "Imperial Highness."

Another vexation was, however, in store for Mme. Murat and her husband. The private regulations of the palace of Saint Cloud divided the Imperial apartment into several reception-rooms, which could only be entered according to the newly acquired rank of each person. The room nearest the Emperor's cabinet became the throne-room, or Princes' room, and Marshal Murat, although the husband of a princess, was excluded from it. M. de Rémusat had the unpleasant task of refusing him admittance when he was about to pass in.

Although my husband was not responsible for the orders he had received, and executed them with scrupulous politeness, Murat was deeply offended by this public affront; and he and his wife, already prejudiced against us on account of our attachment to the Empress, henceforth honored us both, if I may use the word, with a secret enmity, of which we have more than once experienced the effects. Mme. Murat, however, who had discovered her influence over her brother, was far from considering the case hopeless on this occasion; and, in fact, she eventually succeeded in raising her husband to the position she so eagerly desired for him.

The new code of precedence caused some disturbance in a Court which had hitherto been tolerably quiet. The struggle of contending vanity that convulsed the Imperial family was parodied in Mme. Bonaparte's circle.

In addition to her four ladies-in-waiting, Mme. Bonaparte was in the habit of receiving the wives of the various officers attached to the service of the First Consul. Besides these, Mme. Murat was frequently invited—she lived permanently at Saint Cloud on account of her husband's position there; also Mme. de la Valette, the Marquis de Beauharnais's daughter, whose misfortunes and conjugal tenderness afterward made her famous at the time of the sentence passed on her husband and his escape, in 1815. He was of very humble origin, but clever, and of an amiable disposition. After having served some time in the army, he had abandoned a mode of life unsuited to his tastes. The First Consul had employed him on some diplomatic missions, and had just appointed him Counsellor of State. He evinced extreme devotion to all the Beauharnais, whose kinsman he had become. His wife was amiable and unpretending by nature, but it seemed as though vanity were to become the ruling passion in every one belonging to the Court, of both sexes and all ages.

An order from the Emperor which gave the ladies-in-waiting precedence over others became a signal for an outburst of feminine jealousy. Mme. Maret, a cold, proud per-

sonage, was annoyed that we should take precedence of her, and made common cause with Mme. Murat, who fully shared her feelings. Besides this, M. de Talleyrand, who was no friend to Maret, and mercilessly ridiculed his absurdities, and was also on bad terms with Murat, had become an object of dislike to both, and, consequently, a bond of union between the two. The Empress did not like anybody who was a friend of Mme. Murat, and treated Mme. Maret with some coldness; and, although I never shared any of these feelings, and, for my own part, disliked nobody, I was included in the animadversions of that party upon the Beauharnais.

On Sunday morning the new Empress received commands to appear at mass, attended only by her four ladies-in-waiting. Mme. de la Valette, who had hitherto accompanied her aunt on all occasions, finding herself suddenly deprived of this privilege, burst into tears, and so we had to set about consoling this ambitious young lady. I observed these things with much amusement, preserving my serenity in these somewhat absurd dissensions, which were, nevertheless, natural enough. So much was it a matter of course for the inmates of the palace to live in a state of excitement, and to be either joyous or depressed according as their new-born projects of ambition were accomplished or disappointed, that one day, when I was in great spirits and laughing heartily at some jest or other, one of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp came up to me and asked me in a low voice whether I had been promised some new dignity. I could not help asking him in return whether he fancied that at Saint Cloud one must always be in tears unless one was a princess.

Yet I had my own little ambition too, but it was moderate and easy to satisfy. The Emperor had made known to me through the Empress, and M. de Caulaincourt had repeated it to my husband, that, on the consolidation of his own fortunes, he would not forget those who had from the first devoted themselves to his service. Relying on this assurance,

we felt easy with regard to our future, and took no steps to render it secure. We were wrong, for every one else was actively at work. M. de Rémusat had always kept aloof from any kind of scheming, a defect in a man who lived at a Court. Certain good qualities are absolutely a bar to advancement in the favor of sovereigns. They do not like to find generous feelings and philosophical opinions which are a mark of independence of mind in their surroundings; and they think it still less pardonable that those who serve them should have any means of escaping from their power. Bonaparte, who was exacting in the kind of service he required, quickly perceived that M. de Rémusat would serve him faithfully, and yet would not bend to all his caprices. This discovery, together with some additional circumstances which I shall relate in their proper places, induced him to discard his obligations to him. He retained my husband near him; he made use of him to suit his own convenience; but he did not confer the same honors upon him which he bestowed on many others, because he knew that no favors would procure the compliance of a man who was incapable of sacrificing self-respect to ambition. The arts of a courtier were, besides, incompatible with M. de Rémusat's tastes. He liked solitude, serious occupations, family life; every feeling of his heart was tender and pure; the use, or rather the waste of his time, which was exclusively occupied in a continual and minute attention to the details of Court etiquette, was a source of constant regret to him. The Revolution, which removed him from the ranks of the magistracy, having deprived him of his chosen calling, he thought it his duty to his children to accept the position which had offered itself; but the constant attention to important trifles to which he was condemned was wearisome, and he was only punctual when he ought to have been assiduous. Afterward, when the veil fell from his eyes, and he saw Bonaparte as he really was, his generous spirit was roused to indignation, and close personal attendance on him became very painful to my hus-

band. Nothing is so fatal to the promotion of a courtier as his being actuated by conscientious scruples which he does not conceal. But, at the period of which I am speaking, these feelings of ours were still only vague, and I must repeat what I have already said—that we believed that the Emperor was in some measure indebted to us, and we relied on him.

The time soon came, however, when we lost some of our importance. People of rank equal to our own, and soon afterward those who were our superiors both in rank and fortune, begged to be allowed to form part of the Imperial Court; and thenceforth the services of those who were the first to show the way thither decreased in value. Bonaparte was highly delighted at his gradual conquest of the French nobility, and even Mme. Bonaparte, who was more susceptible of affection than he, had her head turned for a time by finding real *grandes dames* among her ladies-in-waiting. Wiser and more far-sighted persons than ourselves would have been more than ever attentive and assiduous in order to keep their footing, which was disputed in every direction by a crowd full of their own importance; but, far from acting thus, we gave way to them. We saw in all this an opportunity of partially regaining our freedom, and imprudently availed ourselves of it; and when, from any cause whatever, one loses ground at Court, it is rarely to be recovered.

M. de Talleyrand, who was urging Bonaparte to surround himself with all the prestige of royalty, advised him to gratify the vanity and pretension of those whom he wished to allure; and in France the nobility can be satisfied only by being placed in the front. Those distinctions to which they thought themselves entitled had to be dangled before their eyes; the Montmorencys, the Montesquious, etc., were secured by the promise that, from the day they cast in their lot with Bonaparte, they should resume all their former importance. In fact, it could not be otherwise, when the Emperor had once resolved on forming a regular Court.

Some persons have thought that Bonaparte would have done more wisely had he retained some of the simplicity and austerity in externals which disappeared with the Consulate when he adopted the new title of Emperor. A constitutional government and a limited Court, displaying no luxury, and significant of the change which successive revolutions had wrought in people's ideas, might perhaps have been less pleasing to the national vanity, but it would have commanded more real respect. At the time of which I am speaking, the dignities to be conferred on those persons surrounding the new sovereign were much discussed. Duroc requested M. de Rémusat to give his ideas on the subject in writing. He drew up a wise and moderate plan, but which was too simple for those secret projects which no one had then divined. "There is not sufficient display in it," said Bonaparte, as he read it; "all that would not throw dust in people's eyes." His object was to decoy, in order to deceive more effectually.

As he refused to give a free constitution to the French, he had to conciliate and fascinate them by every possible means; and, there being always some littleness in pride, supreme power was not enough for him—he must have the appearance of it too; he must have etiquette, chamberlains, and so forth, which he believed would disguise the *parvenu*. He liked display; he leaned toward a feudal system quite alien to the age in which he lived, but which nevertheless he intended to establish. It would, however, in all probability, have only lasted for the duration of his own reign.

It would be impossible to record all his notions on this subject. The following were some of them: "The French Empire," he would say, "will become the mother country of the other sovereignties of Europe. I intend that each of the kings shall be obliged to build a big palace for his own use in Paris; and that, on the coronation of the Emperor of the French, these kings shall come to Paris, and grace by their presence that imposing ceremony to which they will render

homage." What did this project mean, except that he hoped to revive the feudal system, and to resuscitate a Charlemagne who, for his own advantage only, and to strengthen his own power, should avail himself of the despotic notions of a former era and also of the experience of modern times?

Bonaparte frequently declared that he alone was the whole Revolution, and he at length persuaded himself that in his own person he preserved all of it which it would not be well to destroy.

A fever of etiquette seemed to have seized on all the inhabitants of the Imperial palace of Saint Cloud. The ponderous regulations of Louis XIV. were taken down from the shelves in the library, and extracts were commenced from them, in order that a code might be drawn up for the use of the new Court. Mme. Bonaparte sent for Mme. Campan, who had been First Bedchamber Woman to Marie Antoinette. She was a clever woman, and kept a school, where, as I have already mentioned, nearly all the young girls who appeared at Bonaparte's Court had been educated. She was questioned in detail as to the manners and customs of the last Queen of France, and I was appointed to write everything that she related from her dictation. Bonaparte added the very voluminous memoranda which resulted from this to those which were brought to him from all sides. M. de Talleyrand was consulted about everything. There was a continual coming and going; people were living in a kind of uncertainty which had its pleasing side, because every one hoped to rise higher. I must candidly confess that we all felt ourselves more or less elevated. Vanity is ingenious in its expectations, and ours were unlimited.

Sometimes it was disenchanting, for a moment, to observe the almost ridiculous effect that this agitation produced upon certain classes of society. Those who had nothing to do with our brand-new dignities said with Montaigne, "*Vengeons-nous par en médire.*" Jests more or less witty, and *calembours* more or less ingenious, were lavished on these new-

made princes, and somewhat disturbed our brilliant visions; but the number of those who dare to censure success is small, and flattery was much more common than criticism, at any rate in the circle under our observation.

Such was, then, the position of affairs at the close of the era which terminates here. The narrative of the second epoch will show what progress we all made (when I say "we all," I mean France and Europe) in this course of brilliant errors, which was destined to lead to the loss of our liberties and the obscuration of our true greatness for a long period.

In the April of that year Bonaparte made his brother Louis a member of the Council of State, and Joseph colonel of the 4th Regiment of Infantry. "You must both belong to the civil and military service by turns," he said. "You must not be strangers to anything that concerns the interests of the country."

CHAPTER VIII.

(1804.)

The Trial of General Moreau—Condemnation of MM. de Polignac, De Rivière, etc. —Pardon of M. de Polignac—A Letter from Louis XVIII.

The creation of the Empire had turned public attention away from the proceedings against Moreau, which were, however, going on. The accused had been brought before the tribunal several times; but, the more the case was investigated, the less hope there was of the condemnation of Moreau, which became day by day an object of greater importance. I am perfectly convinced that the Emperor would not have allowed Moreau's life to be taken. That the General should be condemned and pardoned would have been sufficient for his purpose, which was to refute, by the sentence of the court, those who accused him of having acted with undue haste and personal animosity.

All who have brought cool observation to bear upon this important event are agreed in thinking that Moreau exhibited weakness and want of judgment. When he was brought up for examination, he showed none of the dignity that was expected from him. He did not, like Georges Cadoudal, assume the attitude of a determined man, who openly avowed the lofty designs that had actuated him; neither did he assume that of an innocent man, full of righteous indignation at an unjust charge. He prevaricated in some of his answers, and the interest which he inspired was diminished by that fact; but even then Bonaparte gained nothing

by this lessening enthusiasm, and not only party spirit, but reason itself, censured no less strongly than before a proceeding which was still attributed to personal enmity.

At length, on the 30th of May, the formal indictment (*acte d'accusation*) appeared in the "Moniteur." It was accompanied by certain letters written by Moreau in 1795, before the 18th Fructidor, which proved that the General, being then convinced that Pichegru was corresponding with the princes, had denounced him to the Directory. A general and natural question then arose: Why had Moreau acted so differently in the case of this second conspiracy, justifying himself by the statement that he had not thought it proper to reveal the secret of a plot, in which he had refused to engage, to the First Consul?

On the 6th of June the examinations of all the accused persons were published. Among these there were some who declared positively that the princes, in England, were quite confident that they might count upon Moreau; that it was with this hope Pichegru had gone to France, and that the two generals had subsequently on several occasions had interviews with Georges Cadoudal. They even asserted that Pichegru had evinced great dissatisfaction after these interviews, had complained that Moreau gave him only half-hearted support, and seemed anxious to profit on his own account by the blow which was to strike Bonaparte. A person named Bolland declared that Moreau had said, "The first thing to be done is to get rid of the First Consul."

Moreau, on being questioned in his turn, answered that Pichegru, when he was in England, had conveyed an inquiry to him as to whether he would assist him in case he should wish to return to France, and that he had promised to help him to carry out that project. It naturally occasioned no little astonishment that Pichegru, who had been denounced some years before by Moreau himself, should have applied to him to obtain his "erasure"; and Pichegru had, at the time of his examination, denied that he had done

so. At the same time, however, he also denied that he had seen Moreau, although Moreau acknowledged that they had met, and he persisted in declaring that in coming to France he had been actuated solely by his aversion to a foreign country, and his desire to return to his own. Shortly afterward Pichegru was found strangled in his prison, and the circumstances of his death have never been explained, nor have any comprehensible motives which could have rendered it necessary to himself been assigned.*

Moreau admitted that he had received Pichegru (who took him, he said, by surprise) at his house, but he declared at the same time that he had positively refused to enter into a scheme for the replacement of the house of Bourbon on the throne, because such a resolution would disturb the settlement of the national property; and he added that, so far as his own personal pretensions were concerned, the notion was absurd, as it would have been necessary to their success that not only the First Consul, but the two other Consuls, the Governors of Paris, and the guard, should be got rid of. He declared that he had seen Pichegru but once, although others of the accused asserted

* Here, as in the preceding chapter, the author is not sufficiently precise in relating the cause of the death of General Pichegru. The statement that he had committed suicide was received at the time with widespread incredulity, and the first result of the death of the Duc d'Enghien was that the Emperor was made to expiate that crime, by having others imputed to him which his most determined enemies would not have attributed to him previously. It is only common justice to Napoleon to record that his accusers have never been able to prove that it was for his interest in any way that the accused should not appear before his judges. M. Thiers has demonstrated that Pichegru's presence at the trial was necessary. The depositions of the accused of all parties were all equally condemnatory of him. His legal criminality was certain, and he could not fail to be condemned, and to deserve his condemnation. The man who was really to be feared was Moreau. It has, indeed, been said that a report made by experts established the impossibility of suicide under the circumstances; i. e., the use of a silk handkerchief, from which the body was found hanging. We must, however, bear in mind that legal medicine seventy years ago was a merely conjectural science, and that recent experience has proved suicide by strangulation to be easily and rapidly effected.

that several interviews had taken place between them; and he maintained this line of defense unshaken. He was, however, obliged to admit that he had discovered at an advanced stage of the affair that Frasnières, his private secretary, was deeply involved with the conspirators. Frasnières had fled on the first alarm.

Georges Cadoudal answered that his plan was to attack the First Consul, and remove him by force; that he had never entertained a doubt of finding in Paris itself a number of enemies of the actual *régime* who would aid him in his enterprise; and that he would have endeavored by every means in his power to replace Louis XVIII. upon his throne. He steadily denied, however, that he knew either Pichegru or Moreau; and he terminated his replies with these words: "You have victims enough; I do not wish to augment their number."

Bonaparte seemed to be impressed by this strength of character, and said to us on that occasion, "If it were possible that I could save any of these assassins, I should pardon Georges."

The Duc de Polignac replied that he had come to France secretly, with the sole purpose of ascertaining positively the state of public opinion, and what were the chances it afforded; but that, when he perceived that an assassination was in question, he had thought only of getting away again, and would have left France if he had not been arrested.

M. de Rivière made a similar answer, and M. Jules de Polignac declared that he had merely followed his brother.

On the 10th of June twenty of the accused persons were convicted and sentenced to death. At the head of the list were Georges Cadoudal and the Marquis de Rivière. The judgment went on to state that Jules de Polignac, Louis Méridan, Moreau, and Bolland were guilty of having taken part in the said conspiracy, but that it appeared from the "instruction" and the investigation that there were circumstances which rendered them excusable, and that the court

therefore commuted the punishment which they had incurred to that of fine and imprisonment.

I was at Saint Cloud when the news of this finding of the court arrived. Every one was dumfounded. The Chief Judge had pledged himself to the First Consul that Moreau should be condemned to death, and Bonaparte's discomfiture was so great that he was incapable of concealing it. It was publicly known that, at his first public audience on the Sunday following, he displayed ungoverned anger toward Lecourbe (brother to the general of that name), the judge who had spoken strongly in favor of Moreau's innocence at the trial. He ordered Lecourbe out of his presence, calling him a "prevaricating judge"—an epithet whose signification nobody could guess; and shortly afterward he deprived him of his judgeship.

I returned to Paris, much troubled by the state of things at Saint Cloud, and I found that among a certain party in the city the result of the trial was regarded with exultation which was nothing short of an insult to the Emperor. The nobility were much grieved by the condemnation of the Duc de Polignac.

I was with my mother and my husband, and we were deploring the melancholy results of these proceedings, and the numerous executions which were about to take place, when I was informed that the Duchesse de Polignac, and her aunt, Mme. Daudlau, the daughter of Helvétius, whom I had often met in society, had come to visit me. They were ushered into the room, both in tears. The Duchess, who was in an interesting situation, enlisted my sympathies at once; she came to entreat me to procure an audience of the Emperor for her, that she might implore him to pardon her husband. She had no means of gaining admission to the palace of Saint Cloud, and she hoped I would assist her. M. de Rémusat and my mother were, like myself, fully alive to the difficulty of the enterprise, but we all three felt that I ought not to allow that difficulty to hinder me from making

the attempt; and as we still had some days before us, because of the appeal against their sentence which the condemned men had made, I arranged with the two ladies that they should go to Saint Cloud on the following day, while I was to precede them by a few hours, and induce Mme. Bonaparte to receive them.

Accordingly, the next day I returned to Saint Cloud, and I had no difficulty in obtaining a promise from my good Empress that she would receive a person in so unhappy a position. But she did not conceal from me that she felt considerable dread of approaching the Emperor at a moment when he was so much displeased. "If," said she, "Moreau had been condemned, I should feel more hopeful of our success; but he is in such a rage that I am afraid he will turn us away, and be angry with you for what you are going to make me do."

I was too much moved by the tears and the condition of Mme. de Polignac to be influenced by such a consideration, and I did my best to make the Empress realize the impression which these sentences had produced in Paris. I reminded her of the death of the Duc d'Enghien, of Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne in the midst of sanguinary punishments, and pointed out to her that the general alarm would be allayed by one act of clemency which might, at least, be quoted side by side with so many acts of severity.

While I was speaking to the Empress with all the warmth and earnestness of which I was capable, and with streaming tears, the Emperor suddenly entered the room from the terrace outside; this he frequently did of a morning, when he would leave his work, and come through the glass door into his wife's room for a little talk with her. He instantly perceived our agitation, and, although at another moment I should have been taken aback at his unlooked-for presence, the profound emotion which I felt overcame all other considerations, and I replied to his questions with a frank

avowal of what I had ventured to do. The Empress, who was closely observing his countenance, seeing the severe look that overcast it, did not hesitate to come to my aid by telling him that she had already consented to receive Mme. de Polignac.

The Emperor began by refusing to listen to us, and complaining that we were putting him in for all the difficulty of a position which would give him the appearance of cruelty. "I will not see this woman," he said to me. "I can not grant a pardon. You do not see that this Royalist party is full of young fools, who will begin again with this kind of thing, and keep on at it, if they are not kept within bounds by a severe lesson. The Bourbons are credulous; they believe the assurances which they get from schemers who deceive them respecting the real state of the public mind of France, and they will send a lot of victims over here."

This answer did not stop me; I was extremely excited, partly by the event itself, and perhaps also by the slight risk I was running of displeasing my formidable master. I would not be so cowardly in my own eyes as to retreat before any personal consideration, and that feeling made me bold and tenacious. I insisted so strongly, and entreated with such earnestness, that the Emperor, who was walking hurriedly about the room while I was speaking, suddenly paused opposite to me, and, fixing a piercing gaze on me, said: "What personal interest do you take in these people? You are not excusable except they are your relatives."

"Sire," I answered, with all the firmness I could summon up, "I do not know them, and until yesterday I had never seen Mme. de Polignac." "What! And you thus plead the cause of people who came here to assassinate me?" "No, sire; I plead the cause of an unfortunate woman who is in despair, and—I must say it—I plead your own cause too." And then, quite carried away by my feelings, I repeated all that I had said to the Empress. She was as much affected as myself, and warmly seconded all I said. But we

could obtain nothing from the Emperor at that moment; he went angrily away, telling us not to "worry" him any more.

A few minutes afterward I was informed that Mme. de Polignac had arrived. The Empress received her in a private room, and promised that she would do everything in her power to obtain a pardon for the Duc de Polignac. During the course of that morning, certainly one of the most agitating I have ever lived through, the Empress went twice into her husband's cabinet, and twice had to leave it, repulsed. Each time she returned to me, quite disheartened, and I was losing hope and beginning to tremble at the prospect of having to take a refusal to Mme. de Polignac as the final answer. At length we learned that M. de Talleyrand was with the Emperor, and I besought the Empress to make one last attempt, thinking that, if M. de Talleyrand were a witness to it, he would endeavor to persuade Bonaparte. And, in fact, he did second the Empress at once and strongly; and at length Bonaparte, vanquished by their supplications, consented to allow Mme. de Polignac to appear before him. This was promising everything; it would have been impossible to utter a cruel "No!" in such a presence. Mme. de Polignac was ushered into the cabinet, and fell fainting at the Emperor's feet. The Empress was in tears; the pardon of the Duc de Polignac was granted, and an article written by M. de Talleyrand gave a charming account of the scene, in what was then called the "Journal de l'Empire," on the following day.

M. de Talleyrand, on leaving the Emperor's cabinet, found me in the Empress's boudoir, and related to me all that had occurred. He made me cry afresh, and he was far from being unmoved himself; but, nevertheless, he also made me laugh by his recital of an absurd little circumstance which had not escaped his keen perception of the ridiculous. Poor Mme. Daudlau, who had accompanied her niece, and wanted to produce her own particular little effect, kept on repeating, in the midst of her efforts to revive Mme. de Polignac—who

was restored to consciousness with great difficulty—"Sire, I am the daughter of Helvétius!"

The Duc de Polignac's sentence was commuted to four years' imprisonment, to be followed by banishment. He was sent to join his brother, and, after having been confined in a fortress, they were removed to a civil prison, whence they escaped during the campaign of 1814. The Duc de Rovigo (Fouché), who was then Minister of Police, was suspected of having connived at their escape, in order to curry favor with the party whose approaching triumph he foresaw.

I have no desire to make more of myself on this occasion than I strictly deserve, but I think it will be admitted that circumstances so fell out as to permit me to render a very substantial service to the Polignac family—one of which it would seem natural that they should have preserved some recollection. Since the return of the King to France, I have, however, been taught by experience how effectually party spirit, especially among courtiers, effaces all sentiments of which it disapproves, no matter how just they may be.

After the incident which I have just related, I received a few visits from Mme. de Polignac, who doubtless held herself bound to so much recognition of me; but, by degrees, as we lived in different circles, we lost sight of each other for some years, until the Restoration. At that epoch the Duc de Polignac, having been sent by the King to Malmaison to thank the Empress Josephine in his Majesty's name for her zealous efforts to save the life of the Duc d'Enghien, took advantage of the opportunity to express his own gratitude to her at the same time. The Empress informed me of this visit, and said that no doubt the Duke would also call on me; and I confess that I expected some polite recognition from him. I did not receive any; and, as it was not according to my notions to endeavor to arouse by any words of mine gratitude which could only be valuable by being voluntary, I remained quietly at home, and made no reference to

an event which the persons concerned in it seemed to wish to forget, or at least to ignore.

One evening chance brought me in contact with Mme. de Polignac. It was at a reception at the house of the Duc d'Orléans, and in the midst of a great crowd. The Palais Royal was splendidly decorated, all the French nobility were assembled there, and the *grands seigneurs* and high-born gentlemen to whom the Restoration at first seemed to mean the restoration of their former rights, accosted each other with the easy, secure, and satisfied manner so readily resumed with success. Amid this brilliant crowd I perceived the Duchesse de Polignac. After long years I found her again, restored to her rank, receiving all those congratulations which were due to her, surrounded by an adulatory crowd. I recalled the day on which I first saw her, the state she was then in, her tears, her terror, the way in which she came toward me when she entered my room, and almost fell at my feet. I was deeply moved by this contrast, and, being only a few paces from her, the interest with which she inspired me led me to approach her. I addressed her in a tone of voice which, no doubt, fully conveyed the really tender feeling of the moment, and congratulated her on the very different circumstances under which we met again. All I would have asked of her was a word of remembrance, which would have responded to the emotion I felt on her account. This feeling was speedily chilled by the indifference and constraint with which she listened to what I said. She either did not recognize me, or she affected not to do so; I had to give my name. Her embarrassment increased. On perceiving this I immediately turned away, and with very painful feelings; for those which her presence had caused, and which I had thought at first she would share, were rudely dispelled.

The Empress's goodness in obtaining a remission of the capital sentence for M. de Polignac made a great sensation in Paris, and gave rise to renewed praise of her kindness of heart, which had obtained almost universal recognition. The

wives, or mothers, or sisters of the other political offenders immediately besieged the palace of Saint Cloud, and endeavored to obtain audience of the Empress, hoping to enlist her sympathy. Applications were also made to her daughter, and they both obtained further pardons or commutations of sentence. The Emperor felt that a dark shadow would be cast on his accession to the throne by so many executions, and showed himself accessible to the petitions addressed to him.

His sisters, who were by no means included in the popularity of the Empress, and were anxious to obtain if possible some public favor for themselves, gave the wives of some of the condemned men to understand that they might apply to them also. They then took the petitioners in their own carriages to Saint Cloud, in a sort of semi-state, to entreat pardon for their husbands. These proceedings, as to which the Emperor, I believe, had been consulted beforehand, seemed less spontaneous than those of the Empress—indeed, bore signs of prearrangement; but at any rate they served to save the lives of several persons. Murat, who had excited universal indignation by his violent behavior and by his hostility to Moreau, also tried to regain popularity by similar devices, and did in fact obtain a pardon for the Marquis de Rivière. On the same occasion he brought a letter from Georges Cadoudal to Bonaparte, which I heard read. It was a manly and outspoken letter, such as might be penned by a man who, being convinced that the deeds he has done, and which have proved his destruction, were dictated by a generous sense of duty and an unchangeable resolution, is resigned to his fate. Bonaparte was deeply impressed by this letter, and again expressed his regret that he could not extend clemency to Georges Cadoudal.

This man, the real head of the conspiracy, died with unshaken courage. Twenty had been condemned to death. The capital sentence was, in the cases of seven, commuted to a more or less prolonged imprisonment. Their names are as

follows: the Duc de Polignac, the Marquis de Rivière, Russillon, Rochelle, D'Hozier, Lajollais, Guillard. The others were executed. General Moreau was taken to Bordeaux, and put on board a ship for the United States. His family sold their property by Imperial command; the Emperor bought a portion of it, and bestowed the estate of Grosbois on Marshal Berthier.

A few days later, the "Moniteur" published a protest from Louis XVIII. against the accession of Napoleon. It appeared on July 1, 1804, but produced little effect. The Cadoudal conspiracy had weakened the faint sentiment of barely surviving allegiance to the old dynasty. The plot had, in fact, been so badly conceived; it seemed to be based on such total ignorance of the internal state of France, and of the opinions of the various parties in the country; the names and the characters of the conspirators inspired so little confidence; and, above all, the further disturbances which must have resulted from any great change, were so universally dreaded that, with the exception of a small number of gentlemen whose interests would be served by the renewal of an abolished state of things, there was in France no regret for a result which served to strengthen the newly inaugurated system. Whether from conviction, or from a longing for repose, or from yielding to the sway of the great fortunes of the new Head of the State, many gave in their adhesion to his sovereignty, and from this time forth France assumed a peaceful and orderly attitude. The opposing factions became disheartened, and, as commonly happens when this is the case, each individual belonging to them made secret attemps to link his lot to the chances offered by a totally new system. Gentle and simple, Royalists and Liberals, all began to scheme for advancement. New ambitions and vanities were aroused, and favors solicited in every direction. Bonaparte beheld those on whom he could least have counted suing for the honor of serving him.

Meanwhile he was not in haste to choose from among

them; he delayed a long time, in order to feed their hopes and to increase the number of aspirants. During this respite, I left the Court for a little breathing-time in the country. I staid for a month in the valley of Montmorency, with Mme. d'Houdetot, of whom I have already spoken. The quiet life I led in her house was refreshing after the anxieties and annoyances which I had recently had to endure almost uninterruptedly. I needed this interval of rest; my health, which since that time has always been more or less delicate, was beginning to fail, and my spirits were depressed by the new aspect of events, and by discoveries I was slowly making about things in general, and about certain great personages in particular. The gilded veil which Bonaparte used to say hung before the eyes of youth was beginning to lose its brightness, and I became aware of the fact with astonishment, which always causes more or less suffering, until time and experience have made us wiser and taught us to take things more easily.

CHAPTER IX.

(1804.)

Plans for the Invasion—An Article in the "Moniteur"—The Great Officers of State—The Ladies-in-Waiting—The Anniversary of July 14th—Beauty of the Empress—Projects of Divorce—Preparations for the Coronation.

By degrees the flotillas built in our other harbors came round to join those of Boulogne. They sometimes met with obstacles on the way, for English vessels were always cruising about the coast to prevent their junction. The camps at Boulogne, at Montreuil, and at Compiègne presented an imposing appearance, and the army became daily more numerous and more formidable.

There is no doubt that these preparations for war, and the comments which were made upon them in Paris, caused some anxiety in Europe; for an article appeared in the newspapers which created no great impression at the time, but which I considered to be worth preserving, because it was an exact forecast of all that has since occurred. It appeared in the "Moniteur" of July 10, 1804, on the same day with an account of the audience given by the Emperor to all the ambassadors who had just received fresh credentials to his Court. Some of the latter contained flattering expressions from foreign sovereigns on his accession to the throne.

This is the article:

"From time immemorial, the metropolis has been the home of hearsay (*les on dit*). A new rumor springs up every day, to be contradicted on the next. Although there has

been of late more activity, and a certain persistence in these reports which gratify idle curiosity, we think it more desirable to leave them to time, and that wisest of all possible replies, silence! Besides, what sensible Frenchman, really interested in discovering the truth, will fail to recognize in the current rumors the offspring of malignity more or less interested in their circulation?

"In a country where so large a number of men are well aware of existing facts, and are able to judge of those which do not exist, if any one imagines that current rumors ought to cause him real anxiety, if a credulous confidence in them influences his commercial enterprises or his personal interests, either his error is not a lasting one, or he must lay the blame on his own want of reflection.

"But foreigners, persons attached to diplomatic missions, not having the same means of judging, nor the same knowledge of the country, are often deceived; and, although for a long time past they have had opportunities of observing how invariably every event gives the lie to current gossip, they nevertheless repeat it in foreign countries, and thus give rise to most erroneous notions about France. We therefore think it advisable to say a few words in this journal on the subject of political gossip.

"*It is said* that the Emperor is about to unite the Italian republic, the Ligurian republic, the republic of Lucca, the kingdom of Etruria, the Papal States, and, by a necessary consequence, Naples and Sicily, under his own rule. *It is said* that the same fate is reserved for Switzerland and Holland. *It is said* that, by annexing Hanover, the Emperor will be enabled to become a member of the Germanic Confederation.

"Many deductions are drawn from these suppositions; and the first we remark is that the Pope will abdicate, and that Cardinal Fesch or Cardinal Ruffo will be raised to the Pontifical Throne.

"We have already said, and we repeat it, that if the in-

fluence of France were to be exerted in any changes affecting the Sovereign Pontiff, it would be exerted for the welfare of the Holy Father, and to increase the respect due to the Holy See and its possessions, rather than to diminish it.

"As to the kingdom of Naples, Mr. Acton's aggressive action and his constantly hostile policy might in former times have afforded France a legitimate cause of war, which she would never have undertaken with the intention of uniting the Two Sicilies to the French Empire.

"The Italian and Ligurian republics and the kingdom of Etruria will not cease to exist as independent States, and it is surely very unlikely that the Emperor would disown both the duties attached to the authority which he derives from the comitia of Lyons, and the personal glory he has acquired by twice restoring to independence the States which twice he has conquered.

"We may ask, as regards Switzerland, who prevented its annexation to France before the Act of Mediation? This Act, the immediate result of care and thought on the part of the Emperor, has restored tranquillity to those peoples, and is a guarantee of their independence and security, so long as they themselves do not destroy this guarantee by substituting the will of one of their constituent corporations, or that of a party, for the elements of which it is composed.

"Had France desired to annex Holland, Holland would now be French, like Belgium. That she is an independent power is because France felt with regard to that country, as she felt in the case of Switzerland, that the localities required an individual existence and a particular kind of organization.

"A still more absurd supposition is entertained respecting Hanover. The annexation of that province would be the most fatal gift that could be made to France, and no lengthened consideration of the matter is needed in order to perceive this. Hanover would become a cause of rivalry between the French nation and that prince who was the ally and friend of France at a time when all Europe was in coa-

lition against her. In order to retain Hanover, it would be necessary to keep up a military force at a cost out of all proportion to the few millions which constitute the whole of the revenues of that country. Will that Government which has made sacrifices in order to maintain the principle that a simple and continuous frontier-line, even as far as the fortifications of Strasbourg and of Mayence on the right bank, is necessary, be so shortsighted as to wish for the incorporation of Hanover?

"But, it is said, the advantage of belonging to the Germanic Confederation depends on the possession of Hanover. The mere title of Emperor of the French is sufficient answer to this singular idea. The Germanic Confederation is composed of kings, electors, and princes, and it recognizes, in relation to itself, but one imperial dignity. It would be to misjudge the noble pride of our country to suppose she would ever consent to become an element in any other confederation, even had such a thing been compatible with national dignity. What could have prevented France from maintaining her rights in the circle of Burgundy, or those which conferred on her the possession of the Palatinate? We may even ask, with pardonable pride, who was it that prevented France from keeping part of the States of Baden and of the Swabian territory?

"No, France will never cross the Rhine! Nor will her armies pass over it, unless it become necessary for her to protect the German Empire and its princes, who inspire an interest in her because of their attachment to her, and their value in the balance of power in Europe.

"If these are simply idle rumors, we have answered them sufficiently. If they owe their origin to the anxious jealousy of foreign Powers, who are always crying out that France is ambitious in order to cloak their own ambition, there is another answer to be made. Owing to the two coalitions successively entered into against us, and to the treaties of Campo Formio and Lunéville, France has no province for her

neighbor which she could wish to annex; and, if in the past she has displayed an example of moderation unexampled in modern history, the result is an advantage for her, inasmuch as she need not henceforth take up arms.

"Her capital is in the center of her Empire; her frontiers are bounded by small States which complete her political constitution; geographically she can desire nothing belonging to her neighbors—she is therefore naturally inimical to none; and, as there exists in her respect neither another Finland, nor another River Inn, she is in a position which no other Power enjoys.

"As it is with those rumors which try to prove that France is inordinately ambitious, so it is with others of a different nature.

"Not long ago rebellion was in our camps. Two days back thirty thousand Frenchmen had refused to embark at Boulogne; yesterday our legions were at war with each other, ten against ten, thirty against thirty, flag against flag. Our four Rhenish departments were informed that we were about to restore them to their former ruler. To-day, perhaps, *it is said* that the public treasury is empty, that the public works have been discontinued, that discord prevails everywhere, and that the taxes are unpaid. If the Emperor starts for the camps, it will be said, perhaps, that he is hurrying thither to restore peace. In fact, whether he remains at Saint Cloud, or goes to the Tuileries, or lives at Malmaison, there will be opportunities for absurd reports.

"And if these rumors, simultaneously spread about in foreign countries, were intended to cause alarm on account of the ambition of the Emperor, and at the same time to encourage any unbecoming and mistaken acts, by leading people to hope that his Government is weak, we can but repeat the words that a Minister was instructed to utter on leaving a certain Court: 'The Emperor of the French desires war with no one, whosoever he may be; he dreads war with no one. He does not meddle with his neigh-

bors' business, and he has a right to similar treatment. He has always manifested a wish for a durable peace, but the history of his life does not justify us in thinking that he will suffer himself to be insulted or despised.' "

After a refreshing sojourn in the country, I came back once more to the whirl of Court life, where the fever of vanity seemed every day to lay stronger hold of us.

The Emperor now appointed the great officers of the household. General Duroc was made Grand Marshal of the Palace; Berthier, Master of the Hunt (*Grand Veneur*); M. de Talleyrand, Grand Chamberlain; Cardinal Fesch, High Almoner; M. de Caulaincourt, Grand Equerry; and M. de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies. M. de Rémusat received the title of First Chamberlain. He ranked immediately next to M. de Talleyrand, who would be chiefly occupied by foreign affairs, and was to depute my husband to do the greater part of his duties. The matter was thus arranged at first; but soon after the Emperor appointed Chamberlains in Ordinary. Among them were the Baron de Talleyrand (a nephew of the Grand Chamberlain), some senators, some Belgian gentlemen of high birth, and, a little later, some French gentlemen also.

With these began little emulations as to precedence, and discontent on account of distinctions which were withheld from them. M. de Rémusat found himself exposed to continual envy, and as it were at war with these personages. I am now ashamed when I recall the annoyance which all this caused me; but whatever the Court in which one lives—and ours had become a very real one—it is impossible not to attach importance to the trifles of which it is composed. An honorable and sensible man is often ashamed in his own eyes of the pleasure or annoyance which he experiences in the profession of a courtier, and yet he can scarcely avoid either the one or the other. A ribbon, a slight difference in dress, permission to pass through a particular door, the *entrée* to such or such a *salon*—these are the pitiful causes

of a constantly recurring vexation. In vain do we try to harden ourselves against them. The importance in which they are held by a great number of persons obliges us, in spite of ourselves, to prize them. In vain do sense and reason rebel against such a use of human faculties; however dissatisfied we may feel with ourselves, we must needs become as small-minded as everybody else, and either fly the Court altogether, or consent to take seriously all the follies that fill the very air we breathe.

The Emperor added to the difficulties inseparable from the regulations of a palace those of his own temper. He enforced etiquette with the strictness of martial law. Ceremonies were gone through as though by beat of drum; everything was done at double-quick time; and the perpetual hurry, the constant fear that Bonaparte inspired, added to the unfamiliarity of a good half of his courtiers with formalities of the kind, rendered the Court dull rather than dignified. Every countenance wore an expression of uneasiness and solicitude in the midst of all the magnificence with which his ostentatious tastes led the Emperor to surround himself.

Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, who was the Empress's cousin, was appointed her Lady of Honor, and Mme. de la Fayette Lady of the Bedchamber. Twelve Ladies-in-Waiting were nominated, and by degrees the number of these was augmented. Many great ladies from different parts of the country were included in the list, persons who were much surprised at finding themselves in each other's society. Without entering into any details here, which would now serve no good purpose, I may mention that applications were then made by persons who now affect a strict royalism, hardly compatible with the opinions they then professed. It ought to be frankly admitted that all classes wanted to have their share of these new creations, and I could point to several persons who, after having blamed me because I came to the First Consul's Court in consequence of an old

friendship, spared no efforts on their own part to obtain places at that of the Emperor, from ambitious motives.

As for the Empress, she was delighted to find herself surrounded by a numerous suite, and one so gratifying to her vanity. The victory she had won over Mme. de la Rochefoucauld by attaching her to her person, the pleasure of reckoning M. d'Aubusson de la Feuillade among her Chamberlains, Mme. d'Arberg de Ségur and the Maréchales among her Ladies-in-Waiting, intoxicated her a little; but I must admit that this essentially feminine feeling deprived her of none of her accustomed grace and kindliness. The Empress always knew perfectly well how to preserve the supremacy of her own rank, while showing polite deference toward those men or women who added to the splendor of her Court by their personal distinction.

At this time the "Ministry of General Police" was reconstructed, and Fouché was once more placed at its head.

The 18th Brumaire was the date at first fixed for the coronation, and in the mean time, to show that the revolutionary epochs were not to be disregarded, the Emperor repaired in great pomp to the Invalides on the 14th of July, and, after having heard mass, distributed the Cross of the Legion of Honor to a number of persons selected from all classes comprised in the Government, the army, and the Court. I must not omit to record that on this occasion the Empress looked young and lovely among all the youthful and handsome women by whom she was surrounded for the first time in public. Her costume was admirably selected and in perfect taste. The ceremony took place under burning sunshine. She appeared in broad daylight, attired in a robe of rose-colored tulle, spangled with silver stars, and cut very low, according to the fashion of the day. Her headdress consisted of a great number of diamond wheat-ears. This brilliant attire, the elegance of her bearing, the charm of her smile, the sweetness of her countenance, produced such an effect, that I heard many persons who were present

at the ceremony say that the Empress outshone all the ladies of her suite.

A few days afterward the Emperor set out for the camp at Boulogne, and, if public rumor was to be believed, the English began to feel really alarmed at the prospect of an invasion.

He passed more than a month in inspecting the coasts and reviewing the troops in the various camps. The army was at that time numerous, flourishing, and animated by the best spirit. He was present at several engagements between the vessels which were blockading us and our flotillas, which by this time had a formidable aspect.

While engaged in these military occupations, he fixed, by several decrees, the precedence and the rank of the various authorities which he had created; for his mind embraced every topic at once. He had already formed a private intention of asking the Pope to crown him, and, in order to carry this out, he neglected neither that address by which he might amicably carry his point, nor certain measures by which he might be able to render a refusal exceedingly difficult. He sent the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate, and accompanied the distinction by words equally flattering to the Sovereign Pontiff and promising for the reëstablishment of religion. These fine phrases appeared in the "Moniteur." Nevertheless, when he communicated his project of confirming his elevation by so solemn a religious ceremony to the Council of State, he had to encounter determined opposition from certain of his councilors. Treilhard, among others, resisted the proposal strongly. The Emperor allowed him to speak, and then replied: "You do not know the ground we are standing on so well as I know it. Let me tell you that religion has lost much less of its power than you think. You do not know all that I effect by means of the priests whom I have gained over. There are thirty departments in France sufficiently religious to make me very glad that I am not obliged

to dispute with the Pope for power in them. It is only by committing every other authority in succession to mine that I shall secure my own, that is to say, the authority of the Revolution, which we all wish to consolidate."

While the Emperor was inspecting the ports, the Empress went to Aix-la-Chapelle to drink the waters. She was accompanied by some of her new household, and M. de Rémusat was ordered to follow her, and to await the Emperor, who was to rejoin her at Aix. I was glad of this respite. I could not disguise from myself that so many newcomers were effacing by degrees her first estimate of my value to her, which had owed much to the non-existence of comparisons; and, although I was yet young in experience of the world, I felt that a short absence would be useful, and that I should afterward take, if not the first place, that of my choice, and hold it throughout securely.

Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, who attended the Empress, was then a woman of between thirty-six and forty years old, short and ill-made, with a striking countenance, but only ordinary abilities. She had a great deal of assurance, like most plain women who have had some success notwithstanding their defects. She was very lively, and not at all ill-natured. She proclaimed her adherence to all the opinions of those who were called "aristocrats" by the Revolution; and, as she would have been puzzled to reconcile those views with her present position, she made up her mind to laugh at them, and would jest about herself with the utmost good humor. The Emperor liked her because she was quick, frivolous, and incapable of scheming. Indeed, no Court in which women were so numerous ever offered less opportunity for any kind of intrigue. Affairs of state were absolutely confined to the cabinet of the Emperor only; we were ignorant of them, and we knew that nobody could meddle with them. The few persons in whom the Emperor confided were wholly devoted to the execution of his will, and absolutely unapproachable. Duroc, Savary, and Maret never allowed an un-

necessary word to escape them, confining themselves strictly to communicating to us without delay such orders as they received. We were in their sight and in our own mere machines, simply and solely doing those things which we were ordered to do, and of about as much importance as the elegant articles of new furniture with which the palaces of the Tuileries and Saint Cloud were now profusely adorned.

I remarked at this time, with some amusement, that, as by degrees the *grands seigneurs* of former days came to Court, they all experienced, no matter how widely their characters differed, a certain sense of disappointment curious to observe. When at first they once more breathed the air of palaces, found themselves again among their former associates and in the atmosphere of their youth, beheld anew decorations, throne-rooms, and Court costumes, and heard the forms of speech habitual in royal dwellings, they yielded to the delightful illusion. They fondly believed that they might conduct themselves as they had been accustomed to do in those same palaces, where all but the master remained unchanged. But a harsh word, a peremptory order, the pressure of an arbitrary will, soon reminded them roughly that everything was new in this unique Court. Then it was strange to see how, despite all their efforts, they lost their presence of mind, feeling the ground uncertain under their feet, and became constrained and uneasy in all their futile little ways. They were too vain or too weak to substitute a grave bearing, unlike the manners of their past, for their former customs, and they did not know what course to adopt. The arts of the courtier availed nothing with Bonaparte, and so profited them not at all. It was not safe to remain a man in his presence—that is to say, to preserve the use of one's intellectual faculties; it was easier and quicker for everybody, or nearly everybody, to assume the attitude of servility. If I chose, I could tell exactly the individuals to whom such a course came most readily; but, if I were to go more at length into this subject,

I should give my Memoirs the color of a satire, which is neither acccording to my taste nor my intention.

While the Emperor was at Boulogne, he sent his brother Joseph to Paris, where all the governing bodies presented addresses to him and his wife. Thus, he assigned each person his own place, and dictated supremacy to some and servitude to others. On the 3d of September he rejoined his wife at Aix-la-Chapelle, and remained there some days, holding a brilliant Court and receiving the German Princes. During this sojourn, M. de Rémusat was directed to send to Paris for the company of the second theatre, then managed by Picard, and several *fêtes* were given to the Electors, which, although they did not approach the magnificence of later occasions, were very splendid. The Elector Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire and the Elector of Baden paid assiduous court to our sovereigns. The Emperor and Empress visited Cologne, and ascended the Rhine as far as Mayence, where they were met by a crowd of princes and distinguished foreigners. This excursion lasted until the month of October.

On the 14th Mme. Louis Bonaparte gave birth to a second son.* Bonaparte arrived in Paris a few days later. This event was a great source of happiness to the Empress. She believed that it would have a most favorable effect upon her future, and yet at that very moment a new plot was being formed against her, which she only succeeded in defeating after much effort and mental suffering.

Ever since we had learned that the Pope would come to Paris for the coronation of the Emperor, the Bonaparte family had been exceedingly anxious to prevent Mme. Bonaparte from having a personal share in the ceremony. The jealousy of our Princesses was strongly excited on this point. It seemed to them that such an honor would place too great a

* The second son of Queen Hortense was Napoleon Louis. This Prince died suddenly during the insurrection of the Pontifical States against the Pope, in which he took part. The third son of the Queen, Napoleon III., was born on the 20th of April, 1808.

distance between themselves and their sister-in-law, and, besides, dislike needs no motive of interest personal to itself to make anything which is a gratification to its object distasteful. The Empress ardently longed for her coronation, which she believed would establish her rank and her security, and the silence of her husband alarmed her. He appeared to be hesitating, and Joseph spared no argument to induce him to make his wife merely a witness of the ceremony. He even went so far as to revive the question of the divorce, advising Bonaparte to profit by the approaching event to decide upon it. He pointed out the advantage of an alliance with some foreign princess, or at least with the heiress of a great name in France, and cleverly held out the hope that such a marriage would give him of having a direct heir; and he spoke with all the more chance of being listened to, because he insisted strongly on the personal disinterestedness of advice which, if taken, might remove himself from all chance of the succession. The Emperor, incessantly harassed by his family, appeared to be impressed by his brother's arguments, and a few words which escaped him threw his wife into extreme distress. Her former habit of confiding all her troubles to me now led her to restore me to her confidence. I was exceedingly puzzled how to advise her, and not a little afraid of committing myself in so serious a matter. An unexpected incident was near bringing about the very thing which we dreaded.

For some time Mme. Bonaparte had perceived an increase of intimacy between her husband and Mme. de ——. In vain did I entreat her not to furnish the Emperor with a pretext for a quarrel, which would be made use of against her. She was too full of her grievance to be prudent, and, in spite of my warning, she watched for an opportunity of confirming her suspicions. At Saint Cloud the Emperor occupied the apartment which opens upon the garden, and is on the same level. Above this apartment was a small suite of rooms communicating with his own by a back staircase,

which he had recently had furnished, and the Empress strongly suspected the purpose of this mysterious retreat. One morning, when there were several persons in her drawing-room, the Empress, seeing Mme. de —— (who was then resident at Saint Cloud) leave the room, suddenly rose a few minutes afterward, and, taking me apart into a window, said: "I am going to clear up my doubts this very moment; stay here with all these people, and, if you are asked where I have gone, say that the Emperor sent for me." I tried to restrain her, but she was quite ungovernable, and would not listen to me. She went out at the same moment, and I remained, excessively apprehensive of what might be going to happen. In about half an hour the Empress reëntered the room by the opposite door. She seemed exceedingly agitated, and almost unable to control herself, but took her seat before an embroidery frame. I remained at a distance from her, apparently occupied by my needlework, and avoiding her eye; but I could easily perceive her agitation by the abruptness of all her movements, which were generally slow and soft. At last, as she was incapable of keeping silence under strong emotion of any kind, she could no longer endure this constraint, and, calling to me in a loud voice, she bade me follow her. When we had reached her bedroom, she said: "All is lost. It is but too true. I went to look for the Emperor in his cabinet, and he was not there; then I went up the back stairs into the upper room. I found the door shut, but I could hear Bonaparte's voice, and also that of Mme. de ——. I knocked loudly at the door, and called out that I was there. You may imagine the start I gave them. It was some time before the door was opened, and when at last I was admitted, though I know I ought to have been able to control myself, it was impossible, and I reproached them bitterly. Mme. de —— began to cry, and Bonaparte flew into so violent a passion that I had hardly time to fly before him and escape his rage. I am still trembling at the thought of it; I did not know to what excess his anger might

have gone. No doubt he will soon come here, and I may expect a terrible scene." The emotion of the Empress moved me deeply. "Do not," said I, "commit a second fault, for the Emperor will never forgive you for having admitted any one, no matter whom, to your confidence. Let me leave you, Madame. You must wait for him; let him find you alone." I returned at once to the drawing-room, where I found Mme. de ——. She glanced at me nervously; she was extremely pale, talked almost incoherently, and tried hard to find out whether I knew what had passed. I resumed my work as tranquilly as I could, but I think Mme. de ——, having seen me leave the room, must have known that the Empress had told me. Every one was looking at every one else, and nobody could make out what was happening.

A few minutes afterward we heard a great noise in the apartment of the Empress, and of course I knew that the Emperor was there, and that a violent quarrel was taking place. Mme. de —— called for her carriage, and at once left for Paris. This sudden departure was not likely to mend matters. I was to go to Paris in the evening. Before I left Saint Cloud the Empress sent for me, and told me, with many tears, that Bonaparte, after having insulted her in every possible way, and smashed some of the furniture in his rage, had signified to her that she was at once to quit Saint Cloud. He declared that, weary of her jealous spying, he was determined to shake off such a yoke, and to listen henceforth only to the counsels of his policy, which demanded that he should take a wife capable of giving him children. She added that he had sent orders to Eugène de Beauharnais to come to Saint Cloud in order to make arrangements for the departure of his mother, and she added that she was now lost beyond redemption. She then directed me to go and see her daughter in Paris on the following day, and to inform her exactly of all that had occurred.

Accordingly, I went to Mme. Louis Bonaparte. She had just seen her brother, who had come from Saint Cloud. The

Emperor had signified to him his resolution to divorce his wife, and Eugène had received the communication with his accustomed submission, but refused all the personal favors which were offered to him as a consolation, declaring that from the moment such a misfortune should fall upon his mother he would accept nothing, but that he would follow her to any retreat which might be assigned to her, were it even at Martinique, as he was resolved to sacrifice all to her great need of comfort. Bonaparte had appeared to be deeply impressed by this generous resolution; he had listened to all that Eugène said in unbroken silence.

I found Mme. Louis less affected by this event than I expected. "I can not interfere in any way," she said. "My husband has positively forbidden me to do so. My mother has been very imprudent. She is about to forfeit a crown, but, at any rate, she will have peace. Ah! believe me, there are women more unhappy than she." She spoke with such profound sadness that I could not fail to read her thoughts; but, as she never allowed a word to be said about her own personal position, I did not venture to reply in such a way as would make it evident that I had understood her. "And, besides," said she in conclusion, "if there be any chance at all of setting this matter right, it is the influence of my mother's tears and her gentleness over Bonaparte. Believe me, it is better to leave them to themselves—not to interfere at all between them; and I strongly advise you not to return to Saint Cloud, especially as Mme. N—— has mentioned you, and believes that you would give hostile advice."

I remained away from Saint Cloud for two days, in accordance with the advice of Mme. Louis Bonaparte; but on the third I rejoined my Empress, concerning whom I felt the deepest solicitude. I found her relieved from one pressing trouble. Her submission and her tears had, in fact, disarmed Bonaparte; his anger and its cause were no longer in question. A tender reconciliation had taken place between them; but, immediately afterward, the Emperor had thrown

his wife into fresh agitation by letting her see that he was seriously entertaining the idea of a divorce. "I have not the courage," he said to her, "to come to a final resolution; and if you let me see that you are too deeply afflicted—if you can render me obedience only—I feel that I shall never have the strength to oblige you to leave me. I tell you plainly, however, that it is my earnest desire that you should resign yourself to the interests of my policy, and yourself spare me all the difficulties of this painful separation." The Empress told me that he wept bitterly while uttering these terrible words. I remember well how, as I listened to her, I conceived in my mind the plan of a great and generous sacrifice which she might make to France.

Believing, as I then believed, that the fate of the nation was irrevocably united with that of Napoleon, I thought there would be true greatness of soul in devoting one's self to all that might secure and confirm that destiny. I thought, had I been the woman to whom such a representation had been made, that I should have had courage to abandon the brilliant position which, after all, was grudged to me, and retire into a peaceful solitude, satisfied with the sacrifice that I had made. But, when I saw in Mme. Bonaparte's face what suffering the Emperor's words had caused her, I remembered that my mother had once said that advice to be useful must be adapted to the character of the person to whom it is offered, and I refrained from uttering the lofty sentiments of which my mind was full. I bethought me in time of the dread with which the Empress would contemplate retirement, of her taste for luxury and display, and of the devouring *ennui* to which she would inevitably fall a prey when she had broken with the world; and I confined myself to saying that I saw only two alternatives for her. The first of these was to sacrifice herself bravely and with dignity; in which case she ought to go to Malmaison on the following morning, and thence to write to the Emperor, declaring that she restored his freedom to him; or to remain

where she was, acknowledging herself to be unable to decide upon her own fate, and, though always ready to obey, positively determined to await his direct orders before she should descend from the throne on which he had placed her.

She adopted the second alternative. Assuming the attitude of a resigned and submissive victim, she excited the jealous anger of all the Bonapartes by her gentle demeanor. Yielding, sad, considerate of everybody, entirely obedient, but also skillful in availing herself of her ascendancy over her husband, she reduced him to a condition of agitation and indecision from which he could not escape.

At length, one memorable evening, after long hesitation, during which the Empress suffered mortal anguish and suspense, the Emperor told her that the Pope was about to arrive in Paris, that he would crown them both, and that she had better at once begin to prepare for the great ceremony. It is easy to picture to one's fancy the joy with which such a termination to all her misery filled the heart of the Empress, and also the discomfiture of the Bonapartes, especially Joseph; for the Emperor had not failed to acquaint his wife, according to his usual custom, with the attempts that had been made to induce him to decide on a divorce, and it is only reasonable to suppose that these revelations increased the ill feeling already existing on both sides.

On this occasion the Empress confided to me the ardent desire she had long felt to have her marriage, which had been civilly contracted, confirmed by a religious ceremony. She said that she had sometimes spoken of this to the Emperor, and that, although he had not evinced any repugnance, he had objected that, even if a priest were brought into the palace to perform the religious rite, it could not be done with sufficient secrecy to conceal the fact that until then they had not been married according to the Church. Either that was his real reason, or he wanted to hold this means of breaking his marriage in reserve for future use, should he consider it really advisable to do so; at any rate, he had rejected his

wife's pleading firmly, but mildly. She therefore determined to await the arrival of the Pope, being persuaded, very reasonably, that his Holiness would espouse her interests on such a point.

The entire Court was now occupied in preparations for the ceremony of the coronation. The Empress was continually surrounded by all the best artists in millinery in Paris, and the venders of the most fashionable wares. With their assistance she decided on the new form of Court dress, and on her own costume. As may be supposed, there was no thought of resuming the hoop worn under the old *régime;* it was merely proposed that to our ordinary garments the long mantle (which was still worn after the return of the King) should be added, and also a very becoming ruff of blonde, which was attached to the shoulders and came high up at the back of the head, as we see it in portraits of Catharine de' Medici. The use of this ruff was afterward discontinued, although it was, in my opinion, very pretty, and lent dignity and grace to the whole costume. The Empress already possessed diamonds of considerable value, but the Emperor not only made costly additions to her jewel-case, but also placed the diamonds belonging to the national treasury in her hands, and desired that she should wear them on the great day. A diadem of brilliants, above which the Emperor was with his own hands to place the closed crown upon her head, was made for her, and the ceremony was privately rehearsed. David, who afterward painted the great picture of the coronation of the Emperor and Empress, attended these rehearsals, and arranged the positions of each. The coronation of the Emperor had been eagerly discussed. The first idea was that the Pope should place the diadem upon the head of the Emperor; but Bonaparte refused to receive the crown from any hand but his own, and uttered on that occasion the sentence which Mme. de Staël has quoted in her work: "I found the crown of France upon the ground, and I picked it up."

At length, after a great deal of discussion, it was arranged that the Emperor was to crown himself, and that the Pope should only give his benediction. Everything was done to make the *fêtes* brilliant and popular, and people began to flock into Paris. Considerable bodies of troops were ordered up to the capital; all the chief authorities of the provinces were invited; the Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire and a great number of foreigners arrived. Party spirit slumbered for the time being, and the whole city gave itself up to the excitement and curiosity of so novel an incident, and a spectacle which would doubtless be magnificent. The shopkeepers drove a thriving trade; workmen of all kinds were employed, and rejoiced in the occasion that procured them such a stroke of luck; the population of the city seemed to be doubled; commerce, public establishments, and theatres all profited by the occasion, and all was bustle and activity.

The poets were requested to celebrate this great event. Chénier was ordered to compose a tragedy for the perpetual commemoration of it, and he took Cyrus for his hero. The Opéra was to give splendid ballets. To us dwellers in the palace money was given for our expenses, and the Empress presented each of her Ladies-in-Waiting with handsome diamond ornaments. The Court dress of the gentlemen about the Emperor was also regulated. This becoming costume consisted of the French coat, in different colors for those who belonged to the department of the Grand Marshal, the Grand Chamberlain, and the Grand Equerry respectively; silver embroidery for all; a cloak of velvet lined with satin, worn over one shoulder; a sash, a lace cravat, and a hat turned up in front, with a white plume. The Princes were to wear white coats embroidered in gold; the Emperor was to wear a long robe somewhat resembling that worn by our kings, a mantle of purple velvet sewn with golden bees, and his crown, a golden wreath of laurels like that of the Cæsars.

It seems like a dream, or a story from the "Arabian

Nights," when I recall the luxury that was displayed at that period, the perpetual disputes about precedence, the claims of rank, and all the demands made by everybody. The Emperor directed that the Princesses should carry the Empress's mantle; there was the greatest difficulty in inducing them to consent to do this; and I remember well that, when at last they did consent, they performed their office with so ill a grace that the Empress, overpowered by the weight of her magnificent robe, could hardly walk, for they would scarcely lift the folds off the ground. They obtained permission to have their own trains borne by their respective chamberlains, and this distinction somewhat consoled them for the obligation that was imposed upon them.*

In the mean time we learned that the Pope had left Rome on the 2d of November. The slowness of his journey and the vast scale of the preparations rendered it necessary to put off the coronation until the 2d of December; and on the 24th of November the Court went to Fontainebleau to receive his Holiness, who arrived there on the following day.

Before I close this chapter, I wish to mention a circumstance which ought, it seems to me, to be recorded. The Emperor had for the moment relinquished the idea of a divorce, but, being still extremely anxious to have an heir, he asked his wife whether she would consent to acknowledge a child of his as her own, and to feign pregnancy, so that every

* The Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito contain some curious particulars of Court life during the Consulate and the Empire; the quarrels of Bonaparte with his brothers on account of the succession to the throne, and the adoption of the son of Louis Bonaparte. He also narrates in detail the disputes about precedence, and the vexed question of the Empress's mantle. It was after a long discussion between the Arch-Chancellor, the Arch-Treasurer, the Minister of the Interior, the Grand Equerry, and the Grand Marshal of the Court, the Princes Louis and Joseph, and the Emperor himself, that a decision was arrived at which deprived those Princes of the large mantle of ermine—"an attribute," as it was called, "of sovereignty"; and that it was resolved the words "to hold up the mantle" should be used in the *procès-verbal* instead of "to carry the train." ("Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito," vol. ii., p. 323, *et seq.*)—P. R.

one should be deceived. She consented to accede to any wish of his on this point. Then Bonaparte sent for Corvisart, his chief physician, in whom he had well-merited confidence, and confided his plan to him. "If I succeed," said he, "in making sure of the birth of a boy who shall be my own son, I want you, as a witness of the pretended confinement of the Empress, to do all that would be necessary to give the device every appearance of reality." Corvisart, who felt that his honor and probity were injured by the mere proposition, refused to do what the Emperor required of him, but promised inviolable secrecy. It was not until long afterward, and since Bonaparte's second marriage, that he confided this fact to me, while at the same time he affirmed in the strongest terms the legitimate birth of the King of Rome, concerning which some entirely unfounded doubts had been raised.

CHAPTER X.

The Pope's Arrival in Paris—The Plebiscitum—The Marriage of the Empress Josephine—The Coronation Fêtes in the Champ de Mars, at the Opéra, etc.—The Court of the Empress.

The Pope was probably induced to come to France solely by the representations which were made to him of advantages and concessions to be gained by such a gracious act. He arrived at Fontainebleau with the intention of lending himself to all that might be required of him, within legitimate bounds; and, notwithstanding the superiority on which the conqueror who had forced him to take this unheard-of step plumed himself, and the small respect in which the Court held a sovereign who did not reckon the sword among the insignia of his royalty, he impressed everybody by his dignity and the gravity of his bearing.

The Emperor went to meet him at a few leagues' distance from the château, and, when the carriages met, he alighted, as did his Holiness also. The Pope and the Emperor embraced, and then got into the same carriage, the Emperor entering first, in order, as the "Moniteur" of the day explained, to give the Pope the right-hand seat, and so they came to the palace.

The Pope arrived on Sunday,* at noon; and having rested for a while in his own apartment, to which he was conducted by the Grand Chamberlain (i. e., M. de Talleyrand), the Grand Marshal, and the Grand Master of Ceremonies, he visited the Emperor, who met him outside the

* November 25, 1804, or 4th Frimaire, year 13.—P. R.

door of his cabinet, and, after an interview of half an hour's duration, reconducted him to the great hall, which was then called "The Hall of the Great Officers." The Empress had received instructions to place the Pope at her right hand.

After these visits, Prince Louis, the Ministers, the Arch-Chancellor, the Arch-Treasurer, Cardinal Fesch, and the great officers then at Fontainebleau, were presented to the Pope, who received them all most graciously. He afterward dined with the Emperor and retired early.

The Pope was at this time sixty-two years of age, tall and upright of figure, and with a handsome, grave, benevolent face. He was attended by a numerous suite of Italian priests —anything but impressive personages, whose rough, noisy, and vulgar manners contrasted strangely with the grave good breeding of the French clergy. The Palace of Fontainebleau presented a strange spectacle just then, inhabited as it was by so extraordinary a medley of persons—sovereigns, princes, military officers, priests, women, all gathered together in the different *salons* at the prescribed hours. On the day after his arrival, his Holiness received all those persons belonging to the Court who desired that honor, in his own apartment. We had the privilege of kissing his hand and receiving his blessing. His presence in such a place, and on so great an occasion, affected me very deeply.

After these receptions, visits were again interchanged between the sovereigns. On the occasion of her second interview with the Pope, the Empress carried out the intention she had secretly formed, and confided to him that her marriage had been a civil ceremony only. His Holiness, after having commended her for the good use she made of her power, and addressing her as "My daughter," promised her that he would require of the Emperor that his coronation should be preceded by the ceremony necessary to legitimize his marriage with her; and, in fact, the Emperor was obliged to consent to this. On their return to Paris Cardinal

Fesch married Bonaparte to Josephine, as I shall presently relate.

On the Monday evening a concert was to take place in the apartments of the Empress. The Pope, however, declined to be present, and retired just as the entertainment was about to begin.

At this time the Emperor took a fancy to Mme. de X——, and whether it was that his budding passion had inspired him with a wish to please, or that his satisfaction at the success of his plans kept him in good humor, I can not say; certain it is, however, that while we were at Fontainebleau he was more affable and approachable than usual. After the Pope had retired, the Emperor remained in the Empress's drawing-room, and talked, not with the men, but, by preference, with the women who were there. His wife, keen of perception where anything which aroused her jealousy was in question, was struck by this departure from his ordinary habits, and suspected that some new fancy was the cause of it. She could not, however, discover the real object of his thoughts, because he very adroitly paid marked attention to each of us in succession; and Mme. de X——, who as yet conducted herself with great reserve, did not seem to perceive that she was the particular object of the general gallantries that the Emperor affected to distribute among us. Some of those present believed that the Maréchale Ney was about to receive his homage. The Maréchale is the daughter of M. Augué, formerly Receiver-General of Finance, and her mother was one of the Bedchamber Women to Queen Marie Antoinette. She was educated by her aunt, Mme. Campan, and when in her establishment became the friend and companion of Hortense de Beauharnais, now the Princess Louis. She was at this time about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and rather pretty, but too thin. She knew very little of the world, was excessively shy, and had not the slightest desire to attract the Emperor, whom she regarded with extreme dread.

During our sojourn at Fontainebleau, a decree of the Senate was published in the "Moniteur." It was to the effect that, according to the verification of the registers of the votes given upon the question of the Empire, made by a commission of the Senate, Bonaparte and his family were declared to be called to the throne of France. The general total of voters amounted to 3,574,898. Of these, 3,572,329 were ayes, 2,569 noes.

The Court returned to Paris on Thursday, the 29th of November. The Emperor and the Pope traveled in the same carriage, and his Holiness was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora. Certain members of the household were appointed to attend on him.

During the first few days of his residence in Paris, the Pope was not treated by the inhabitants with all the respect which might have been anticipated A crowd, attracted by curiosity, thronged his path when he visited the churches, and assembled under his balcony when he appeared there to give his blessing. By degrees, however, the description of the dignity of his manners given by those who had access to him, several noble and affecting sayings of his on different occasions, and the self-possession which he maintained in a position so new and strange to the head of Christendom, produced a marked change even among the lower classes of the people.

Every morning the terrace of the Tuileries was covered with a great multitude, calling loudly for him, and kneeling to receive his blessing. The people were admitted to the gallery of the Louvre at certain specified times during the day, and then the Pope would walk from end to end of it and bless the multitude. Mothers flocked thither with their children, and were received with special kindness. One day an individual who was a well-known enemy of religion was in the gallery when the Pope arrived, and, as his curiosity urged him to stay, he held himself aloof, as though to avoid the benediction. The Pope drew near him, divined his secret hostility, and said to him, in the gentlest tone: "Why do

you avoid me, sir? Is there any danger in an old man's blessing?"

Very soon all Paris resounded with praise of the Pope, and the Emperor's jealousy was excited. He made certain arrangements which obliged his Holiness to deny himself to the too eager entreaties of the faithful; and the Pope, who detected the Emperor's uneasiness, adopted extreme reserve, but without allowing the slightest sign of human pride to appear in his manner or conduct.

Two days before the coronation, M. de Rémusat, who, in addition to being Grand Chamberlain, was also Keeper of the Wardrobe, and therefore charged with all the details of the Imperial costumes, submitted to the Empress the superb diadem which had just been made for her. He found her in a state of delight and satisfaction, which she could hardly conceal from general notice. Presently she took my husband apart, and confided to him that, on the morning of that same day, an altar had been erected in the Emperor's cabinet, and that Cardinal Fesch had performed the marriage ceremony between herself and Bonaparte, in the presence of two aides-de-camp. After the ceremony she had procured a written certificate of the marriage from the Cardinal. She carefully preserved this document, and, notwithstanding all the Emperor's efforts to obtain it from her, she never could be induced to part with it.

It has since been said that any religious marriage not witnessed by the *curé* of the parish in which it is celebrated is *de facto* null and void, and that a means of breaking the marriage was purposely reserved by this expedient. In that case, Cardinal Fesch must have been a consenting party to the fraud; and yet his subsequent conduct forbids any such supposition. When violent quarrels arose on the subject of the divorce, and the Empress went so far as to threaten her husband with the publication of the certificate in her possession, Cardinal Fesch was consulted upon the point. He repeatedly affirmed that the document was in good form,

and that his conscience obliged him to declare the marriage so validly solemnized that it could not be broken otherwise than by an act of arbitrary authority.

After the divorce the Emperor wanted to get possession of the document in question; but the Cardinal advised the Empress not to part with it. It is a remarkable proof of the extent to which suspicion and distrust prevailed among all the members of the Bonaparte family, that the Empress, while availing herself of advice that coincided with her own feelings, told me she sometimes thought the Cardinal gave her that advice in connivance with the Emperor, who wanted to drive her to some outbreak which would give him an excuse for banishing her from France. And yet, the uncle and nephew had quarreled, at that very time, about the Pope's affairs.

On the 2d of December the coronation took place. It would be difficult to describe its splendor or to enter into the details of that day. The weather was cold, but dry and bright; the streets of Paris were crowded with people more curious than enthusiastic; the guard under arms presented a fine spectacle.

The Pope preceded the Emperor by several hours, and waited with admirable patience for the long-delayed arrival of the procession. He sat upon the throne erected for him in the church, and made no complaint either of cold or weariness. The Cathedral of Notre Dame was decorated with taste and magnificence. At the far end was a splendid throne for the Emperor, on which he was to appear surrounded by his entire Court. Before setting out for Notre Dame, we were admitted to the apartment of the Empress. Our attire was very brilliant, but it paled before the magnificence of the costumes of the Imperial family. The Empress especially, sparkling with diamonds, and wearing her hair in countless curls, a style of the time of Louis XVI., did not look more than twenty-five.* She wore a white satin gown,

* She was forty-one, having been born at Martinique on the 23d of June, 1763.

and a Court mantle of the same material, both profusely embroidered in mingled gold and silver. Her ornaments consisted of a diadem, a necklace, earrings, and a girdle of diamonds of immense value; and all this gorgeous attire was worn with her customary easy grace. Her sisters-in-law were also adorned with a vast quantity of jewels. The Emperor inspected each of us in our turn, smiling at this luxury, which was, like all the rest, a sudden creation of his sovereign will.

His own costume was brilliant. He was to assume the Imperial robes at Notre Dame, but for the present he wore a French coat of red velvet embroidered in gold, a white sash, a short cloak sewn with bees, a plumed hat turned up in front with a diamond buckle, and the collar of the Legion of Honor in diamonds. This superb dress became him well. The whole Court wore velvet cloaks embroidered in gold. It must be acknowledged that we paraded ourselves a little for our mutual amusement; but the spectacle was really beautiful.

The Emperor got into his carriage—it had seven glasses, and was gorgeously gilded—with his wife and his two brothers, Joseph and Louis. Then we all took our appointed places in the carriages which were to follow, and the splendid *cortége* proceeded at a foot-pace to Notre Dame. There was no lack of shouting on our way; and, although the acclamations of the people had not that ring of enthusiasm which a sovereign jealous of his people's love longs to recognize, they sufficed to gratify the vanity of a haughty master, but one who was not sensitive.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, the Emperor entered the archiepiscopal palace, and there assumed his robes of state. They seemed almost to crush him; his slight frame collapsed under the enormous mantle of ermine. A simple laurel-wreath encircled his head; he looked like an antique medallion, but he was extremely pale, and genuinely affected. The expression of his countenance was stern and somewhat distressed.

The ceremony was grand and impressive. A general movement of admiration was noticeable at the moment when the Empress was crowned. She was so unaffected, so graceful, as she advanced toward the altar, she knelt down with such simple elegance, that all eyes were delighted with the picture she presented. When she had to walk from the altar to the throne, there was a slight altercation with her sisters-in-law, who carried her mantle with such an ill grace that I observed at one moment the new-made Empress could not advance a step. The Emperor perceived this, and spoke a few sharp short words to his sisters, which speedily brought them to reason.

During the ceremony, the Pope bore an air of resignation of a noble sort, the result of his own will, and for a purpose of great utility. It was between two and three o'clock when the *cortége* left Notre Dame, and we did not reach the Tuileries until the short December day had closed in. We were lighted by the general illuminations, and a number of torches were carried along the line of vehicles. We dined at the château, with the Grand Marshal, and after dinner the Emperor received all the members of the Court who had not yet retired. He was in high spirits, and delighted with the ceremony; he admired us all, jested about the effect of finery on women, and said to us, laughingly, "You owe it to me, mesdames, that you are so charming!" He had not allowed the Empress to take off her crown, although she had dined *tête-à-tête* with him, and he complimented her on the grace with which she wore it. At length he dismissed us.

Innumerable fêtes and rejoicings took place during the ensuing month. On the 5th of December the Emperor went to the Champ de Mars with the same state as on the coronation day, and distributed eagles to a number of regiments. The enthusiasm of the soldiers far surpassed that of the people; but the bad weather spoiled the effect of this second great day. It rained in torrents, but neverthe-

less an immense multitude thronged the Champ de Mars. M. Maret devoted the following flowery passage in the "Moniteur" to the rain of the 5th of December: "Although the situation of the spectators was distressing, there was not one among them who did not find ample compensation in the sentiment which induced him to remain in his place, and in the utterance of aspirations (*vœux*), to which his acclamations bore testimony."

A common and absurd form of flattery, and one which has been resorted to in every age, is the making believe that, because a king has need of sunshine, he can secure its presence. I remember when it was a current saying at the Tuileries that the Emperor had only to fix a certain day for a review or a hunting-party, and the sky could not fail to be cloudless. Whenever it was so, the fact was eagerly remarked; but nothing was said about the days that were dull or rainy. A similar device was adopted in the time of Louis XIV. It was not, indeed, possible to say that it did not rain during the distribution of the eagles at the Champ de Mars, but I met many people who gravely assured me that the rain did not wet them.

A spacious platform had been constructed for the accommodation of the Imperial family and the Court; on this the throne, protected as much as possible from the rain, was placed. The canvas and hangings were speedily wet through; the Empress was obliged to withdraw, with her daughter—who was out for the first time after the birth of her second child—and her sisters-in-law, excepting Mme. Murat, who continued to brave the weather although she was lightly dressed. She was training herself, as she said laughingly, "to endure the inevitable constraints of royalty."

On that day a sumptuous banquet was given at the Tuileries. A table was laid in the Gallery of Diana, beneath a magnificent canopy, for the Pope, the Emperor, the Empress, and the first Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire. The

Pope sat on the left of the Empress, and the Emperor on her right. They were waited on by the great officers of the household. Lower down, there was a table for the Princes, among whom was the Hereditary Prince of Baden; a table for the Ministers; one for the ladies and gentlemen of the Imperial household—all served with the utmost luxury. Some fine music was performed during the repast. Then came a largely attended reception, at which the Pope was present; and a ballet, performed by dancers from the Opéra, in the great drawing-room. The Pope withdrew before the ballet. The evening concluded with cards, and the Emperor gave the signal for departure by retiring.

At the Emperor's Court, play merely formed a portion of the ceremonial. He never allowed money to be staked, and the games were whist and loto. We used to make up the tables just for something to do, and generally talked, while we held our cards without looking at them. The Empress was fond of playing cards, even without money, and played whist in real earnest. Her card-table and that of the Princesses were placed in the room called the Emperor's cabinet, at the entrance of the Gallery of Diana. She played with the greatest personages present, foreigners, ambassadors, or Frenchmen. The two ladies-in-waiting on duty for the week occupied seats behind her; a chamberlain stood near her chair. While she was playing, all who were in the rooms came, one after the other, to make their bows and courtesies to her. Bonaparte's brothers and sisters also played, and sent invitations to join their card-tables, by their respective chamberlains, to various persons. His mother, who had been given a house and the title of Princess, but who was always called Madame Mère, did the same. The Emperor walked about everywhere, preceded by chamberlains who announced his presence. On his approach every voice was hushed; no one left his place; the ladies stood up, waiting for the insignificant, and frequently ungracious, remarks which he would address to them. He never remembered a name, and his

first question almost invariably was, "And what do *you* call yourself?" There was not a woman present on those occasions who did not rejoice when he moved away from her vicinity.

This reminds me of an anecdote about Grétry. As a member of the Institute he frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and it happened several times that the Emperor, who had come to recognize his face, approached him almost mechanically and asked him his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, and perhaps a little annoyed at not having produced a more lasting impression, answered to the Emperor's rudely uttered "And you! who are you?" in a sharp, impatient tone, "Sire, I am still Grétry." Ever afterward the Emperor recognized him perfectly. The Empress, on the contrary, had an accurate memory for names, and also for the smallest particulars concerning each individual.

For a long time the routine of the Court receptions continued to be what I have described. Afterward, concerts, ballets, and even plays, were added to the list of amusements; but I shall refer to this subject in due order of time. The Emperor desired that special places should be assigned to the ladies-in-waiting, and these small privileges excited small jealousies which engendered great animosities, after the invariable law of courts. At this period the Emperor indulged in ceremonies of every kind; he liked them, especially because they were of his own creation. He always spoiled their effect to some extent by the habitual precipitation from which he could rarely refrain, and by the apprehension lest all should not be exactly as he wished, with which he inspired everybody. On one occasion, he gave audience, seated on his throne and surrounded by the great officers of the household, the Marshals, and the Senate, to all the Prefects, and to the Presidents of the electoral colleges. He then granted a second audience to the former, and strongly urged them to carry out the conscription. "Without that," said the Emperor (and these words were inserted

in the "Moniteur"), "there can be neither national power nor national independence." No doubt, he was then cherishing a project for placing the crown of Italy upon his head, and felt that his designs must lead to war; and, besides, as the impossibility of an invasion of England had been made clear to him, although the preparations were still carried on, the necessity for employing an army which was becoming a burden to France was pressed upon his attention. In the midst of these graver subjects of anxiety, he had reason to be provoked with the Parisians. He had bespoken from Chénier a tragedy to be acted on the occasion of the coronation. The poet had selected Cyrus for his theme, and the fifth act of the tragedy (the coronation of the hero of ancient history) represented the ceremony of Notre Dame accurately enough. The piece was a poor production, and the allusions in it were too palpable, too evidently written to order. The Parisian audience hissed the tragedy from first to last, and laughed aloud at the scene of the enthronement. The Emperor was much displeased; he was as angry with my husband as if M. de Rémusat had been responsible to him for the approbation of the public, and by the revelation of this weak point the public learned to avenge themselves at the theatre for the silence so rigorously imposed upon them elsewhere.

The Senate gave a magnificent fête, and the Corps Législatif followed the example. On the 16th of December an entertainment took place, by which the city of Paris incurred a debt, unpaid for many years, for a grand public feast, fireworks, a ball, and the silver-gilt toilet-services presented to the Emperor and Empress. Addresses and laudatory inscriptions abounded in all directions. The flatteries lavished upon Louis XIV. during his reign have been much commented upon; I am sure, if they were all put together, they would not amount to one tenth of those which were bestowed upon Bonaparte. Some years later, at another fête given by the city of Paris to the Emperor, the repertory of

inscriptions being exhausted, a brilliant device was resorted to. Over the throne which he was to occupy were placed the following words from the Holy Scriptures, in letters of gold: "I am that I am." And no one seemed to be scandalized!

France was given up at this time to fêtes and merry-making. Medals were struck and distributed profusely. The Marshals gave a great ball in the Opera House, at a cost of ten thousand francs to each. The pit was boarded over, on a level with the stage; the boxes were festooned with silver gauze, brilliantly lighted, and filled with ladies in full dress. The Imperial family were seated apart on an estrade, and the company danced in the vast inclosure. Flowers and diamonds in profusion, splendid dresses, and the magnificence of the Court made this a most brilliant entertainment. We were all put to great expense on these occasions. A sum of ten thousand francs was allowed to the ladies-in-waiting as compensation for their expenditure, but it was not nearly sufficient. The cost of the coronation amounted to four millions of francs.

The princes and distinguished foreigners staying in Paris paid an assiduous court to our sovereign, and the Emperor did the honors of Paris with a good grace. Prince Louis of Baden was then very young, and rather shy; he kept himself in the background. The Prince Primate, who was over sixty, was amiable, lively, and garrulous. He was well acquainted with France, and with Paris, where he had lived in his youth; he was fond of literature, and friendly with the former Academicians, who were admitted, with a few other persons, to the smaller receptions held by the Empress. During this winter about fifty ladies and a number of gentlemen used to be invited, once or twice a week, to sup at the Tuileries. Eight o'clock was the hour named, and full dress, but not Court dress, was worn. We played at cards in the drawing-room on the ground-floor, which is now Madame's drawing-room. On Bonaparte's appearance we

used to pass into a music-room, where a musical performance by Italian singers occupied half an hour; then we returned to the drawing-room, and resumed our cards. The Emperor would move about, either playing or talking. A sumptuous and elegant supper was served at eleven o'clock, the ladies only being seated. Bonaparte's arm-chair would remain unoccupied; he would saunter round the table, but eat nothing. When supper was over, he would take his departure. The princes and princesses, the great officers of the Empire, two or three ministers, a few marshals, some generals, senators, State councilors, and their wives, were always invited to these small parties. There was great rivalry in dress. The Empress, as well as her sisters-in-law, always appeared in something new, with quantities of pearls and precious stones. She was the possessor of pearls worth a million of francs. At that time stuffs shot with gold or silver began to be worn. During the winter turbans became the fashion at court; they were made either of white or colored muslin, spotted with gold, or of a brilliant Turkish material. By degrees our garments assumed an Eastern shape: over our richly embroidered muslin gowns we used to wear short dresses of some colored fabric, open in front, and our arms, shoulders, and bosoms uncovered.

The Emperor, who, as I shall presently relate, was becoming more and more deeply in love, sought to disguise the fact by paying attentions to all the ladies, and seemed at his ease only when surrounded by them. The gentlemen would then become aware that their presence embarrassed him, and they would retire to an adjoining room. The scene was then not unlike a harem, as I remarked one evening to Bonaparte. He was in a good humor, and laughed; but my jest was far from pleasing to the Empress.

The Pope, who passed his evenings in retirement, visited the churches, hospitals, and public institutions in the morning. He officiated on one occasion at Notre Dame, and a great crowd was admitted to kiss his feet. He visited Ver-

sailles and the suburbs of Paris, and was received with such profound respect at the Invalides that the Emperor grew uneasy. And yet I heard that, while his Holiness was most anxious to return to Rome, the Emperor still detained him. I have never been able to discover his motive.

The Pope was always dressed in white: having been a monk, he wore a woolen habit, and over it a sort of surplice of cambric trimmed with lace, which had a curious effect. His *calotte*, or skull-cap, was of white woolen stuff.

At the end of December the Corps Législatif was opened in state; labored speeches upon the importance and the happiness of the great event which had just taken place were delivered, and a report, not only flourishing but also true, on the prosperous condition of France, was presented.

Meanwhile, applications for places at the new Court were numerous, and the Emperor acceded to some of them. He also named senators from among the presidents of the electoral colleges. Marmont was made colonel-general of the Mounted Chasseurs; and the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor was bestowed on Cambacérès, Lebrun, the Marshals, Cardinal Fesch, MM. Duroc, De Caulaincourt, De Talleyrand, De Ségur, and also on several Ministers, the Chief Judge, and on MM. Gaudin and Portalis, Ministers of Public Worship. These appointments and favors kept every one in a state of expectation.

Thenceforth the impulse was given; people became accustomed to wishing, to waiting, to seeing daily some new thing. Each day would bring forth some little circumstance, unexpected in itself, but anticipated; for we had acquired a habit of always being on the lookout for something. Afterward the Emperor extended to the entire nation, to the whole of Europe, the system of continually exciting ambition, curiosity, and hope: this was not the least ingenious secret of his government.

CHAPTER XI.

(1807.)

The Emperor in Love—Mme. de X——Mme. de Damas—The Empress confides in me—Palace Intrigues—Murat is raised to the Rank of Prince.

The Empress could not forbear from occasionally complaining, in private, that her son had no share in the promotions which were made daily; but she had the good sense to conceal her dissatisfaction, and Eugène himself maintained an easy attitude, which was highly honorable to him, and in marked contrast with the jealous impatience of Murat. Mme. Murat was continually importuning the Emperor to raise her husband to a rank which would place him above the Marshals, among whom it annoyed him to be included. During the winter both the husband and wife contrived to profit by the weakness of the Emperor, and earned a claim to his favor by making themselves useful in his new love affair, as we shall presently see.

I have already said that Eugène was captivated by Mme. de X——. This lady, who was then twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, was of fair hair and complexion; her blue eyes could wear any expression she chose, except indeed that of frankness; her disposition was habitually deceitful. Her nose was aquiline and rather long, her mouth was lovely, and her teeth, which she frequently displayed, were beautiful. She was of middle height, with an elegant but too slender figure; she had small feet, and danced to perfection. She had no remarkable ability, but was not wanting in clever-

ness; her manners were quiet and cold. It was difficult to excite her feelings, still more difficult to hurt them.

The Empress had at first treated her with marked distinction. She praised her beauty, approved of her style of dress, and made more of her than of others, for the sake of her son, Prince Eugène. This, perhaps, led in the first instance to the Emperor's taking notice of her. He began to pay her attention during the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau.

Mme. Murat, who was the first to discern her brother's inclination, tried to insinuate herself into the confidence of the lady, and succeeded so far as to set her on her guard against the keen eyes of the Empress. Murat, in accordance, I believe, with some private arrangement, pretended to be an admirer of Mme. de X——, and thus for a time threw the Court off the scent.

The Empress, who was well aware of the new passion of the Emperor, but could not discover its object, at first suspected the Maréchale Ney, to whom he was in the habit of talking a good deal; and for a few days that poor lady was closely watched. As usual, the Empress confided her jealous suspicions to me, but I saw nothing as yet to justify them.

The Empress complained to Mme. Louis of what she called the perfidy of Mme. Ney. The latter was questioned, and, after having declared that her own feeling toward the Emperor was simply fear, she admitted that he had sometimes appeared to pay her attention, and that Mme. de X—— had congratulated her on the grand conquest she was about to make. This was a flash of light to the Empress. She at once discovered the truth, and saw that Murat was feigning love for the lady only that he might be the bearer of declarations from the Emperor.

In Duroc's deference toward Mme. de X—— she also discerned a proof of his master's sentiments, and in the conduct of Mme. Murat a deeply laid scheme against her own peace of mind. The Emperor began to pass more time in

his wife's apartments. Nearly every evening he would come down, and his looks and words betrayed the object of his preference. If Josephine went privately to the theatre—for the Emperor did not like her to appear in public without him—he would join her party unexpectedly; and day by day he became more engrossed and less capable of self-control. Mme. de X—— maintained an appearance of indifference, but she made use of every art of feminine coquetry. Her dress became more and more elegant, her smile more subtle, her looks more full of meaning; and it was soon easy enough to guess what was going on. The Empress suspected that Mme. Murat connived at secret interviews in her own house, and she afterward became certain of the fact. Then, according to her custom, she burst into tears and reproaches, and once more I found myself obliged to listen to confidences which were dangerous to receive, and to give advice which was never heeded.

The Empress attempted expostulations, but they were very badly taken. Her husband lost his temper, reproached her with opposing his pleasures, and ordered her to be silent; and while she, abandoned to her grief, was sad and downcast in public, he, more gay, free, and animated than we had yet seen him, paid attention to us all, and lavished rough compliments on us. On the occasions of the Empress's receptions, of which I have already spoken, he looked really like a Sultan. He would sit down to a card-table, often selecting his sister Caroline, Mme. de X——, and myself to make up his game; and, scarcely noticing his cards, he would start some sentimental discussion in his own style, with more wit than sentiment, occasionally with doubtful taste, but with a great deal of animation. On these occasions Mme. de X—— was very reserved, and, being probably afraid lest I might make some discoveries, would answer in monosyllables only.

Mme. Murat took but slight interest in these conversations; she always went straight to her point, and cared little for detail. As for me, I was amused by them, and I could

take my part with a liberty of spirit not possessed by the other three, who were all more or less preoccupied. Sometimes, without naming any one, Bonaparte would commence a dissertation on jealousy, and then it was easy to see that he applied it to his wife. I understood him, and defended her gayly, as well as I could, without plainly indicating her; and I could see that Mme. de X—— and Mme. Murat gave me no thanks for that.

Mme. Bonaparte would keep a watch on us during these conversations, which always made her uneasy, from the other end of the room, where she was playing at cards. Although she had reason to know she might depend on me, yet, as she was naturally suspicious, she sometimes feared that I would sacrifice her to the desire of pleasing the Emperor, and she was also vexed with me because I would not tax him with his conduct.

She would sometimes ask me to go to him and tell him of the harm which, as she said, this new entanglement was doing him in the eyes of the world; again, she wanted me to contrive that Mme. de X—— should be watched in her own house, whither she knew Bonaparte sometimes went of an evening; or else she would make me write, in her presence, anonymous letters full of reproaches. These I wrote in order to satisfy her, and to prevent her from getting other persons to write them; but I carefully burned them afterward, although I assured her that I had sent them.

Servants whom she could trust were employed to discover the proofs she sought for. The employees of her favorite tradespeople were taken into her confidence, and I suffered the more from her imprudent conduct, when I learned shortly afterward that Mme. Murat put down all the discoveries made by the Empress to my account, and accused me of a mean espionage of which I was incapable.

The Empress was the more distressed because her son was profoundly grieved by this affair. Mme. de X——, who, either from coquetry, inclination, or vanity, had at first

listened favorably to him, avoided even the slightest appearance of friendship with him since her new and more brilliant conquest. She probably boasted to the Emperor of the passion with which she had inspired Eugène; certain it is that the latter was treated with coldness by his stepfather. The Empress showed her anger at this; the Princess Louis was also distressed, but she concealed her feelings; Eugène was sore at heart, but his outward composure laid him little open to attack.

In all this the undying hatred between the Bonapartes and the Beauharnais was displayed, and it was my fate to find myself entangled in it, notwithstanding all my moderation. I have discovered by experience that everything, or nearly everything, depends on chance at Court. Human prudence is not a sufficient safeguard, and I know no means of escaping from misconstruction, unless the sovereign himself be incapable of suspicion. Far from this, however, the Emperor welcomed all gossip, and believed everything that was ill-natured, on any subject. The surest way to please him was to carry every rumor to him, and to denounce everybody's conduct; and therefore M. de Rémusat, who was placed so near him, never obtained his favor. He declined to tread such a path to success, although it was frequently pointed out to him by Duroc.

One evening the Emperor, who was quite out of patience, owing to a scene with his wife, in which, driven to desperation, she had declared she would forbid the entry of her apartments to Mme. de X——, addressed himself to M. de Rémusat, and complained that I did not use my influence over her to dissuade her from acts of imprudence. He concluded by telling him that he wished to speak to me in private, and that I was to ask for an audience. M. de Rémusat conveyed this order to me, and accordingly on the following day I asked for an audience, which was fixed for the next morning.

A hunting-party had been arranged for that day. The

Empress started first with the foreign princes; she was to wait for the Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne. I arrived just as the Emperor was entering his carriage; his suite was assembled round him. He returned to his cabinet in order to receive me, to the great astonishment of the Court, to whom the merest trifle was an event.

He began by complaining bitterly of the discussions in his household, and launched out into invectives against women in general, and his own wife in particular. He reproached me with assisting her spies, and accused me of many actions of which I knew nothing whatever, but which had been reported to him. I recognized in all he said the ill offices of Mme. Murat, and, what hurt me more, I perceived that in several instances the Empress had used my name, and had attributed to me her own words or thoughts, in order to strengthen her case. This, together with the Emperor's angry words, distressed me, and tears rose to my eyes. The Emperor noticed them, and rudely rebuked my emotion with a saying which he frequently used, and which I have already quoted: "Women have always two ways of producing an effect—paint and tears." Just then these words, uttered in an ironical tone and with the intention of disconcerting me, had the opposite effect; they angered me, and gave me courage to answer: "No, Sire; but when I am unjustly accused, I can not but weep tears of indignation."

I must render this testimony to the Emperor: he was seldom hard upon any one who displayed firmness; either because, meeting with it seldom, he was unprepared for it, or because his natural sense of justice responded to a feeling justly entertained.

He was not displeased with me. "Since you do not approve," he said, "of the watch set over me by the Empress, how is it your influence is not sufficient to deter her? She humiliates both herself and me by surrounding me with spies; she only furnishes weapons to her enemies. Since

you are in her confidence, you must answer for her, and I shall hold you responsible for all her faults." He smiled slightly as he spoke these words. Then I represented to him that I was tenderly attached to the Empress; that I was incapable of advising her to an improper course of action; but that no one could gain much influence over a person of so passionate a nature. I told him that he showed no tact in dealing with her, and that, whether he was rightly or wrongly suspected, he was harsh and treated her too roughly. I durst not blame the Empress for that which was really blameworthy in her conduct, for I knew he would not fail to repeat my words to his wife. I ended by telling him that I should keep away from the palace for some time, and that he would see whether things went on any better in consequence.

He then said that he was not, and could not be, in love; that he thought no more of Mme. de X—— than of anybody else; that love was for men of a different disposition from his own; that he was altogether absorbed in politics; that he would have no women ruling in his Court; that they had injured Henry IV. and Louis XIV.; that his own business was a much more serious one than that of those kings, and that Frenchmen had become too grave to pardon their sovereign for recognized *liaisons* and official mistresses. He spoke of his wife's past conduct, adding that she had not the right to be severe. I ventured to check him on this subject, and he was not angry with me. Finally, he questioned me as to the individuals who were employed as spies by the Empress. I could only answer that I knew none of them. Then he reproached me with want of attachment to himself. I maintained that I was more sincerely devoted than those who carried worthless gossip to him. This conversation ended better than it had begun; I could perceive that I had made a favorable impression.

This interview had lasted a long time; and the Empress, who grew tired of waiting in the Bois de Boulogne, had sent

a mounted servant to discover what was detaining her husband. She was informed that he was alone with me. Her uneasiness became very great; she returned to the Tuileries, and, finding I was no longer there, she sent Mme. de Talhouet to my house to learn all that had taken place. In obedience to the Emperor's commands, I replied that the conversation had been restricted to certain matters relative to M. de Rémusat.

In the evening there was a dance at General Savary's, at which the Emperor had promised to be present. During the winter he took every opportunity of appearing in society; he was in good spirits, and would even dance, rather awkwardly. I arrived at Mme. Savary's before the Court party. The Grand Marshal (Duroc) came forward to meet me, and offered his arm to conduct me to my place; and our host was full of attentions. My long audience of that morning had given rise to conjectures; I was treated with respect, as though I were in high favor, or had received confidential communications. I could not help smiling at the simple cunning of these courtiers.

Presently the Emperor and Empress arrived. In making his progress round the room, Bonaparte stopped and spoke to me in a friendly manner. The Empress was watching us, full of anxiety. Mme. Murat looked astonished and Mme. de X—— nervous. All this amused me; I did not foresee the consequences. The next day the Empress pressed me with questions which I took care not to answer; she became offended, and declared that I was sacrificing her to the Emperor, that I chose the safe side, and that I no more than others cared for her. Her reproaches grieved me deeply.

I confided all my troubles to my dear mother. I was acquiring a bitter experience, and was still young enough to shed tears over it. My mother comforted me, and advised me to hold myself a little aloof, which I did; but this did not help me. The Emperor obliged me to speak to him, and, when he reproached his wife for her indiscreet behavior,

pretended he was repeating my opinions. The Empress treated me with coldness; I saw that she avoided speaking to me, and, for my part, I did not consider myself bound to seek her confidence.

The Emperor, who enjoyed sowing dissension between us, perceived the coolness, and paid me, in consequence, all the more attention; but Mme. de X——, who had been taught to dislike me, and was uneasy at the favor in which I was held, and who also perhaps did me the honor of feeling a little jealous, tried in every way to injure me. As everything in this world works together for evil purposes only too readily, she found an opportunity in which she was perfectly successful.

On the other hand, Eugène Beauharnais and the Princess Louis were convinced that I had betrayed their mother, in order to further the ambition of M. de Rémusat, who preferred the favor of the master to that of the mistress. M. de Rémusat held himself entirely aloof from all these matters; but, where ambition is concerned, the probable is always the true in the belief of dwellers in a court. Eugène, who had been friendly to my husband, now kept aloof from him. As courtiers, our position was not an unfavorable one; but, as we were merely honorable people and would not reap any disgraceful advantage from it, we were both greatly distressed.

I have still to relate how Mme. de X—— contrived to strike the final blow. Among my mother's friends and mine was Mme. Charles de Damas, whose daughter, the wife of the Count de Vogüé, was the intimate friend of my sister, and was also intimate, though in a less degree, with myself. Mme. de Damas was an ardent Royalist, and in the habit of expressing her opinions with some imprudence. She had even been accused, after the affair of the 3d Nivôse (the infernal machine), of having concealed certain Chouans who were implicated. In the autumn of 1804 Mme. de Damas was exiled to a distance of forty leagues from Paris, on ac-

count of some foolish speeches. This act of severity sorely distressed both the mother and the daughter: the latter was near her confinement, and I, having witnessed their tears and shared their grief, went for consolation to the Empress. She spoke to her husband, and he was good enough to listen to my petition, and to grant me the revocation of the sentence.

Mme. de Damas, in her impulsive and affectionate way, published abroad the service I had rendered her, and, bound by feelings of gratitude to the Empress, as well as alarmed at the risk she had run, she became thenceforth more careful of her words. She never mentioned politics to me, but respected my position as I respected her feelings.

It happened, however, that in the Marquise de C——, a lady who had formerly been celebrated at Court and in society for her brilliancy of repartee, Mme. de Damas had an enemy. Mme. de C—— was on friendly terms with Mme. de X——, and, having discovered her *liaison* with the Emperor, she extorted an avowal of the facts from Mme. de X——. Then, being of an active and scheming disposition, she undertook to advise her friend in her capacity of mistress to the sovereign. They had some conversation about me, and Mme. de C——, who always imagined the intrigues of Versailles in the incidents of the Emperor's Court, concluded, with some show of probability, that it was my intention to supplant the new favorite. As I was reputed to possess some talent, and as my reputation on this point owed a great deal to my mother's, it was supposed that I must be fond of intrigue. Mme. de C——, intending to do a bad turn to Mme. de Damas, and at the same time to injure me, mentioned her to Mme. de X—— as a woman more devoted than ever to her Royalist opinions, ready to enter into any secret correspondence, and to abuse the indulgence with which she had been treated, by acting against the Emperor whenever she could. My friendship with her was described as more intimate than it really was; and this, being reported to the Emperor, served to prejudice him against me. He no

longer summoned me to join him at the card-table, nor conversed with me; I was not invited to Malmaison or to the hunting-parties; in short, I found myself in disgrace without being able to guess at the cause, for, on account of my failing health, I was living in comparative solitude and retirement. My husband and I were too closely united for disgrace to fall on one without including the other, and neither of us could understand why we were thus treated.

As the Emperor's friendship for me cooled, I regained the confidence of his wife, who took me back into favor as lightly as she had given me up, and without a word of explanation. By this time I knew her sufficiently to understand that explanations would be useless. She enlightened me respecting the Emperor's displeasure. She had learned from him that Mme. de C—— and Mme. de X—— had informed against me. He had gone so far as to acknowledge to his wife that he was in love, and gave her to understand that he must not be thwarted; adding, in order to console her, that it was a passing fancy, which would only be increased by opposition, but would soon pass away if it were not balked.

The Empress made up her mind to endurance; but she never addressed Mme. de X——. The latter cared little for that, however, and regarded the conjugal broils of which she was the cause with impudent indifference. Besides, under the direction of Mme. Murat, she ministered to the Emperor's tastes by retailing to him a great deal of evil of a great number of people. Many persons were ruined during her spell of favor, and she fostered the worst qualities of the Emperor's suspicious nature.

When I learned this new accusation against me, I again requested an audience of him; but this time his manner was stern. He reproached me with being friendly only with his enemies, with having defended the Polignacs, with being an agent of the "aristocrats." "I intended to make a great lady of you," he said—"to raise your fortunes to a great height; but all that can only be the reward of entire devo-

tion. You must break with your former friends, and, the next time Mme. de Damas comes to your house, you must refuse her admittance, and have her told that you can not associate with my enemies. Then I shall believe in your attachment." I made no attempt to point out to him how contrary such a mode of action would be to all my habits; but I consented to refrain from seeing Mme. de Damas, whose conduct, at least since the pardon had been granted her, I defended. He spoke to me very severely; he was deeply prejudiced, and I saw that I must only trust to time to open his eyes.

A few days later Mme. de Damas was again ordered into exile. She was ill in bed; and the Emperor sent Corvisart to her, to certify whether, in fact, she could not be removed. Corvisart was a friend of mine, and gave his opinion according to my wishes; but at length Mme. de Damas recovered and left Paris. It was long before she returned. I no longer visited her, nor did she come to me, but she retained her former affection for me, and perfectly understood the motives which constrained me to act as I did. Count Charles de Damas, who was straightforward, simple, and less indiscreet than his wife, was never annoyed by the police, while they kept constant watch on Mme. de Damas. Some years later, the Emperor gave Mme. de Vogüé to understand that he wished her to be presented at Court: this was during the reign of the Archduchess.*

Meanwhile the Bonapartes triumphed. Eugène, the constant object of their jealousy, was positively badly treated, and was a source of secret trouble to the Emperor. Suddenly, toward the end of January, in very severe weather, Eugène received orders to proceed with his regiment to Italy within four and twenty hours. Eugène felt convinced that he was in complete disgrace. The Empress, believing this to be the doing of Mme. de X——, wept bitterly, but her son

* On the death of M. de Vogüé, his widow married the Count de Chastellux, now a colonel, and brother-in-law to the imprudent La Bedoyère.

strictly forbade her to make any appeal. He took leave of the Emperor, who received him with coldness, and we heard the following day that the Guards' Regiment of Guides had departed, its colonel marching at its head, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season.

The Princess Louis, in speaking to me of this harsh act, expressed her pride in her brother's obedience. "If the Emperor," she said, "had exacted such a thing from a member of his own family, you would have seen what a noise would have been made; but not one word has been uttered in this case, and I think Bonaparte must be impressed by such an act of submission." And in fact he was, but still more by the ill-natured satisfaction of his brothers and sisters. He liked to disappoint them; and although, in a fit of jealousy, he had sent away his stepson, he immediately rewarded him for his good behavior. On the 1st of February, 1805, the Senate received two letters * from the Emperor.

* The following are the two messages addressed by the Emperor on the same day, 12th Pluviôse, year 13 (1st February, 1805), to the Senate:

"SENATORS: We have appointed our brother-in-law, Marshal Murat, to be Grand Admiral of the Empire. We desire to recognize not only his services to the country, and the particular attachment he has shown to our person throughout his whole life, but also what is due to the luster and dignity of the Crown, by raising to the rank of Prince an individual so closely allied to us by the ties of blood."

"SENATORS: We have appointed our stepson, Eugène Beauharnais, Vice-Arch-Chancellor of State to the Empire. Among all the acts of our sovereignty, there is not one more gratifying to our heart. Brought up by our care, and from his childhood, under our own people, he has proved himself worthy of imitating, and, with the help of God, of some day surpassing, the examples and the lessons we have given him. Although he is still young, we shall from this day forward consider him, on account of the experience we have had of his conduct in the most momentous circumstances, as one of the pillars of our throne, and one of the most able defenders of his country. In the midst of the cares and trials of the high rank to which we have been called, our heart has sought for affection in the tenderness and consoling friendship of this child of our adoption; a consolation which is, no doubt, necessary to all men, but preëminently so to us, whose every moment is devoted to the affairs of nations. Our paternal blessing will follow this young Prince throughout his whole career, and, with the help of Providence, he will one day be worthy of the approbation of posterity."—P. R.

In one he announced the elevation of Marshal Murat to the rank of Prince and Grand Admiral of the Empire. This was the reward of his recent acts of complaisance, and the result of Mme. Murat's importunities. In the other letter, which was couched in flattering and affectionate terms toward Eugène, he was created Vice-Arch-Chancellor of State. This was one of the great posts of the Empire. Eugène heard of his promotion when he was a few miles from Lyons, where the courier found him on horseback at the head of his regiment, covered with thickly falling snow.

Before I deal with the union of the crown of Italy with that of France, a great event which afforded us a new spectacle, and was the cause of the war that broke out in the autumn of this year, I will relate all that remains to be told concerning Mme. de X——.

She seemed to engross the Emperor's thoughts more and more; and, as she became assured of her power, so she became less circumspect in her conduct toward the Empress, and seemed to delight in her misery. During a short stay which we made at Malmaison, appearances were more than ever outraged. To the surprise of every one, the Emperor would walk about the grounds with Mme. de X—— and young Mme. Savary—whose eyes and tongue were not at all formidable—and he devoted less time than usual to business. The Empress remained in her room, weeping, tortured with apprehension, brooding upon recognized *liaisons*, disgrace and oblivion for herself, and possibly divorce, the continually recurring object of her apprehensions. She no longer had courage for useless altercations; but her sadness bore witness to her grief, and at last touched her husband's heart. Perhaps his love for her revived, or possession weakened his passion for Mme. de X——, or he became ashamed of the sway the latter exercised over him; but, whatever was the cause, that which he had predicted of himself came to pass. One day, when he was alone with his wife and saw her weeping at something he had said, he suddenly resumed the

affectionate manner of former times, and, admitting her to the most intimate confidence, owned to her once more that he had been very much infatuated, but said that it was all over. He added that he had detected an attempt to govern him—that Mme. de X—— had told him a number of very ill-natured stories; and he actually concluded by asking the Empress to assist him to put an end to a *liaison* which he no longer cared about.

The Empress was not in the least vindictive; it is but just to say that for her. So soon as she found that she no longer had anything to fear, her anger vanished. Delighted to be rid of her trouble, she showed no severity toward the Emperor, but once more became the gentle and indulgent wife, always ready to forgive him. She objected to any publicity on this occasion, and even promised her husband that, if he would alter his behavior to Mme. de X——, she, on her part, would alter hers also, and would shield the lady from any annoyance which might result from the change. She only claimed the right to an interview with Mme. de X——. Accordingly, she sent for her, and spoke to her plainly and frankly, pointing out the risk she had run, excusing her apparent levity on the plea of her youth and imprudence, recommending greater discretion for the future, and promising that the past should be forgotten.

During this conversation Mme. de X—— remained perfectly self-possessed, calmly denying that she deserved any such admonitions, evincing no emotion, not a trace of gratitude. In sight of the whole Court, which for some time continued to observe her, she maintained a cool and self-contained demeanor, which proved that her heart was not much concerned in the intimacy now broken off, and also that she could keep her private feelings well in check—for it is difficult to believe that her vanity, at any rate, was not deeply mortified. The Emperor, who, as I have already said, dreaded the least appearance of being ruled by anybody, ostentatiously exhibited his freedom. He was not even

commonly civil to Mme. de X——; he never looked at her; and he spoke slightingly of her, either to Mme. Bonaparte, who could not deny herself the pleasure of repeating his words, or to men with whom he was on familiar terms. He was careful to explain that this had only been a passing fancy, and would relate the successive phases of it with indecent candor, most insulting toward her who had been its object. He was ashamed of his infatuation, for it was a proof that he had submitted to a power stronger than his own.

This behavior confirmed me in a belief which I had often expounded to the Empress in order to console her. To be the wife of such a man might be a grand and enviable position, gratifying to one's pride at least; but to be his mistress could never be otherwise than unsatisfactory, for his was not a nature to compensate a weak and loving woman for the sacrifices she would have to make for him, nor to afford an ambitious one the means of exercising power.

With the short reign of Mme. de X—— the influence of Murat and the Bonapartes came for the time being to an end; for, on the reconciliation of the Emperor with his wife, his former confidence in her revived, and he heard from her lips of all the petty schemes of which she had been the victim and himself the object. I profited in a measure by the change; yet the impression which had been made could not be altogether effaced, and the Emperor retained his conviction that M. de Rémusat and I were incapable of the sort of devotion that he required, a devotion claiming the sacrifice both of personal inclinations and of those *convenances* which he despised. He had a right, perhaps, to expect the former: one ought to renounce a Court life, unless one can make it the only sphere of one's thoughts and actions; and neither my husband nor I was capable of doing so. I have always longed to attach myself with all my heart to the duties of my state, and at this period I was too heart-sore not to feel some constraint in performing those which devolved on me. I began to see

that the Emperor was not the man I had taken him for. Already he inspired me with fear rather than with affection; and, in proportion as my assiduity in obeying him increased, I felt the sharp pain of vanishing illusions, and I suffered beforehand from all that I foresaw. The quaking of the earth on which we stood alarmed both M. de Rémusat and myself, and he especially resigned himself with difficulty to a life which was extremely unpleasing to him.

When I recall these troubles now, how happy I am to see him, quiet and contented, at the head of affairs in an important province, honorably fulfilling the duty of a good citizen, and serving his country usefully! * Can there be a worthier employment of the faculties of an enlightened and high-hearted man, or a greater contrast with the restless, troublesome, not to say ridiculous life which has to be led, without one moment's intermission, in the courts of kings? I say courts, because they are all alike. No doubt the difference of character in sovereigns has some influence over the lives of those who surround them; there are shades of difference in the homage exacted by Louis XIV., our own King Louis XVIII., the Emperor Alexander, or Bonaparte. But, though masters may differ, courtiers are everywhere the same; the same passions are in play, for vanity is invariably their secret spring. Jealousy, the longing to supplant others, the fear of being stopped on the road, or finding others preferred to one's self—these do, and always will, cause similar perturbations; and I am profoundly persuaded that any one, who, dwelling in a palace, wishes to exercise his faculties of thinking and of feeling, must be unhappy.

Toward the end of this winter the Imperial Court was again augmented. A number of persons, among whom I could name some who are now inexorable to all who ever were in the Emperor's service, were eagerly bidding for place. The Empress, M. de Talleyrand, and M. de Rémusat received

* At the time I write, September, 1818, my husband is Prefect of the Département du Nord.

their requests, and handed long lists to Bonaparte, who would smile when he saw in the same column the names of *ci-devant* Liberals, of soldiers who had been jealous of his promotion, and of gentlemen who, after having jeered at what they called our farce of royalty, were now all begging to be allowed to play parts in it. Some of these petitions were granted. Mesdames de Turenne, de Montalivet, de Bouillé, Devaux, and Marescot were appointed Ladies-in-Waiting; MM. Hédouville, de Croij, de Mercy d'Argenteau, de Tournon, and de Bondy were made Chamberlains to the Emperor; MM. de Béarn, de Courtomer, and the Prince de Gavre, Chamberlains to the Empress; M. de Canisy, Equerry; M. de Bausset, Prefect of the Palace, etc.

This numerous Court consisted of various elements foreign to each other, but all were brought to one level by fear of the all-powerful master. There was little rivalry among the ladies; they were strangers to each other, and did not become intimate. The Empress treated them all alike. Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, light-hearted and easy-tempered, showed no jealousy toward any one. The Mistress of the Robes was amiable, silent, and nothing more. Day by day I drew back from the somewhat dangerous friendship of the Empress; but I must own that such was her evenness of temper, so gracious was her bearing, that the Court circle by which she was surrounded was free from disturbance or jealousy.

It was not so in the case of the Emperor—but then he himself designedly kept up a state of disquiet. For instance, M. de Talleyrand, who had slightly diminished the importance of M. de Rémusat's position, not with the intention of injuring him, but in order to satisfy some new-comers who were jealous of my husband, was brought into closer contact with him afterward, and began to appreciate his worth and to show some interest in him. Bonaparte perceived this. The slightest appearance of private friendship alarmed him, and he took the minutest precautions to prevent anything of

the kind; so he spoke to my husband one day in a tone of unusual cordiality. "Take care," said he, "M. de Talleyrand seems to be making advances to you; but I know to a certainty that he bears you no good will."

"And why should M. de Talleyrand bear me ill will?" said my husband to me, on repeating these words. We could not tell why, but this speech gave us a feeling of distrust, which was all that the Emperor wanted.

Such was the state of things at the Emperor's Court in the spring of 1805. I will now retrace my steps and give an account of the momentous resolution that was come to concerning the crown of Italy.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XII.

(1805.)

Opening of the Session of the Senate—M. de Talleyrand's Report—Letter from the Emperor to the King of England—Union of the Crown of Italy to the Empire—Mme. Bacciochi becomes Princess of Piombino—Performance of "Athalie"—The Emperor goes to Italy—His Dissatisfaction—M. de Talleyrand—Prospect of War with Austria.

On the 4th of February, 1805, we were informed by the "Moniteur" that the King of England had intimated, in his speech on the opening of Parliament on the 16th of January, that the Emperor had made fresh propositions of reconciliation. The Government had replied that nothing could be agreed upon without previously conferring with the other Powers of the Continent, and especially with the Emperor Alexander.

According to custom, some sharp comments were made upon this speech, which, while they put forward the friendly relations that existed—at least, outwardly—between ourselves and the sovereigns of Europe, yet admitted a certain coolness between the Emperors of Russia and of France, and attributed this coolness to the intrigues of MM. de Marcoff and de Voronzoff, who were both partisans of the English policy. The King's speech also announced war between England and Spain.

On the same day, the 4th of February, the Senate having been assembled, M. de Talleyrand presented a report, very

ably drawn up, in which he expounded the system of conduct adopted by Bonaparte toward the English. He described it as a constant effort for peace, while entertaining no fear of war. He drew attention to the state of our preparations which threatened the English coasts, many flotillas being equipped and ready in the harbors; and to the army, large in numbers and high in heart. He gave an account of the means of defense which the enemy had gathered together on the coasts, and which proved that the landing of the French was not looked upon as impossible; and, after bestowing the highest praise on the conduct of the Emperor, he read to the assembled Senate the following letter, addressed to the King of England:

"SIR AND BROTHER:

"Having been called by Providence, and by the voice of the Senate, the people, and the army, to the throne of France, my first feeling is a desire for peace.

"France and England are wasting their prosperity. They may contend for centuries; but are their Governments rightfully fulfilling their most sacred duty, and does not their conscience reproach them with so much blood shed in vain, for no definite end? I am not ashamed to take the initiative. I have, I think, sufficiently proved to the whole world that I do not fear the chances of war. Indeed, war can bring me nothing to fear. Peace is my heartfelt wish, but war has never been adverse to my renown. I implore your Majesty not to deprive yourself of the happiness of bestowing peace on the world. Do not delegate so consolatory an action to your children. Never was there a better occasion, nor a more favorable moment for imposing silence on passion, and for listening only to the voice of humanity and reason. If this opportunity be lost, what term can be assigned to a war which all my endeavors might fail to terminate? In the last ten years your Majesty's kingdom has increased in magnitude and wealth by more than the whole extent of Europe; your

nation has reached the highest point of prosperity. What do you hope to gain by war? The coalition of some continental powers? The Continent will remain tranquil. A coalition would but increase the preponderance and the continental greatness of France. To renew internal difficulties? The times are no longer the same. To destroy our revenues? Revenues founded on good husbandry are not to be destroyed. To snatch her colonies from France? Colonies are objects of but secondary importance to France; and does not your Majesty already possess more than you can keep? If your Majesty will reflect on it, you will see that war will be without an object, without any probable result for yourself. Ah! how sad a prospect is it to engage nations in war for war's sake!

"The world is large enough for our two nations to live in it, and the power of reason is sufficient to enable us to overcome all difficulties, if on both sides there is the will to do so. In any case, I have fulfilled a duty which I hold to be righteous, and which is dear to my heart. I trust your Majesty will believe in the sincerity of the sentiments I have just expressed, and in my earnest desire to give you a proof of them. On this, etc.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, { 12 Nivôse, year 13. / 2d *January*, 1805."

After having eulogized this letter (surely a remarkable one!) as a striking proof of Bonaparte's love for the French, of his desire for peace, and of his generous moderation, M. de Talleyrand communicated the reply of Lord Mulgrave, the Foreign Secretary. It was as follows:

"His Majesty has received the letter addressed to him by the chief of the French Government, dated the 2d inst.

"His Majesty has no dearer wish than to embrace the first opportunity of once more procuring for his subjects the advantages of a peace which shall be founded on bases not

incompatible with the permanent security and the essential interests of his States. His Majesty is convinced that this end can only be attained by an arrangement which will provide alike for the future security and tranquillity of Europe, and prevent a renewal of the dangers and misfortunes which have beset the Continent.

"His Majesty, therefore, feels it to be impossible to reply more decisively to the question which has been put to him, until he has had time to communicate with those continental Powers with whom he is allied, and particularly with the Emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of his wisdom and good feeling, and of the deep interest which he takes in the security and independence of Europe.

"14*th January*, 1805."

The vague and indefinite character of this thoroughly diplomatic reply exhibited the Emperor's letter to great advantage. That letter was firm in tone, and bore every appearance of magnanimous sincerity. It had, therefore, a good effect, and the various reports of those whose task it was to present it to the three great bodies of the State put it in the most favorable light. .

The report of Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Councilor of State, is remarkable and interesting even now. The praises accorded to the Emperor, though carried to excess, are finely phrased; the picture of Europe is ably drawn; that of the evil which war must entail on England is at least specious; and, finally, the description of our prosperity at that period is impressive, and very little, if at all, exaggerated.

"France," he said, "has nothing to ask from Heaven, but that the sun may continue to shine, the rain to fall on our fields, and the earth to render the seed fruitful."

All this was true then, and, had a wise administration, a moderate government, and a liberal constitution been given to France, that prosperity would have been consolidated. But

constitutional ideas formed no part of Bonaparte's plan. Perhaps he really believed, as he often said, that the French character and the geographical position of France were opposed to representative government. Perhaps, conscious of his own strength and ability, he could not make up his mind to sacrifice to the future well-being of France those advantages which he believed he could give us by the mere strength of his will. Whatever was the case, he seldom lost an opportunity of disparaging our neighbor's form of government.

"The unfortunate position in which you have placed your nation," he wrote in the "Moniteur," addressing himself to the English Cabinet, "can only be explained by the ill fortune of a State whose home policy is insecure, and whose Government is the wretched tool of Parliamentary factions and of a powerful oligarchy."

Although he felt at times that he was opposing the spirit of the age, he believed himself strong enough to resist it. At a later period he said: "During my lifetime I shall reign as I please; but my son must perforce be a Liberal." And meanwhile he pictured to himself the creation of feudal states, believing that he could make them acceptable, and preserve them from the criticism which was beginning to assail ancient institutions, by establishing them on a scale so grand that, as our pride would be enlisted, our reason might be silenced. He believed that once again he could exhibit what history has already witnessed, the world subject to a "People-King," but that royalty was to be represented in his own person. A combination of Eastern and Roman institutions, bearing also some resemblance to the times of Charlemagne, was to transform the sovereigns of Europe into great feudatories of the French Empire; and perhaps, if the sea had not effectually preserved England from invasion, this gigantic project might have been carried out.

Shortly after, the Emperor laid the foundation-stone of this brain-built edifice. I allude to the union of the Iron Crown with that of France.

On the 17th of March M. de Melzi, Vice-President of the Italian Republic, accompanied by the principal members of the Council of State and a numerous deputation of presidents of the electoral colleges, deputies from the Corps Législatif, and other important persons, was received by the Emperor on his throne, and submitted to him the ardent desire of the Council that he would graciously consent to reign over the ultramontane republic also. "Our present Government," said M. de Melzi, "can not continue, because it throws us behind the age in which we live. Constitutional monarchy is everywhere indicated by the finger of progress.

"The Italian Republic claims a King, and her interests demand that this King should be Napoleon, on the condition that the two crowns shall be united on his head only, and that, so soon as the Mediterranean is once more free, he will himself nominate a successor of his own blood."

Bonaparte replied that he had always labored for the welfare of Italy; that for this end he would accept the crown, because he believed that any other course would just now be fatal to her independence; and that afterward, when the time came for so doing, he would gladly place the Iron Crown on some younger head, as he should always be ready to sacrifice himself for the interests of the States over which he was called to reign.

On the following day, the 18th of March, he proceeded to the Senate in state, and announced both the request of the Council and his own consent. M. de Melzi and all the Italians took the oaths, and the Senate approved and applauded as usual. The Emperor concluded his speech by declaring that the genius of evil would seek in vain to rekindle the fire of war on the Continent; that which had been united to the Empire would remain united.

He doubtless foresaw that this event would be the occasion of an early war, at least with the Emperor of Austria, which, however, he was far from dreading. The army was becoming weary of inaction; the invasion of England was

too perilous. It might be that favorable circumstances would render the landing possible, but how could the army maintain its footing afterward in a country where reënforcement would be wellnigh impossible? And, in case of failure, what would be the chances of retreat? It may be observed, in the history of Bonaparte, that he always contrived to avoid a positively hopeless position as far as possible, and especially for himself personally. A war, therefore, would serve his purpose by relieving him from this project of invasion, which, from the moment he renounced it, became ridiculous.

During the same session, the State of Piombino was given to the Princess Elisa. On announcing this to the Senate, Bonaparte stated that the principality had been badly governed for several years; that the interests of France were concerned, on account of the facilities which it offered for communication with the Island of Elba and with Corsica; and that the gift was not a token of special affection, but an act in accordance with a wise policy, with the splendor of the crown, and with the interests of nations.

As a proof that these gifts of the Emperor were in the nature of fiefs, the Imperial decree was to the effect that the children of Mme. Bacciochi, on succeeding to their mother, should receive investiture from the Emperor of the French; that they should not marry without his consent; and that the Princess's husband, who was to assume the title of Prince of Piombino, should take the following oath:

"I swear fidelity to the Emperor; I promise to aid with my whole power the garrison of the Island of Elba; and I declare that I will not cease, under any circumstances, to fulfill the duties of a good and faithful subject toward his Majesty the Emperor of the French."

A few days after this the Pope solemnly baptized the second son of Louis Bonaparte, who was held at the font by his father and mother. This great ceremony took place at Saint Cloud. The park was illuminated on the occasion, and public games were provided for the people. In the

evening there was a numerous reception, and a first performance of "Athalie" at the theatre at Saint Cloud.

Racine's great tragedy had not been performed since the Revolution. The Emperor, who admitted he had never been impressed by reading the play, was much struck by its representation, and repeated on that occasion that he greatly wished such a tragedy might be written during his own reign. He gave leave that it should be performed in Paris; and thenceforth most of our great plays resumed their place on the stage, whence they had been prudently banished by the Revolution.

Some few lines, nevertheless, were cut out, lest application might be made of them to present circumstances. Luc de Lancival, the author of "Hector," and shortly afterward Esménard, author of "Le Poème de la Navigation," were intrusted with the task of revising Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. But, with all due respect to these precautionary measures of a too careful police, the missing lines, like the statues of Brutus and Cassius, were the more conspicuous by their absence.

In consequence of the momentous decision he had arrived at, the Emperor announced that he would speedily proceed to Italy, and fixed the epoch of his coronation for the month of May. He convened the Italian Legislature for the same date, and issued several decrees and ordinances relating to the new customs to be established in Italy.

He also appointed ladies-in-waiting and chamberlains to attend on his mother; and among others M. de Cossé-Brissac, who had solicited that favor. At the same time Prince Borghese was declared a French citizen, and the ladies-in-waiting received an accession to their number in Mme. de Canisy, one of the most beautiful women of her time.

Mme. Murat gave birth to a child just at this time; she was then residing at the Hôtel Thélusson, at the end of the Rue d'Artois. It was observed on this occasion that the luxuriousness of the new Princesses was continually on the

increase, and yet it had not then reached the height which it afterward attained. Mme. Murat's bedchamber was hung with pink satin, the bed and window curtains were of the same material, and these hangings were trimmed with broad and very fine lace, instead of fringe.

The preparations for the Emperor's departure soon occupied us exclusively. This event was fixed for the 2d of April, when the Pope was also to leave Paris; and a few days previously M. de Rémusat started for Milan, in charge of the regalia and the crown diamonds, which were to be used at the coronation. This was for me the beginning of troubles, which were destined to recur for some years. I had never before been separated from my husband, and I was so much accustomed to the enjoyments of my home that I found it hard to be deprived of them. It made the Court life to which I was condemned more irksome, and was very painful to my husband also, who, like myself, fell into the error of letting his feelings be perceived. I have already said that a courtier is a failure if he suffer any feelings to divert his attention from the minutiæ which constitute his duties.

My distress at my husband's departure on a journey which seemed to me so long, and even dangerous—for my imagination exaggerated everything regarding him—made me desirous that he should be accompanied by a friend of ours, named Salembemi, who had formerly been an officer in the navy. He was badly off—had only the salary of some small appointment to live on, with what M. de Rémusat, who employed him as his secretary, paid him. To him I confided the care of my husband's health. He was a clever man, but difficult to deal with, somewhat malicious, and of a peevish temper. He was the cause of more than one of our troubles, and this is why I now make mention of him.*

* M. Salembemi, who had a ready pen, wrote freely from Italy, and dwelt rather on the scandals of the Court than on politics. His letters were opened and shown to the Emperor, who ordered him to leave within twenty-four hours.

My delicate health made it impossible to include me in the suite. The Empress seemed to regret this. As for myself, I was, on the whole, glad of a rest after the busy life I had been leading, and happy to remain with my mother and my children.*

Mesdames de la Rochefoucauld, d'Arberg, de Serrant, and Savary, a considerable number of chamberlains, the great officers, and, in short, a numerous and youthful Court, accompanied the Empress. The Emperor started on the 2d, and the Pope on the 4th of April. At every stage of his journey to Rome his Holiness received tokens of great respect; and he then, no doubt, believed he was bidding adieu to France for ever.

Murat remained as Governor of Paris, and with a charge of superintendence which he extended over everything; but his reports, I think, were not always disinterested. Fouché, who was more liberal, if I may use the expression, in the exercise of his police functions, and who was well entitled to consider himself necessary, carried things with rather a

His disgrace caused some vexation to my grandfather. Although a certain constraint may be observed in the correspondence of the author of these Memoirs, and many phrases are inserted for the purpose of contenting a jealous master, it is probable that the letters of the husband and wife were also regarded as too free in expression for courtiers. We know that the hateful custom of opening letters was transmitted from the First to the Second Empire; and it is a curious coincidence that, on the 4th of September, 1870, a letter addressed to my father by my mother was discovered in a drawer of the writing-table of the Emperor Napoleon III. That letter was, however, evidently written without any fear of the post-office.—P. R.

* My grandmother, whose health had always been delicate, now began to be seriously indisposed, and unable for any exertion. Her disposition became influenced by this. She lost none of her goodness, but her composure, serenity, and gayety failed her. She suffered frequently from nervous attacks, which, together with her naturally vivid imagination, rendered her more liable to disquiet and melancholy. The journey undertaken by her husband, although differing so much from the dangerous exploits of the time, and, in fact, little more than a pleasure-trip, troubled her to a degree which can hardly be believed nowadays, and astonished even the most romantic women of a period so far removed from ours. A worldly life, and especially a Court life, became more and more distasteful to her.

high hand, but was conciliatory to all parties, according to his system of making himself useful to everybody.

The Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès also remained as Director of the Council of State—an office of which he acquitted himself well—and to do the honors of Paris. He received a good deal of company, welcoming them with a gloomy civility which gave him an almost ridiculous air.

Paris and France were at that time in repose; all things seemed to work together for order, and the general state of subjection to be complete. The Emperor went first to Champagne. He passed a day at the fine old château of Brienne, in order that he might visit the scenes of his childhood. Mme. de Brienne professed extreme enthusiasm for him, and, as worship was not displeasing to him, he behaved to her with great amiability. It was amusing, just then, to see some of her kinsfolk at Paris receiving the lively letters she wrote to them on this Imperial visit. However, as she described events, these letters produced a good effect in what we call here "good society." Success is easy to the powerful; they must needs be very ill-natured or very blundering when they fail to please.

A few days after all these grand departures, the following paragraph appeared in the "Moniteur": "Monsieur Jérôme Bonaparte has arrived at Lisbon, on board an American vessel. Among the passengers are Mr. and Miss Patterson. M. Jérôme immediately took the post for Madrid. Mr. and Miss Patterson have reëmbarked. It is understood that they have returned to America." * I believe that they crossed to England.†

* The Emperor announced the return of his brother to the Minister of the Admiralty, Vice-Admiral Décrès, in the following terms:

"Milan, 23d Floréal, year 13 (13th May, 1805).

"Monsieur Décrès:

"M. Jérôme has arrived. Mademoiselle Patterson has returned to America. He has owned his fault, and does not recognize this person as his wife. He promises miracles of good behavior. Meanwhile I have sent him to Genoa for some time."—P. R.

† See Appendix.

This Mr. Patterson was no other than the father-in-law of Jérôme, who, having fallen in love while in America with the daughter of an American merchant, had made her his wife, persuading himself that, after some displeasure on his brother's part, he should obtain his forgiveness. But Bonaparte, who was already forming other projects for his family, was highly incensed, annulled the marriage, and forced his brother to an immediate separation. Jérôme traveled to Italy, and joined him at Turin, but was very badly received. He was ordered to join one of our fleets then cruising in the Mediterranean, remained at sea for a considerable time, and was not restored to favor until several months afterward.

Throughout all France the Emperor was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. He staid at Lyons, where he secured the good will of the traders by issuing decrees favorable to their interests. He crossed Mont Cenis and remained a few days at Turin.

Meanwhile M. de Rémusat had reached Milan, where he met Prince Eugène, who received him with his characteristic cordiality. The Prince questioned my husband as to what had taken place in Paris since he had left that city, and succeeded in eliciting some details concerning Mme. de X—— which were very grievous to his feelings. M. de Rémusat wrote to me that, pending the arrival of the Court, he was leading a tolerably quiet life. He explored Milan, which seemed to him a dull town, and its palace was dull also. The inhabitants showed little affection for the French. The nobles shut themselves up in their houses, under the pretext that they were not rich enough to do the honors of the place in a fitting style. Prince Eugène endeavored to collect them about him, but succeeded imperfectly. The Italians, still in a state of suspense, did not know whether to rejoice or repine at the novel destiny which we forced upon them.

M. de Rémusat sent me at this period some rather curious details of the life of the Milanese. Their ignorance of all that constitutes agreeable society; the absolute non-existence

among them of family life, the husbands, strangers to their wives, leaving them to the care of a *cavaliere servente;* the dullness of the theatres; the darkness of the house, whither people go in morning-dress, to occupy themselves in the nearly closed boxes with anything rather than listening to the opera; the want of variety in the performances; the difference between the costumes and those of France—all these things gave M. de Rémusat matter for remarks, which were all to the advantage of our beloved country, while they also increased his desire to return to France and to me.

During this time the Emperor was revisiting the scenes of his former victories. He held a grand review on the battle-field of Marengo, and distributed crosses on that occasion. The troops who had been massed together on the pretext of this review, and remained afterward in the neighborhood of the Adige, furnished a reason or pretext on which the Austrian Government strengthened their already very powerful line of defense behind this river; and French policy took offense at these precautions.

On the 9th of May the Emperor reached Milan. His presence caused great excitement in the town, and the circumstances attending the coronation aroused the same ambition as they had caused in Paris. The highest nobles of Milan began to long for the new distinctions and the advantages appertaining to them; independence and unity of government were held out to the Italians, and they gave themselves up to the hopes they were allowed to conceive.

Immediately on the arrival of the Court at Milan, I was struck by the dismal tone of M. de Rémusat's letters, and soon afterward I learned that he was suffering from his master's displeasure. The naval officer of whom I have spoken, a satirical spectator of what was going on at Milan, having taken it into his head to write to Paris some lively and rather sarcastic accounts of what was passing before his eyes, his letters had been opened, and M. de Rémusat was ordered to send him back to Paris. He was not at first told

the reason for this order, and it was only at a later period that he learned its cause. The displeasure of the Emperor was not confined to the secretary; it fell also on him who had brought him to Italy.

Besides this, Prince Eugène let fall some of the details he had obtained in confidence from my husband; and, finally, it was discovered from our letters, as I have said before, that our thoughts and aspirations were not entirely centered in the interests of our places at Court. These causes were sufficient to anger a master who was by nature irascible; and so, according to his custom of using men for his own advantage when they could be useful to him, whatever might be his feelings toward them, he exacted from my husband a service of the most rigid punctuality, because the length of time M. de Rémusat had passed at Court had given him experience in a ceremonial which daily became more minute, and to which the Emperor attached greater importance. At the same time he treated him with harshness and severity, repeating continually to those who, with good reason, would praise the high and estimable qualities of my husband, "All that you say may be true, but he does not belong to me as I wish him to belong to me." This reproach was always on his lips during the years we passed in his service, and perhaps there is some merit in our never having ceased to deserve it.

This Court life, so busy and yet so idle, gave M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat an opportunity of becoming better acquainted, and was the beginning of an intimacy which at a later period caused me many and various emotions.

The fine tact of M. de Talleyrand discerned the right-mindedness and the keenness of observation of my husband; they agreed on a multitude of subjects, and the difference of their dispositions did not prevent them from enjoying an interchange of ideas. One day M. de Talleyrand said to M. de Rémusat: "I can see that you distrust me, and I know whence your caution proceeds. We serve a master

who does not like intimacies. When he appointed us both to the same service, he foresaw there might be friendship between us. You are a clever man, and that is enough to make him wish that you and I should remain apart. He therefore prejudiced you in some way against me, and he also tried, by I know not what reports, to put me on my guard. It will not be his fault if we do not remain strangers to one another. This is one of his weaknesses, and we must recognize, indulge, and excuse, without, however, submitting to it." This straightforward way of speaking, enhanced by the graceful manner which M. de Talleyrand knows so well how to assume when he likes, pleased my husband, who, moreover, found in this friendship something to make up for the weariness of his post.*

At this period M. de Rémusat perceived that M. de Talleyrand, who had the influence over Bonaparte of his utility, felt considerable jealousy of Fouché, whom he disliked. He entertained a positive contempt for M. Maret, and gratified it by the biting sarcasm in which he habitually indulged, and which few could escape. Although under no delusion regarding Bonaparte, he nevertheless served him well; for he tried to restrain his passions by the position in

* This mutual distrust between his Great Chamberlain and his First Chamberlain, originated and kept up by the Emperor, was slow in dying out; and, notwithstanding the good will of both, no real intimacy existed between them until the following year, during the tour in Germany. After the first advances had been made by M. de Talleyrand, my grandfather wrote to his wife in the following terms, in a letter dated Milan, 17th Floréal, year 13 (7th May, 1805): "M. de Talleyrand has been here for the last week. It only depends on myself to believe him my best friend. In words he seems friendship itself. I often go to see him. He takes my arm whenever he happens to meet me, and talks with me in a low voice for two or three hours at a time; he tells me various things which have every appearance of being confidential, interests himself in my career, talks to me about it, and wants me to be distinguished among all the other Chamberlains. Tell me, my dear one, am I really held in esteem, or does he want to play me a trick?" Shortly after this, his language completely changed, and the friendship became intimate and affectionate on both sides.—P. R.

which he placed him, both with respect to foreign affairs and in France; and he also advised him to create certain institutions which would control him. The Emperor, who, as I have said, liked to create, and who seized rapidly upon anything novel and impressive, would follow the advice of M. de Talleyrand, and, in concert with him, would lay the foundation of some useful enterprise. But afterward his domineering temper, his suspicion, his dread of finding himself restrained, made him afraid of the action of that which he had himself created, and, with sudden caprice, he would abruptly suspend or relinquish the work he had begun. M. de Talleyrand was provoked by this; but, as he was naturally indolent and careless, and did not possess in himself those qualities of strength and perseverance which enable a man to carry his points in detail, he usually ended by neglecting and abandoning the fatiguing task of solicitude and superintendence. The sequence of events will, however, explain all this better than I can in this place.

Meantime, war broke out between England and Spain, and we were frequently, sometimes successfully, engaged at sea. A fleet which sailed out from Toulon found means to join the Spanish squadron, and the press exulted loudly over this feat.*

On the 30th of May Bonaparte was crowned King of Italy, with great pomp. The ceremony was similar to that which had taken place in Paris. The Empress sat in a gallery and beheld the spectacle. M. de Rémusat told me that a thrill of emotion passed over the crowd in the church at the moment when Bonaparte, taking hold of the Iron Crown, and placing it on his head, uttered in a threatening voice the antique formula, "Il cielo me la diéde, guai à chi la toccherà!" The remainder of the Emperor's stay at Milan was divided between attending fêtes and issuing decrees for the

* This passage refers to the achievement of Admiral Villeneuve, who, having set sail on the 30th of March, contrived to get clear of the port of Toulon without encountering the English fleet.—P. R.

regulation and administration of his new kingdom. Rejoicings took place all over France in honor of the event; and yet it caused great apprehension among many people, who foresaw that war with Austria would result from it.

On the 4th of June the Doge of Genoa arrived at Milan. He came to beg that his Republic might be united to the Empire; and this action, which had been concerted or commanded beforehand, was made the occasion of a grand reception and state ceremony. That portion of Italy was at once divided into new departments, and shortly afterward the new constitution was sent to the Italian Legislature, and Prince Eugène was made Viceroy of the kingdom. The order of the Iron Crown was created; and, the distributions being made, the Emperor left Milan and set out on a journey which, under the appearance of a pleasure-trip, was in reality undertaken for the purpose of reconnoitering the Austrian forces on the line of the Adige.

By the treaty of Campo Formio Bonaparte had abandoned the Venetian States to the Emperor of Austria, and the latter thus became a formidable neighbor to the kingdom of Italy. On his arrival at Verona, he received a visit from Baron Vincent, who commanded the Austrian garrison in that portion of the town which belonged to his sovereign. The Baron was commissioned to inform himself of the state of our forces in Italy; the Emperor, on his part, observing those of the foreigner. On inspecting the banks of the Adige, he perceived that forts would have to be constructed for the defense of the river; but, on calculating the necessary time and expense, he said that it would be better and quicker to push the Austrians back from that frontier altogether. From that moment we may believe that he had resolved upon the war which was declared some months later.

It was impossible that the Emperor of Austria should regard with indifference the acquisition by France of so much power in Italy; and the English Government, which

was making great efforts to stir up a continental war against us, skillfully availed itself of the uneasiness of the Emperor of Austria, and the dissatisfaction which was by degrees impairing the cordiality of our relations with Russia. The English newspapers hastened to assert that the Emperor had held a review of his troops in Italy for the sole purpose of putting them on the footing of a formidable enemy; and thenceforth movements began in the Austrian army. Those appearances of peace which were still observed up to the time of the rupture were in reality preparations by both Emperors, who at that period had become almost declared enemies.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1805.)

Fêtes at Verona and Genoa—Cardinal Maury—My Retired Life in the Country—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—"Les Templiers"—The Emperor's Return—His Amusements—The Marriage of M. de Talleyrand—War is declared.

The Emperor visited Cremona, Verona, Mantua, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza, and then went to Genoa, where he was received with enthusiasm. He sent for Le Brun, the Arch-Treasurer, to whom he intrusted the task of superintending the new administration to be established in that city. At Genoa also he parted with his sister Elisa, who had accompanied him on his journey, and to whom he gave the little Republic of Lucca, adding to it the States of Piombino. At this period the French began once more to wear foreign decorations. Prussian, Bavarian, and Spanish orders were sent to the Emperor, to be distributed by him at his pleasure. He divided them among his great officers, some of his ministers, and a few of his marshals.

At Verona a fight between dogs and bulls was given, for the entertainment of the Emperor, in the ancient amphitheatre, which contained forty thousand spectators. Loud applause greeted his arrival, and he was really affected by this reception, rendered impressive by the place, and by the magnitude of the crowd. The fêtes at Genoa were very magnificent. Floating gardens were constructed on huge flat barges; these gardens led to a floating temple, which, approaching the land, received Bonaparte and his Court. Then the barges, which were all fastened together, were set

in motion, and the Emperor found himself on a beautiful island in the middle of the harbor, whence he had a complete view of Genoa, and of the simultaneous displays of fireworks from various parts of the splendidly illuminated city.

M. de Talleyrand found amusement entirely to his taste during his stay at Genoa; for he was always pleased to detect an absurdity and to point it out to others. Cardinal Maury, who had retired to Rome since his emigration, had gained a great reputation there by the firmness of his attitude in our famous Constituent Assembly. Nevertheless, he was desirous of returning to France, and M. de Talleyrand wrote to him from Genoa, advising him to come at once and present himself to the Emperor. The Cardinal acted upon this, and, immediately assuming that obsequious attitude which he has ever since scrupulously retained, he entered Genoa, loudly proclaiming that he had come to see "the great man."

He obtained an audience. "The great man" took his measure very quickly, and, while esteeming him at his proper value, resolved to make him give a complete contradiction to his past conduct. He gained him over easily by flattering him a little, and induced him to return to France, where we have since seen him play a somewhat ridiculous part. M. de Talleyrand, whose recollections of the Constituent Assembly were not effaced, took many opportunities of wreaking a petty revenge upon the Cardinal, by bringing out his silly sycophancy in the most skillful and cunning manner.

While the Emperor was thus traveling through Italy and consolidating his power, and everybody around him was getting tired of the continual full-dress parade at which he kept his Court; while the Empress, happy in the elevation of her son, and yet grieved by her separation from him, amused herself and distracted her mind by the perpetual fêtes given in her honor, and took pleasure in exhibiting her magnificent

jewels and her elegant costumes, I was leading a quiet and pleasant life in the valley of Montmorency, at the house of Mme. d'Houdetot. I have already mentioned this amiable and accomplished woman. Her recollections enabled me to reconstruct in my imagination those days of which she loved to talk. It gave me great pleasure to hear her speak of the famous philosophers whom she had known, and whose ways and sayings she remembered so clearly. I was so full of the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau that I was not a little surprised to find her somewhat cold in her appreciation of him; and I may say, in passing, that the opinion of Mme. d'Houdetot, who would, I should think, have regarded Rousseau with exceptional indulgence, contributed not a little to make me distrust his character, and believe that he was only great in point of talent.*

During the absence of the Court, Paris was quiet and dull. The Imperial family were living in the country. I sometimes saw Mme. Louis Bonaparte at Saint Leu, a place which her husband had just bought. Louis appeared to occupy himself exclusively with his garden. His wife was lonely, ill, and always afraid of letting some word at which he might be offended escape her. She had not ventured either to rejoice at the elevation of Prince Eugène or to weep for his absence, which was, of course, indefinite. She wrote to him seldom and briefly, because she knew that the privacy of her letters was not respected. On one occasion, when I was visiting her, she told me a rumor had arisen that the Duc de Polignac and his brother, who were imprisoned in the Château of Ham, had attempted to escape; that they had been transferred to the Temple; and that Mme. Bonaparte and myself were accused of being concerned in the affair. This accusation, of which Mme. Louis suspected Murat to be the author, was utterly unfounded. Mme. Bonaparte never gave a thought to the two prisoners, and I had entirely lost sight of the Duchesse de Polignac.

* For a note on this passage by M. Paul de Rémusat, see Appendix.

I lived in the strictest retirement, so that my solitude might supply a sufficient answer to any gossip concerning my conduct; but I was more and more distressed by the necessity for taking such precautions, and especially at being unable to use the position in which I was placed for any purposes of utility to the Emperor, to myself, or to those persons who wished to obtain certain favors from him through me. There was no want of kindness in my natural disposition; and, besides that, I felt a degree of pride, which I do not think was misplaced, in serving those who had formerly blamed me, and in silencing their criticisms of my conduct by favors which could not be said to lack generosity. I also believed that the Emperor might win many persons who now held aloof, by the permission which he had granted me to bring their solicitations and their necessities under his attention; and as I was still attached to him, although he inspired me with more fear than formerly, I would have gained all hearts for him had it been possible. But, as it became evident that my plan was not always approved by him, I found I had to think of defending myself, rather than assisting others.

My reflections were occasionally very sad. At other times I could make up my mind to the difficulties of my position, and resolve that I would only look at the agreeable side of it. I enjoyed a certain consideration in society, and I liked that; and we were fairly prosperous, though not free from the difficulties which always beset persons whose fortunes have no secure basis, and whose expenses are obligatory. But I was young, and I thought little of the future. I was surrounded by pleasant society; my mother was perfection to me, my husband most kind and good, my eldest son all I could wish. I lived on the pleasantest terms with my kind and charming sister. All this turned away my thoughts from the Court, and enabled me to bear the drawbacks of my position patiently. My health was a perpetual trial to me; it was always delicate, and an unquiet life was

evidently injurious. I must not, however, dwell upon myself; I do not know how I have been tempted into doing so. If ever this narrative should be read by others, as well as by my son, all this ought to be suppressed without hesitation.*

During the Emperor's sojourn in Italy, two plays had a great success at the Comédie Française. The first was "Le Tartufe des Mœurs," translated, or rather adapted, from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," by M. Chéron; the second was "Les Templiers." M. Chéron had been a deputy to the Legislative Assembly. He married a niece of the Abbé Morellet; his wife and himself were intimate friends of mine. The Abbé had written to the Emperor to solicit a place for M. Chéron; and, on Bonaparte's return, "Le Tartufe des Mœurs" was acted before him. He was so much amused by the play that, having ascertained the name of its author from M. de Rémusat, and also learned that M. Chéron was well deserving of employment, he, in a moment of easy good nature, sent him to Poitiers as Prefect. Unfortunately, he died there three years afterward. His widow is a most estimable and talented person.

M. de Fontanes had read "Les Templiers" to Bonaparte, who approved of some portions of the piece, but objected to others. He wished to have certain corrections made, but the author refused, and the Emperor was annoyed. He was by no means pleased that "Les Templiers" had a brilliant success, and set himself against both the play and the author, with a petty despotism which was characteristic of him when either persons or things incurred his displeasure. All this happened when he came back.†

* Notwithstanding the above injunction, my readers will not be surprised that I have retained these personal details, which lend a particular interest to the narrative.—P. R.

† It was not until his return to Paris that the Emperor displayed the ill humor which the Memoirs record. On the 1st of June, 1805, he wrote from Milan to M. Fouché as follows: "It seems to me that the success of 'Les Templiers' leads the people to dwell upon this point of French history. That is well, but I do not think it would be wise to allow pieces taken from historical

Bonaparte expected that his wishes and his opinions should be accepted as rules. He had taken a fancy to the music of "Les Bardes," an opera by Lesueur, and he was almost angry that the Parisian public did not think as highly of it as he did.

The Emperor came direct from Genoa to Paris. This was to be his last sight of fair Italy, that land in which he seemed to have exhausted every mode of impressing the minds of men, as a general, as a pacificator, and as a sovereign. He returned by Mont Cenis, and gave orders for great works which, like those of the Simplon Pass, should facilitate the communications between the two nations. The Court was increased in number by several Italian noblemen and ladies who were attached to it. The Emperor had already appointed some Belgians as additional chamberlains, and the obsequious forms in which he was addressed were now uttered in widely varying accents.

He arrived at Fontainebleau on the 11th of July, and went thence to reside at Saint Cloud. Shortly after, the "Moniteur" began to bristle with notes, announcing in almost threatening language the storm which was so soon to burst over Europe. Certain expressions which occurred from time to time in these notes revealed the author who had dictated them. One of these in particular made an impression on my memory. It had been stated in the English newspapers that a supposed genealogy of the Bonaparte family, which retraced its nobility to an ancient origin, had

subjects of a period too close to our own times to be acted. I read in a newspaper that it is proposed to act a tragedy on the subject of Henry IV. That epoch is near enough to ours to arouse popular passions. The stage requires antiquity, and, without restricting the theatre too much, I think you ought to prevent this, but not to allow your interference to appear. You might speak of it to M. Raynouard, who seems to be a man of ability. Why should you not induce him to write a tragedy upon the transition from the first to the second line [from Valois to Bourbon]? Instead of being a tyrant, he who should succeed to that would be the saviour of the nation. The oratorio of 'Saul' is no other than this; it is a great man succeeding a degenerate king."

been printed in London. "Researches of this kind are purposeless," said the note. "To all those who may ask from what period dates the house of Bonaparte, there is a ready answer: 'It dates from the 18th Brumaire.'"

I met the Emperor after his return with mingled feelings. It was difficult not to be affected by his presence, but it was painful to me to feel that my emotion was tempered by the distrust with which he was beginning to inspire me.* The Empress received me in a most friendly manner, and I avowed to her quite frankly the trouble that was on my mind. I expressed my surprise that no past proof of devotedness or disinterested service could avail with her husband against a sudden prejudice. She repeated my words to him, and he well understood what they meant; but he persisted in his own definition of what he called devotedness, which was an entire surrender of one's being, of one's sentiments and one's opinions, and repeated that we ought to give up all our former habits, in order to have only one thought, that of his interest and his will. He promised, in recompense for this exaction, that we should be raised to a great height of rank and fortune, and have everything that could gratify our pride. "I will give them," said he, speaking of us, "enough to enable them to laugh at those who find fault with them now; and, if they will break with my enemies, I will put their enemies under their feet." Apart from this, I had but little annoyance in the household, and my position was easy enough, as Bonaparte's mind was fixed on important affairs during his stay in France before the campaign of Austerlitz.

A circumstance recurs to my memory at this moment, which is only important because it serves to depict this strange man. I therefore give it a place here. The despotism of his will grew in proportion to the enlargement of the circle with which he surrounded himself; he wanted to be the sole arbiter of reputations, to make them and to unmake them at his pleasure. He branded a man or blighted a woman

* For a fuller explanation of this passage, see Appendix.

for a word, without any kind of hesitation; but he was much displeased that the public should venture to observe and to comment on the conduct of either the one or the other, if he had placed them within the rays of the aureole with which he surrounded himself.

During his journey in Italy, the idleness of life in palaces and its opportunities had given rise to several gallant adventures on his part, which were more or less serious, and these had been duly reported in France, where they fed the general appetite for gossip. One day, when several ladies of the Court—among them those who had been in Italy—were breakfasting with the Empress, Bonaparte came suddenly into the room, and, leaning on the back of his wife's chair, addressed to one and another of us a few words, at first insignificant enough. Then he began to question us about what we were all doing, and let us know, but only by hints, that some among us were considerably talked of by the public. The Empress, who knew her husband's ways, and was aware that, when talking in this manner, he was apt to go very far, tried to interrupt him; but the Emperor, persisting in the conversation, presently gave it an exceedingly embarrassing turn. "Yes, ladies, you occupy the attention of the worthy inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain. They say, for instance, that you, Mme. ——, have a *liaison* with M. ——; that you, Mme. ——." And so he went on, addressing himself to three or four ladies in succession. The effect upon us all of such an attack may easily be imagined. The Emperor was amused by the confusion into which he threw us. "But," added he, "you need not suppose that I approve of talk of this kind. To attack my Court is to attack myself, and I do not choose that a word shall be said, either of me, or of my family, or of my Court." While thus speaking, his countenance, which had previously been smiling, darkened, and his voice became extremely harsh. He then burst out violently against that section of Parisian society which was still rebellious, declaring that he would exile every woman

who should say a word against any lady-in-waiting; and he proceeded to work himself into a violent passion upon this text, which he had entirely to himself, for not a single one of us attempted to make him an answer. The Empress at length rose from the table in order to terminate this unpleasant scene, and the general movement put an end to it. The Emperor left the room as suddenly as he had come in. One of our ladies, a sworn admirer of everything that Bonaparte said and did, began to expatiate upon the kindness of such a master, who desired that our reputation should be held a sacred thing. But Mme. de ——, a very clever woman, answered her impatiently, "Yes, madame, let the Emperor only defend us once again in that fashion, and we are lost."

Bonaparte was greatly surprised when the Empress represented to him the absurdity of this scene, and he always insisted that we ought to have been grateful for the readiness with which he took offense when we were attacked.

During his stay at Saint Cloud he worked incessantly, and issued a great number of decrees relative to the administration of the new departments he had acquired in Italy. He also augmented his Council of State, to which he gave more influence from day to day, because he was quite sure of having it completely under his authority. He showed himself at the Opéra, and was well received by the Parisians, whom, however, he still thought cold in comparison with the people of the provinces. He led a busy and laborious life, sometimes allowing himself the recreation of hunting; but he walked out for one hour a day only, and received company on but one day in each week. On that day the Comédie Française came to Saint Cloud, and acted tragedies or comedies in a very pretty theatre which had been recently built. Then began the difficulties of M. de Rémusat in providing amusement for him whom Talleyrand called "the Unamusable." In vain were the masterpieces of our theatrical *répertoire* performed; in vain did our best actors strive their very best to please him: he generally appeared at these

representations preoccupied and weighed down by the gravity of his thoughts. He laid the blame of his own want of attention to the play on his First Chamberlain, on Corneille, on Racine, or on the actors. He liked Talma's acting, or rather Talma himself—there had been some sort of acquaintance between them during his obscure youth; he gave him a great deal of money, and received him familiarly; but even Talma could not succeed in interesting him. Just like an invalid, who blames others for the state of his own health, he was angry with those who could enjoy the pleasures that passed him by; and he always thought that by scolding and worrying he should get something invented which would succeed in amusing him. The man who was intrusted with Bonaparte's pleasures was very seriously to be pitied; unfortunately for us, M. de Rémusat was the man, and I can not describe what he had to bear.

At this time the Emperor was still flattering himself that he would be able to gain some naval triumphs over the English. The united French and Spanish fleets made several efforts, and an attempt was made to defend the colonies. Admiral Nelson, pursuing us everywhere, no doubt upset the greater part of our plans; but this was carefully concealed, and our newspapers taught us to believe that we were beating the English every day. It is likely that the project of the invasion was abandoned. The English Government was raising up formidable enemies for us upon the Continent. The Emperor of Russia, who was young and naturally inclined to independence, was perhaps already tempted to resent the preponderance that our Emperor desired to exercise, and some of his ministers were suspected of favoring the English policy, which aimed at making him our enemy. The peace with Austria held only by a thread. The King of Prussia alone seemed resolved to maintain his alliance with us. "Why," said a note in the "Moniteur," "while the Emperor of Russia exercises his influence upon the Porte, should he object to that of France being exer-

cised upon certain portions of Italy? When with Herschel's telescope he observes from the terrace of his palace that which passes between the Emperor of the French and a few Apennine populations, why should he exact that the Emperor of the French shall not see what is passing in the ancient empire of Solyman, and what is happening in Persia? It is the fashion to accuse France of ambition, and yet how great has been her past moderation," etc., etc.

In the month of August the Emperor set out for Boulogne. It was no longer his purpose to inspect the flotillas, but he intended to review that numerous army encamped in the north, which before long he was destined to set in motion. During his absence the Empress made an excursion to the baths of Plombières. I think I shall usefully employ this interval of leisure by retracing my steps, in order to mention certain particulars concerning M. de Talleyrand which I have hitherto omitted.

Talleyrand, who had come back to France some time before, was appointed "Minister of External Relations" through the influence of Mme. de Staël, who induced Barras, the Director, to select him for that post.* It was under the Directory that he made the acquaintance of Mme. Grand. Although she was no longer in her first youth, this lady, who was born in the East Indies, was still remarkable for her beauty. She wished to go to England, where her husband resided, and she applied to M. de Talleyrand for a passport. Her beauty and her visit produced, apparently, such an effect upon him that either the passport was not given, or it remained unused. Mme. Grand remained in Paris; shortly afterward she was observed to frequent the "Hotel of External Relations," and after a while she took up her abode there. Meanwhile, Bonaparte was First Consul; his victories and his treaties had brought the ambassadors of the first Powers in Europe and a crowd of other foreigners to Paris.

*On the 15th of July, 1797. He had returned to France in September, 1795.—P. R.

Persons who were obliged by their position to frequent M. de Talleyrand's society accepted the presence of Mme. Grand, who did the honors of his table and his *salon* with a good grace; but they were somewhat surprised at the weakness which had consented to put so prominently forward a woman who was indeed handsome, but so deficient in education and so faulty in temper that she was continually annoying Talleyrand by her foolish conduct, and disturbing him by her uncertain humor. M. de Talleyrand has a very good temper, and much *laisser-aller* in the events of every-day life. It is easy enough to rule him by frightening him, because he hates a disturbance, and Mme. Grand ruled him by her charms and her exactions. When, however, the ambassadresses were in question, difficulties arose, as some of them would not consent to be received at the Hotel of External Relations by Mme. Grand. She complained, and these protests on both sides came to the ears of the First Consul.

He immediately had a decisive interview on this subject with Talleyrand, and informed his minister that he must banish Mme. Grand from his house. No sooner had Mme. Grand been apprised of this decision, than she went to Mme. Bonaparte, whom she induced, by dint of tears and supplications, to procure for her an interview with Bonaparte. She was admitted to his presence, fell on her knees, and entreated him to revoke a decree which reduced her to despair. Bonaparte allowed himself to be moved by the tears and sobs of this fair personage, and, after having quieted her, he said: "I see only one way of managing this. Let Talleyrand marry you, and all will be arranged; but you must bear his name, or you can not appear in his house." Mme. Grand was much pleased with this decision; the Consul repeated it to Talleyrand, and gave him twenty-four hours to make up his mind. It is said that Bonaparte took a malign pleasure in making Talleyrand marry, and was secretly delighted to have this opportunity of branding his character, and thus, according to his favorite system, getting a guarantee of his fidelity.

It is very possible that he may have entertained such an idea; it is also certain that Mme. Bonaparte, over whom tears always exercised a great influence, used all her power with her husband to induce him to favor Mme. Grand's petition.

Talleyrand went back to his hotel, gravely troubled by the prompt decision which was required of him. There he had to encounter tumultuous scenes. He was attacked by all the devices likely to exhaust his patience. He was pressed, pursued, urged against his inclination. Some remains of love, the power of habit, perhaps also the fear of irritating a woman whom it is impossible to suppose he had not admitted to his confidence, combined to influence him. He yielded, set out for the country, and found, in a village in the valley of Montmorency, a *curé* who consented to perform the marriage ceremony. Two days afterward we were informed that Mme. Grand had become Mme. de Talleyrand, and the difficulty of the Corps Diplomatique was at an end. It appears that M. Grand, who lived in England, although little desirous of recovering a wife from whom he had long been parted, contrived to get himself largely paid for withholding the protest against this marriage with which he repeatedly menaced the newly wedded couple. M. de Talleyrand, wanting something to amuse him in his own house, brought over from London the daughter of one of his friends, who on her deathbed had confided the child to him. This child was that little Charlotte who was, as we all know, brought up in his house, and who has been very erroneously believed to be his daughter. He attached himself strongly to his young ward, educated her carefully, and, having adopted her and bestowed his name upon her, married her in her seventeenth year to his cousin Baron de Talleyrand. The Talleyrands were at first justly annoyed by this marriage, but she ultimately succeeded in gaining their friendship.

Those persons who are acquainted with Talleyrand, who know to what a height he carries delicacy of taste, wit, and grace in conversation, and how much he needs repose, are

astonished that he should have united himself with a person so uncongenial to him. It is, therefore, most likely that imperative circumstances compelled him to do so, and that Bonaparte's command and the short time allowed him in which to come to a decision prevented a rupture, which in fact would have suited him much better. What a difference it would have made for Talleyrand if he had then dissolved this illicit union, and set himself to merit and effect a future reconciliation with the Church he had abandoned! Apart from desiring for him that that reconciliation had been made then in good faith, how much consideration would he have gained if afterward, when all things were reordered and replaced, he had resumed the Roman purple in the autumn of his days, and at least repaired in the eyes of the world the scandal of his life! As a cardinal, a noble, and a truly distinguished man, he would have had a right to respect and regard, and his course would not have been beset with embarrassment and hesitation.

In the situation in which he was placed by his marriage, he had to take constant precaution to escape, as far as possible, from the ridicule which was always suspended over him. No doubt he managed better than others might have done in such a position. Profound silence respecting his private troubles, an appearance of complete indifference to the foolish things which his wife was always saying and the blunders which she was always making, a haughty demeanor to those who ventured to smile at him or at her, extreme politeness, which was called benevolence, great social influence and political weight, a large fortune, unalterable patience under insult, and great dexterity in taking his revenge, were the weapons with which he met the general condemnation; and, notwithstanding his great faults, the public have never dared to despise him. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that he has not paid the private penalty of his imprudent conduct. Deprived of domestic happiness, almost at variance with his family, who could not associate

with Mme. de Talleyrand, he was obliged to resort to an entirely factitious existence, in order to escape from the dreariness of his home, and perhaps from the bitterness of his secret thoughts. Public affairs occupied him, and such leisure as they left him he gave to play. He was always attended by a crowd of followers, and by giving his mornings to business, his evenings to society, and his nights to cards, he never exposed himself to a tiresome *tête-à-tête* with his wife, or to the dangers of solitude, which would have brought serious reflection. Bent on getting away from himself, he never sought sleep until he was quite sure that extreme fatigue would enable him to procure it.

The Emperor did not make up for the obligation which he had imposed on him by his conduct to Mme. de Talleyrand. He treated her coldly, even rudely; never admitted her to the distinctions of the rank to which she was raised, without making a difficulty about it; and did not disguise the repugnance with which she inspired him, even while Talleyrand still possessed his entire confidence. Talleyrand bore all this, never allowed the slightest complaint to escape him, and arranged so that his wife should appear but seldom at Court. She received all distinguished foreigners on certain days, and on certain other days the Government officials. She made no visits, none were exacted from her; in fact, she counted for nothing. Provided each person bowed to her on entering and leaving his *salon*, Talleyrand asked no more. Let me say, in conclusion, that he always seemed to bear with perfectly resigned courage the fatal "*tu l'as voulu*" of Molière's comedy.

In the course of these Memoirs I shall have to speak of M. de Talleyrand again, when I shall have reached the period of our intimacy with him.*

* My grandparents' friendship with M. de Talleyrand, which commenced during the sojourn of my grandfather at Milan, became more intimate in the course of the same year. My grandmother wrote to her husband on the 28th of September, 1805: "I have been really pleased with the Minister. In a brief audi-

I did not know Mme. Grand in the prime of her life and beauty, but I have heard it said that she was one of the most charming women of her time. She was tall, and her figure had all the suppleness and grace so common to women born in the East. Her complexion was dazzling, her eyes of the brightest blue, and her slightly *retroussé* nose gave her, singularly enough, a look of Talleyrand himself. Her fair golden hair was of proverbial beauty. I think she was about thirty-six when she married M. de Talleyrand. The elegance of her figure was already slightly injured by her becoming stout. This afterward increased, and by degrees her features lost their delicacy and her complexion became very red. The tone of her voice was disagreeable, her manners were abrupt; she was of an unamiable disposition, and so intolerably stupid that she never by any chance said the right thing. Talleyrand's intimate friends were the objects of her particular dislike, and they cordially detested her. Her elevation gave her little happiness, and what she had to suffer never excited anybody's interest.*

ence which he gave me he showed me much friendship, after his fashion. You may tell him that he has been very amiable, and that I have told you so; that never does any harm. I said to him, laughing: 'You must like my husband very much; that will not give you much trouble, and will give me a great deal of pleasure.' He told me that he did like you, and *I believe him.* He insists that we suffer too much from *ennui* at the Court *not to be, all of us, a little gallant. I said, 'I shall be longer about becoming so than the others, because I am not altogether stupid, and intellect is the surest safeguard.' I was inclined to say to him that he was not a proof of that, and that I felt in myself a much better defense, the dear and constant sentiment with which you have inspired me,* and which constitutes the happiness of my life, even at this moment, when it also causes a keen sorrow." That sorrow was absence.—P. R.

* The papal brief which relieved M. de Talleyrand from the excommunications he had incurred was considered by him as a permission to become a layman, and even to marry, although nothing of the kind was expressed in it. The reader may convince himself on this point by reading the very interesting work of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, which appears to me to be the most just and the most kindly view that has yet been taken of M. de Talleyrand, as regards his character, his talent, and the influence which he exercised in Europe, so often with great utility to France. The author speaks thus of Talleyrand's marriage:

While the Emperor was reviewing the whole of his army, Mme. Murat went to Boulogne to pay him a visit, and he desired that Mme. Louis Bonaparte, who had accompanied her husband to the baths of Saint Amand, should also attend him there, and bring her son. On several occasions he went through the ranks of his soldiers, carrying this child in his arms. The army was then remarkably fine, strictly disciplined, full of the best spirit, well provided, and impatient for war. This desire was destined to be satisfied before long.

Notwithstanding the reports in our newspapers, we were almost always stopped in everything that we attempted to do for the protection of our colonies. The proposed invasion appeared day by day more perilous. It became necessary to astonish Europe by a less doubtful novelty. "We are no longer," said the notes of the "Moniteur," addressed to the English Government, "those Frenchmen who were sold and betrayed by perfidious ministers, covetous mistresses, and indolent kings. You march toward an inevitable destiny."

The two nations, English and French, each claimed the victory in the naval combat off Cape Finisterre, where no doubt our national bravery opposed a strong resistance to the science of the enemy, but which had no other result than to oblige our fleet to reënter the port. Shortly afterward our journals were full of complaints of the insults which the flag of Venice had sustained since it had become a dependency of Austria. We soon learned that the Austrian troops were moving; that an alliance between the Emperors of Austria and Russia was formed against us; and the Eng-

"The lady whom he married, born in the East Indies, and separated from Grand, was remarkable for her beauty and for her lack of sense. Every one has heard the anecdote of her asking Sir George Robinson after his 'man Friday.' Talleyrand, however, defended his choice by saying: 'A clever woman often compromises her husband; a stupid woman only compromises herself.'" —P. R.

lish journals triumphantly announced a continental war. This year the birthday of Napoleon was celebrated with great pomp from one end of France to the other. He returned from Boulogne on the 3d of September, and at that time the Senate issued a decree by which the Gregorian calendar was to be resumed on the 1st of January, 1806. Thus disappeared, little by little, the last traces of the Republic, which had lasted, or appeared to last, for thirteen years.

CHAPTER XIV.

(1805.)

M. de Talleyrand and M. Fouché—The Emperor's Speech to the Senate—The Departure of the Emperor—The Bulletins of the Grand Army—Poverty in Paris during the War—The Emperor and the Marshals—The Faubourg St. Germain—Trafalgar—Journey of M. de Rémusat to Vienna.

At the period of which I am writing, M. de Talleyrand was still on bad terms with M. Fouché, and, strange to say, I remember that the latter charged him with being deficient in conscientiousness and sincerity. He always remembered that on the occasion of the attempt of the 3d Nivôse (the infernal machine) Talleyrand had accused him to Bonaparte of neglect, and had contributed not a little to his dismissal. On his return to the Ministry he secretly nursed his resentment, and let slip no opportunity of gratifying it, by that bitter and cynical mockery which was the habitual tone of his conversation.

Talleyrand and Fouché were two very remarkable men, and both were exceedingly useful to Bonaparte. But it would be difficult to find less resemblance and fewer points of contact between any two persons placed in such close and continuous relations. The former had studiously preserved the carelessly resolute manner, if I may use that expression, of the nobles of the old *régime*. Acute, taciturn, measured in his speech, cold in his bearing, pleasing in conversation, deriving all his power from himself alone—for he held no party in his hand—his very faults, and even the stigma of his abandonment of his former sacred state of life, were suf-

ficient guarantee to the Revolutionists, who knew him to be so adroit and so supple that they believed him to be always keeping the means of escaping them in reserve. Besides, he opened his mind to no one. He was quite impenetrable upon the affairs with which he was charged, and upon his own opinion of the master whom he served; and, as a final touch to this picture, he neglected nothing for his own comfort, was careful in his dress, used perfumes, and was a lover of good cheer and all the pleasures of the senses. He was never subservient to Bonaparte, but he knew how to make himself necessary to him, and never flattered him in public.

Fouché, on the contrary, was a genuine product of the Revolution. Careless of his appearance, he wore the gold lace and the ribbons which were the insignia of his dignities as if he disdained to arrange them. He could laugh at himself on occasion: he was active, animated, always restless; talkative, affecting a sort of frankness which was merely the last degree of deceit; boastful; disposed to seek the opinion of others upon his conduct by talking about it; and sought no justification except in his contempt of a certain class of morality, or his carelessness of a certain order of approbation. But he carefully maintained, to Bonaparte's occasional disquiet, relations with a party whom the Emperor felt himself obliged to conciliate in his person. With all this, Fouché was not deficient in a sort of good fellowship; he had even some estimable qualities. He was a good husband to an ugly and stupid wife, and a very good, even a too-indulgent, father. He looked at revolution as a whole; he hated small schemes and constantly recurring suspicions, and it was because this was his way of thinking that his police did not suffice for the Emperor. Where Fouché recognized merit, he did it justice. It is not recorded of him that he was guilty of any personal revenge, nor did he show himself capable of persistent jealousy. It is even likely that, although he remained for several years an enemy of Talley-

rand's, it was less because he had reason to complain of him than because the Emperor took pains to keep up a division between two men whose friendship he thought dangerous to himself; and, indeed, it was when they were reconciled that he began to distrust them both, and to exclude them from affairs.

In 1805 Talleyrand stood much higher in favor than Fouché. The business in hand was to found a monarchy, to impose it upon Europe and upon France by skillful diplomacy and the pomp of a Court; and the *ci-devant* noble was much fitter to advise upon all these points. He had an immense reputation in Europe. He was known to hold conservative opinions, and that was all the morality demanded by the foreign sovereigns. The Emperor, in order to inspire confidence in his enterprise, needed to have his signature supported by that of his Minister for Foreign Affairs. So necessary to his projects did he consider this that he did not grudge the distinction. The agitation which reigned in Europe at the moment when the rupture with Austria and Russia took place called for very frequent consultations between the Emperor and M. de Talleyrand; and, when Bonaparte left Paris to commence the campaign, the Minister established himself at Strasburg, so that he might be able to reach the Emperor when the French cannon should announce that the hour of negotiations had arrived.

About the middle of September rumors of an approaching departure were spread at Saint Cloud. M. de Rémusat received orders to repair to Strasburg, and there to prepare the Imperial lodgings; and the Empress declared so decidedly her intention of following her husband that it was settled she should go to Strasburg with him. A numerous Court was to accompany them. As my husband was going, I should have been very glad to accompany him, but I was becoming more and more of an invalid, and was not in a state to travel. I was therefore obliged to submit to this new separation, a more sorrowful one than the former. This

was the first time since I had been at the Court that I had seen the Emperor setting out for the army. The dangers to which he was about to be exposed revived all my former attachment to him. I had not courage to reproach him with anything when I saw him depart on so serious a mission; and the thought that, of many persons who were going, there would no doubt be some whom I should never see again, brought tears to my eyes, and made my heart sink. In the glittering *salon* of Saint Cloud I saw wives and mothers in terror and anguish, who did not dare to let their grief be seen, so great was the fear of displeasing the Emperor. The officers affected carelessness, but that was the necessary bravado of their profession. At that time, however, there were a great many of them who, having attained a sufficient fortune, and being unable to foresee the almost gigantic height to which the continuity of war was afterward to raise them, were very sorry to relinquish the pleasant and quiet life which they had now led for some years.

Throughout France the law of the conscription was strictly carried out, and this caused some disturbance in the provinces. The fresh laurels which our army was about to acquire were regarded with indifference. But the soldiers and subalterns were full of hope and ardor, and rushed to the frontiers with eagerness, a presage of success.

On the 20th of September the following appeared in the "Moniteur":

"The Emperor of Germany, without previous negotiation or explanation, and without any declaration of war, has invaded Bavaria. The Elector has retreated to Warzburg, where the whole Bavarian army is assembled."

On the 23d the Emperor repaired to the Senate, and issued a decree calling out the reserves of the conscripts of five years' standing. Berthier, the Minister of War, read a report on the impending war, and the Minister of the Interior demonstrated the necessity of employing the National Guard to protect the coasts.

The Emperor's speech was simple and impressive; it was generally approved. Our causes of complaint against Austria were fully set forth in the "Moniteur." There is little doubt that England, if not afraid, was at least weary of the stay of our troops on the coast, and that it was her policy to raise up enemies for us on the Continent, while the division of the kingdom of Italy, and still more its union with the French Empire, was sufficiently disquieting to the Austrian Cabinet. Without a knowledge of the diplomatic secrets of the period, which I do not possess, it is hard to understand why the Emperor of Russia broke with us. It is probable that commercial difficulties were making him anxious about his relations with England. It may be well to quote some words of Napoleon's on this subject. "The Emperor Alexander," he said, "is a young man; he longs for a taste of glory, and, like all children, he wants to go a different way from that which his father followed." Neither can I explain the neutrality of the King of Prussia, which was so advantageous to us, and to himself so fatal, since it did but delay his overthrow for one year. It seems to me that Europe blundered. The Emperor's character should have been better appreciated; and there should have been either a clear understanding that he must be always yielded to, or he should have been put down by general consent at the outset of his career.

But I must return to my narrative, from which I have digressed in order to treat of a subject beyond my powers.

I passed the last few days preceding the Emperor's departure at Saint Cloud. The Emperor worked unremittingly; when over-fatigued, he would lie down for a few hours in the daytime, but would rise in the middle of the night and go on with his labors. He was, however, more serene and gracious than at other times; he received company as usual, went occasionally to the theatres, and did not forget, when he was at Strasburg, to send a present to Fleury, the actor, who, two days before his departure, had

performed Corneille's "Menteur," by which he had succeeded in amusing the Emperor.

The Empress was as full of confidence as the wife of Bonaparte would naturally be. Happy to be allowed to accompany him and to escape from the talk of Paris, which alarmed her, from the spying of her brothers-in-law, and the monotony of Saint Cloud, delighted with the fresh opportunity for display, she looked on a campaign as on a journey, and maintained a composure which, as it could not by reason of her position proceed from indifference, was a genuine compliment to him whom she firmly believed fortune would not dare to forsake. Louis Bonaparte, who was in bad health, was to remain in Paris, and had received orders, as had also his wife, to entertain liberally in the absence of the Emperor. Joseph presided over the Administrative Council of the Senate. He resided at the Luxembourg, where he was also to hold a Court. Princess Borghese was recovering her health at Trianon. Mme. Murat withdrew to Neuilly, where she occupied herself in beautifying her charming dwelling; Murat accompanied the Emperor to headquarters. M. de Talleyrand was to remain at Strasburg until further orders. M. Maret attended the Emperor; he was the author-in-chief of the bulletins.

On the 24th the Emperor set out, and he reached Strasburg without stopping on the way.

I returned in low spirits to Paris, where I rejoined my children, my mother, and my sister. I found the latter much distressed by her separation from M. de Nansouty, who was in command of a division of cavalry.

Immediately on the departure of the Emperor, rumors became rife in Paris of an intended invasion of the coast, and, in fact, such an expedition might have been attempted; but, fortunately, our enemies were not quite so audacious and enterprising as ourselves, and at that time the English had not such confidence in their army as since then it has justly inspired.

The tightening of the money-market began almost immediately to be felt: in a short time payment at the Bank was suspended; money fetched a very high price. I heard it said that our export trade did not suffice for our wants; that war had stopped it, and was raising the price of all our imports. This, I was told, was the cause of the sudden embarrassment which had come upon us.

Special and personal anxieties were added to the general depression. Many families of distinction had sons in the army, and trembled for their fate. In what suspense did not parents await the arrival of bulletins which might suddenly apprise them of the loss of those most dear to them! What agonies did not Bonaparte inflict on women, on mothers, during many years! He has sometimes expressed astonishment at the hatred he at last inspired; but could he expect to be forgiven such agonized and prolonged suspense, so much weeping, so many sleepless nights, and days of agonizing dread? If he had but admitted the truth, he must have known there is not one natural feeling on which he had not trampled.

Before his departure, and in order to gratify the nobles, he created what was called the Guard of Honor. He gave the command to his Grand Master of Ceremonies. It was almost funny to see poor M. de Ségur's zeal in forming his Guard, the eagerness displayed by certain great personages to obtain admittance into it, and the anxiety of some of the chamberlains, who imagined the Emperor would much admire the change of their red coats for a military uniform. I shall never forget the surprise, nay, the fright which M. de Luçay, Prefect of the Palace, a mild and timid person, gave me, when he asked me whether M. de Rémusat, the father of a family, a former magistrate, and at that time more than forty years of age, did not also intend to embrace the military career thus suddenly opened to everybody. We were beginning to be accustomed to so many strange things that, in spite of sense and reason, I felt some solicitude on this subject, and I wrote to my husband, who replied that he

had not been seized with martial ardor, and that he hoped the Emperor might still reckon among his servants some who did not wear swords.

At this time the Emperor had partly restored us to favor. On his departure from Strasburg he confided the entire charge of the Court and the Empress's household to my husband. These were sufficiently easy duties, with no greater drawback than a certain amount of tedium. M. de Talleyrand, who also remained behind at Strasburg, gave some zest to the daily routine of M. de Rémusat's life. They now became really intimate, and were frequently together. M. de Rémusat, who was by nature simple, modest, and retiring, showed to advantage as he became better known, and M. de Talleyrand recognized his intellectual qualities, his excellent judgment, and his uprightness. He began to trust him, to appreciate the safety of intercourse with him, and to treat him as a friend; while my husband, who was gratified by receiving such overtures from a quarter whence he had not expected them, conceived for him from that moment an affection which no subsequent vicissitude has lessened.

Meanwhile the Emperor had left Strasburg. On the 1st of October he commenced the campaign, and the entire army, transported as if by magic from Boulogne, was crossing the frontier. The Elector of Bavaria, on being called upon by the Emperor of Austria to afford free passage to his troops, refused to do so, and was being invaded on every side; but Bonaparte marched to his aid without delay.

We then received the first bulletin from the Grand Army. It announced a first success at Donauwörth, and gave us the proclamations of the Emperor, and that of the Viceroy of Italy. Masséna was ordered to reënforce the latter, and to push into the Tyrol with the united French and Italian armies. To phrases well calculated to inflame the zeal of our soldiers were added others of biting sarcasm against our enemy. A circular addressed to the inhabitants of Austria, asking for contributions of lint, was published, accompanied

by the following note: "We hope the Emperor of Austria will not require any, as he has gone back to Vienna."

Insults to the ministers were not spared, nor to some of the great Austrian nobles, among whom was the Count de Colloredo, who was accused of being governed by his wife, herself entirely devoted to English policy. These unworthy attacks occurred promiscuously in the bulletins, among really elevated sentiments, which, although put forth with Roman rather than with French eloquence, were very effective.

Bonaparte's activity in this campaign was positively marvelous. From the beginning he foresaw the advantages that would accrue to him from the first blunders of the Austrians, and also his ultimate success. Toward the middle of October he wrote to his wife: "Rest easy; I promise you the shortest and most brilliant of campaigns."

At Wertingen our cavalry obtained some advantage over the enemy, and M. de Nansouty distinguished himself. A brilliant skirmish also took place at Günzburg, and the Austrians were soon retreating from every point.

The army became more and more enthusiastic, and seemed to take no heed of the approach of winter. Just before going into action, the Emperor harangued his soldiers on the Lech bridge, in the midst of thickly falling snow. "But," continued the bulletin, "his words were of fire, and the soldiers forgot their privations." The bulletin ended with these prophetic words: "The destinies of the campaign are fixed." *

* The actual text of the fifth bulletin from the Grand Army is as follows: "Augsburg, 20th Vendémiaire, year 14 (12th October, 1805). The Emperor was on the Lech bridge when the division under General Marmont defiled past him. He ordered each regiment to form in circle, and spoke to them of the enemy's position, of the imminence of a great battle, and of his confidence in them. He made this speech in the most severe weather. Snow was falling thick, the troops stood in mud up to their knees, and the cold was intense; but the Emperor's words were of fire, and while listening to him the soldiers forgot their fatigue and their privations, and were impatient for the moment of battle. Never can great events have been decided in a shorter time. In less than a fortnight the destinies of the campaign, and of the Austrian and Russian armies, will be fixed."—P. R.

The taking of Ulm and the capitulation of its immense garrison completed the surprise and terror of Austria, and served to silence the factious spirit in Paris, which had been with difficulty repressed by the police. It is hard to prevent Frenchmen from ranging themselves on the side of glory, and we began to share in that which our army was gaining. But the monetary difficulty was still painfully felt; trade suffered, the theatres were empty, an increase of poverty was perceptible, and the only hope that sustained us was that a campaign so brilliant must be followed by an immediate peace.

After the capitulation of Ulm, the Emperor himself dictated the following phrase in the bulletin: "The panegyric of the army may be pronounced in two words: It is worthy of its leader." * He wrote to the Senate, sending the colors taken from the enemy, and announcing that the Elector had returned to his capital. Letters from him to the bishops, requesting them to offer thanksgiving for our victories, were also published.

From the very beginning of the campaign pastoral letters had been read in every metropolitan church, justifying the war, and encouraging the new recruits to march promptly whithersoever they should be called. The bishops now began the task once more, and exhausted the Scriptures for texts to prove that the Emperor was protected by the God of armies." †

* These words are, in fact, to be found in the sixth bulletin from the Grand Army, dated Elchingen, 26th Vendémiaire, year 14 (18th October, 1805).—P. R.

† The extreme subservience shown by the clergy toward the Emperor was not sufficient in his eyes, if we may judge by the following letter, which he addressed to Fouché during the campaign: "4th Nivôse, year 14 (25th December, 1805). I perceive some difficulty on the subject of reading out the bulletins in churches; I do not consider this advisable. It would only give more importance to priests than is their due; for it gives them a right of comment, and, should the news be bad, they would not fail to remark on it. It is thus because there are no fixed principles: now there are to be no priests at all, again there are to be too many; all this must come to an end. M. Portalis was wrong to write his letter without knowing my intentions on the subject."—P. R.

Joseph Bonaparte was the bearer of his brother's letter to the Senate. That body decreed that, in reply, an address of congratulation should be carried to headquarters by a certain number of its members.

At Strasburg the Empress received a number of German princes, who came to join her Court, and to offer her their homage and congratulations. With a natural pride she showed them the Emperor's letters, in which long beforehand he announced to her the victories he was about to gain; and either his skillful foresight must needs be admired, or else the power of a destiny which never for a moment belied itself must be recognized.

Marshal Ney distinguished himself at Elchingen, and the Emperor consented so fully to leave the honors of the occasion to him that afterward, when he created dukes, he desired that the Marshal's title should be Duke of Elchingen.

I use the word *consented*, because it is admitted that Bonaparte was not always perfectly just in apportioning the fame which he accorded to his generals. In one of his occasional fits of frankness, I heard him say that he liked to bestow glory only on those who knew not how to sustain it. According to his policy with respect to the military chiefs under his orders, or the degree of confidence which he placed in them, he would either preserve silence concerning certain victories of theirs, or change the blunder of a particular marshal into a success. A general would hear through some bulletin of an action which had never taken place, or of a speech which he had never made. Another would find himself famous in the newspapers, and would wonder how he had deserved to be thus distinguished. Others would endeavor to protest against his neglect of them, or against distorted accounts of events. But how was it possible to correct what had once been read, and was already effaced by more recent news? For Bonaparte's rapidity in war gave us daily something fresh to learn. On these occasions he would either impose silence on the protest, or, if he wished

to appease the offended officer, a sum of money, a prize from the enemy, or permission to levy a tax was granted to him, and thus the affair would end.

This crafty spirit, which was inherent in Bonaparte's character, and which he employed adroitly in dealing with his marshals and superior officers, may be justified, up to a certain point, by the difficulty he occasionally met with in managing so large a number of individuals of widely differing characters but similar aims. He was perfectly cognizant of the scope of their various talents; he knew in what manner each of them might be useful to him: while rewarding their services he was perpetually obliged to repress their pride and jealousy. He was forced to use every means in his power to secure his own success; above all, he could miss no opportunity of making them feel their entire dependence on himself, and that their renown as well as their fortune was in his hands alone.* This point once reached, he might

* I find among my father's papers a note which further develops what is said here concerning the marshals of the Empire: "The Emperor took the utmost license in composing his bulletins, seeking especially to eclipse all the others, and to establish his own infallibility; then considering the kind of effect he wished to produce on foreigners and on the public in France; and, lastly, having regard to his intentions and his good or ill will toward his lieutenants. Truth came a long way behind all these things. Nothing could equal the surprise of his officers on reading the bulletins which came back to them from Paris; but they made few complaints. The Emperor is, like the Convention and Louis XIV., one of the few powers able to subdue and to discipline the vanity of subordinates.

"The Emperor praised the great generals of his time but little. Military men are more jealous of each other than those of any other profession; they are the least to be relied on in their estimation of each other. They are discouraging or irritating when judging one of another. To this natural jealousy the Emperor added the calculations of a despot who will have no one of importance except himself. Desaix is the only man of whom he spoke with any enthusiasm, and he knew him only at the opening of his career of power. He always continued, I believe, to treat him well, but Desaix died [at Marengo, June 14, 1800]. His comments on his lieutenants, in the beginning of his narrative of the first campaign in Italy, are remarkable, and their severity has no appearance of jealousy. Generally he spoke of the marshals with a not very flattering freedom. In his correspondence with King Joseph we may read what

feel certain not to be importuned by them, and to be at liberty to reward their services at his own price. In general, however, the marshals have had no cause to complain that he did not rate them highly. The rewards obtained by them were frequently gigantic; and, the long continuance of war having raised their hopes to the highest pitch, we have seen them become dukes and princes without being astonished at the fact, and end by thinking that royalty alone could worthily crown their destiny. Enormous sums were divided among them, and every kind of exaction from the vanquished was permitted them; some of them made immense fortunes, and, if most of these disappeared with the Government under which they had been amassed, it was because

he said of Masséna, Jourdan, and some others. General Foy told me that he had heard him say of Soult, 'He can array a battle well, but is incapable of fighting one.' Then he would dwell on the exactions, the pretensions, the ambition, and the cupidity of his marshals. 'No one knows,' he said to M. Pasquier, 'what it is to have to deal with two such men as Soult and Ney.' His lieutenants frequently paid him back, in their conversations, what he had said concerning them. It was not in the army, especially during the campaigns that followed that of Austerlitz, that he was chiefly held in admiration, esteem, and affection. He had, as it were, an off-hand way of making war. He neglected many things, and risked many. He sacrificed everything to his personal success. Becoming more and more confident in his destiny, and in the terror inspired by his presence, his only thought was to repair any blunders, checks, or losses by decisive blows struck with his own hand. He was always resolute in denying or in preserving silence concerning anything which might injure him. This rendered the service unbearable to those generals who were at a distance from himself. They retained all their responsibility, were often without the necessary means of action, and received only orders impossible to execute, and which were intended to put them in the wrong. They accused him consequently of selfishness, of injustice, of perfidy, and even of malice toward them, or of envy. Barante has told me that, when the auditors arrived at the army, they were confounded at what they heard said among the staff, and sometimes even at headquarters. He himself, when attached to the staff of Marshal Lannes—during the campaign of Poland, I believe—heard him frequently say at his own table that the Emperor, being jealous of him and eager to ruin him, gave him orders with this end in view; and once, when suffering from internal pain, he went so far as to say the Emperor had tried to have him poisoned." I have quoted the whole of this interesting passage; but it is evident that all this was in embryo at the time of the campaign of 1805.—P. R.

they had been acquired so easily that their upstart possessors naturally spent them lavishly, feeling confident that the facilities for making such fortunes would never be exhausted.

In this first campaign of Napoleon's reign, although the army was as yet subject to a discipline which was afterward considerably relaxed, the vanquished people found themselves a prey to the rapacity of the conqueror, and the obligation of receiving some field officer for a single night, or even for a few hours, cost many a great Austrian noble or prince the entire destruction and pillage of his home. The common soldiers were under discipline, and there was an outward appearance of order, but there was nothing to hinder a marshal from taking away with him, on his departure, any objects which had caught his fancy. After the close of the war, I have often heard the wife of Marshal X—— relate, with laughter, that her husband, knowing her taste for music, had sent her an immense collection of music-books, which he had found in some German prince's house; and she would add, with equal ingenuousness, that he had dispatched so many packing-cases full of lusters and Vienna glass, which he had picked up in every direction, to their house in Paris, that she was quite at a loss to know where to put them.

While the Emperor knew so well how to hold the pretensions of his generals in check, he spared no pains to encourage and satisfy the rank and file. After the taking of Ulm, a decree was issued to the effect that the month of Vendémiaire, which was just closed, should in itself be reckoned as a campaign.

On the feast of All Saints a solemn *Te Deum* was sung at Notre Dame, and Joseph gave several entertainments in honor of our victories.

Meanwhile Masséna was distinguishing himself by victories in Italy, and it soon became certain that the Emperor of Austria would have to pay dearly for this great campaign. The Russian army was hastening by forced marches to his aid, but had not yet joined the Austrians, who meanwhile

were being defeated by our Emperor. It was said at the time that the Emperor Francis made a blunder by entering upon the war before the Emperor Alexander was in a position to help him.

During this campaign Bonaparte induced the King of Naples to remain neutral, and agreed to rid him of the French garrison which he had hitherto been obliged to maintain. Several decrees relating to the administration of France were promulgated from various headquarters, and the former Doge of Genoa was created a senator.

The Emperor liked to appear to be engaged in a number of different affairs at once, and to show that he could cast what he called "an eagle glance" in every direction at the same instant. For this reason, and also on account of his suspicious disposition, he wrote a letter to the Minister of Police, desiring him to keep a watchful eye on the Faubourg St. Germain, meaning those members of the French nobility who remained opposed to him, and stating that he had been informed of certain things that had been said against him in his absence, and would punish them on his return.

It was Fouché's habit, on receiving such orders as these, to send for the persons, both men and women, who were more specially accused. Whether he really thought the Emperor's displeasure was excited by mere trifles, and that, as he sometimes used to say, it was foolish to prevent French people from talking, or whether he desired to win golden opinions by his own moderation, after advising those persons for whom he had sent to be more cautious, he would conclude by admitting that the Emperor made too much ado about trivialities. Thus, by degrees, he acquired a reputation for justice and moderation, which did away with the first impressions of his character. The Emperor, who was informed of this conduct on his part, resented it, and was secretly on his guard against one so careful to conciliate all parties.

On the 12th of November our victorious army entered the gates of Vienna. The newspapers gave full details of

the circumstances, and these accounts acquire additional interest from the fact that they were all dictated by Bonaparte, and that he frequently took upon himself to invent, as an afterthought, circumstances or anecdotes likely to strike the popular imagination.

"The Emperor," says the bulletin, "has taken up his abode in the palace of Schönbrunn; he writes in a cabinet in which stands a statue of Maria Theresa. On observing this, he exclaimed: 'Ah! if that great queen were still living, she would not allow herself to be led by such a woman as Mme. de Colloredo! Surrounded by her nobles, she would have ascertained the wishes of her people. She would never have allowed her provinces to be ravaged by the Muscovites,' etc." *

Meanwhile some bad news came to temper Bonaparte's success. Admiral Nelson had just beaten our fleet at Trafalgar. The French navy had fought with splendid bravery, but had been disastrously defeated. This produced a bad effect in Paris, and disgusted the Emperor for ever with naval enterprises. He became so deeply prejudiced against the French navy that from that time it was scarcely possible to induce him to take any interest in or pay any attention to the subject. Vainly did the sailors or soldiers who had distinguished themselves on that fatal day endeavor to obtain recognition or sympathy for the dangers they had encountered: they were practically forbidden even to revert to the disaster; and when, in after-years, they wanted to obtain any favor, they took care not to claim it on the score of the admirable courage to which only the English dispatches rendered justice.

Immediately on the Emperor's return to Vienna, he sent for M. de Talleyrand, perceiving that the time for negotiations was at hand, and that the Emperor of Austria was about to treat for peace. It is probable that our Emperor had already decided on making the Elector of Bavaria a

* The whole of this lengthy effusion may be read in the "Moniteur."

King, on enlarging his dominions, and also on the marriage of Prince Eugène.

M. de Rémusat was sent to Paris in order that he might convey the Imperial insignia and the crown diamonds to Vienna. I saw him but for an instant, and learned with fresh vexation that he was about to leave for a still more distant country. On his return to Strasburg he received orders to proceed at once to Vienna, and the Empress was directed to repair to Munich with the whole Court. Nothing could exceed the honors rendered to her in Germany. Princes and Electors crowded to welcome her, and the Elector of Bavaria, especially, neglected nothing to make her reception all that could be desired. She remained at Munich, waiting for her husband's return.

M. de Rémusat, while on his journey, reflected sadly upon the condition of the countries through which he passed. The land still reeked of battle. Devastated villages, roads encumbered with corpses and ruins, brought before his eyes all the horrors of war. The distress of the vanquished added an element of danger to the discomfort of this journey so late in the season. Everything contributed painfully to impress the imagination of a man who was a friend to humanity, and who lamented the disasters which result from the passions of conquerors. My husband's letters, full of painful reflections, grieved me deeply, and served to lessen the enthusiasm which had been beginning to revive as I read accounts of victories, in which the bright side only was shown to the public.

When M. de Rémusat reached Vienna, the Emperor was no longer there. The negotiations had lasted but a short time, and our army was marching forward. M. de Talleyrand and M. Maret remained at Schönbrunn, where they both lived, but without intimacy. M. Maret's familiarity with the Emperor gave him a sort of influence, which he kept up, as I have already said, by adoration, true or feigned, and displayed in all his words and actions. M. de Talleyrand

would make fun of this sometimes, and quiz the Secretary of State, who resented such conduct excessively. He was therefore always on his guard against M. de Talleyrand, and disliked him sincerely.

M. de Talleyrand, who was thoroughly weary of Vienna, greeted M. de Rémusat on his arrival with great cordiality, and the intimacy between them increased during the idle life both were leading. It is very likely that M. Maret, who wrote regularly to the Emperor, reported upon this new friendship, and that it was displeasing to a person always prone to take offense, and apt to detect ulterior motives in the most unimportant actions of life.

M. de Talleyrand, finding scarcely any one but M. de Rémusat who could understand him, disclosed to him the political views with which the victories of our armies inspired him. He warmly desired to consolidate the peace of Europe, and his great fear was that the glamour of victory and the predilections of the military men surrounding the Emperor, all of them having again become accustomed to war, would induce the latter to prolong it. "When the moment comes for actually concluding peace," he said, "you will see that the greatest difficulty I shall have will be in treating with the Emperor himself, and it will take much talking to sober the intoxication produced by gunpowder." In these moments of confidence M. de Talleyrand would speak candidly of the Emperor. While he admitted the great defects of his character, he believed him to be destined irrevocably to end the Revolution in France, and to found a lasting government; and he also believed that he himself should be able to rule the Emperor's conduct with regard to Europe. "If I fail to persuade him," he said, "I shall, at any rate, know how to fetter him in spite of himself, and to force him to take some repose."

M. de Rémusat was delighted to find an able statesman, and one who enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor, full of projects so wise in themselves; and he began to regard him

with the esteem that every French citizen owes to a man who endeavors to control the effects of a boundless ambition. He often wrote to me that he was delighted with the discoveries which his intimacy with M. de Talleyrand enabled him to make, and I began to feel interest in one who alleviated the wearisome exile of my husband.

In my hours of solitude and anxiety, my husband's letters were my only pleasure and the sole charm of my existence. Although he prudently avoided details, I could see that he was satisfied with his position. Then he would describe to me the different sights he had seen. He would tell me of his drives or walks in Vienna, which he described as a large and beautiful city, and of his visits to certain important personages who had remained there, as well as to other families. He was struck by their extreme attachment to the Emperor Francis. These good people of Vienna, although their city was conquered, did not hesitate openly to express their hopes of a speedy return to the paternal rule of their master; and, while they sympathized with him in his reverses, they never uttered a single reproach.

Good order was maintained in Vienna; the garrison was under strict discipline, and the inhabitants had no great cause of complaint against their conquerors. The French entered into some of the amusements of the place; they frequented the theatres, and it was at Vienna that M. de Rémusat first heard the celebrated Italian singer Crescentini, and subsequently engaged him for the Emperor's musical service.

CHAPTER XV.

(1805.)

The Battle of Austerlitz—The Emperor Alexander—Negotiations—Prince Charles—M. d'André—M. de Rémusat in Disgrace—Duroc—Savary—The Treaty of Peace.

The arrival of the Russian forces and the severe conditions exacted by the conqueror made the Emperor of Austria resolve on once more trying the fortune of war. Having assembled his forces and joined the Emperor Alexander, he awaited Bonaparte, who was advancing to meet him. The two immense armies met in Moravia, near the little village of Austerlitz, which, until then unknown, has become for ever memorable by reason of the great victory which France won there.

Bonaparte resolved to give battle on the following day, the 1st of December, the anniversary of his coronation.

The Czar had sent Prince Dolgorouki to our headquarters with proposals of peace, which, if the Emperor has told the truth in his bulletins, could hardly be entertained by a conqueror in possession of his enemy's capital. If we may believe him, the surrender of Belgium was demanded, and that the Iron Crown should be placed on another head. The envoy was taken through a part of the encampment which had been purposely left in confusion; he was deceived by this, and misled the Emperors by his report of the state of things.

The bulletin of those two days, the 1st and 2d of December, states that the Emperor, on returning to his quarters

toward evening, spoke these words: "This is the fairest evening of my life; but I regret to think that I must lose a good number of these brave fellows. I feel, by the pain it gives me, that they are indeed my children; and I reproach myself for this feeling, for I fear it may render me unfit to make war."

The following day, in addressing his soldiers, he said: "This campaign must be ended by a thunder-clap. If France is to make peace only on the terms proposed by Dolgorouki, Russia shall not obtain them, even were her army encamped on the heights of Montmartre." Yet it was decreed that these same armies should, one day, be encamped there, and that at Belleville Alexander was to receive Napoleon's envoy, coming to offer him peace on any terms he chose to dictate.

I will not transcribe the narrative of that battle, so truly honorable to our arms—it will be found in the "Moniteur"; and the Emperor of Russia, with characteristic and noble simplicity, declared that the dispositions taken by the Emperor to insure success, the skill of his generals, and the ardor of the French soldiers, were all alike incomparable. The flower of the three nations fought with unflagging determination; the two Emperors were obliged to fly in order to escape being taken, and, but for the conferences of the following day, it seems that the Emperor of Russia would have found his retreat very difficult.

The Emperor dictated almost from the field of battle the narrative of all that had taken place on the 1st, the 2d, and the 3d of December. He even wrote part of it himself. The dispatch, hurriedly composed, yet full of details and very interesting, even at the present day, on account of the spirit in which it was conceived, consisted of twenty-five pages covered with erasures and with references, and was sent to M. Maret at Vienna, to be immediately put in form and sent to the "Moniteur" in Paris.

On receiving this dispatch, M. Maret hastened to communicate it to M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat. All

three were then residing in the palace of the Emperor of Austria; they shut themselves up in the Empress's private apartment, then occupied by M. de Talleyrand, in order to decipher the manuscript. The handwriting of the Emperor, which was always very illegible, and his bad spelling, made this a somewhat lengthy task. The order of events had to be rearranged, and incorrect expressions to be replaced by more suitable ones, and then, by the advice of M. de Talleyrand and to the great terror of M. Maret, certain phrases were suppressed, as too humiliating to the foreign sovereigns, or so directly eulogistic of Bonaparte himself that one wonders he could have penned them. They retained certain phrases which were underscored, and to which it was evident he attached importance. This task lasted several hours, and was interesting to M. de Rémusat, as it gave him an opportunity of observing the very different methods of serving the Emperor adopted by the two Ministers respectively.

After the battle, the Emperor Francis asked for an interview, which took place at the French Emperor's quarters.

"This," said Bonaparte, "has been my only palace for the last two months."

"You make such good use of it," replied the Emperor of Austria, "that it ought to be agreeable to you."

"It is asserted," says the bulletin, "that the Emperor, in speaking of the Emperor of Austria, used these words: 'That man has led me to commit an error, for I could have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole Russian and Austrian army prisoners; but, after all, there will be some tears the less.'"

According to the bulletin, the Czar was let off easily. Here is the account of the visit which Savary was sent to make to him:

"The Emperor's aide-de-camp had accompanied the Emperor of Germany after the interview, in order to learn whether the Emperor of Russia would agree to the capitula-

tion. He found the remnant of the Russian army without artillery or baggage, and in frightful disorder.

"It was midnight; General Meerfeld had been repulsed from Gölding by Marshal Davoust, and the Russian army was surrounded—not a man could escape. Prince Czartoryski presented General Savary to the Emperor.

"'Tell your master,' said the Czar, 'that I am going away; that he did wonders yesterday, that his achievements have increased my admiration for him, that he is predestined by Heaven, and that my army would require a hundred years to equal his. But can I withdraw in safety?' 'Yes, sire, if your Majesty ratifies what the two Emperors of France and Austria have agreed upon in their interview.' 'And what is that?' 'That your Majesty's army shall return home by stages to be regulated by the Emperor, and that it shall evacuate Germany and Austrian Poland. On these conditions I have it in commission to go to our outposts, and give them orders to protect your retreat, as the Emperor is desirous to protect the friend of the First Consul.' 'What guarantee is required?' 'Your word, sire.' 'I give it you.'

"General Savary set out on the instant at full gallop, and, having joined Davoust, he gave orders to suspend all operations and remain quiet. It is to be hoped that the generosity of the Emperor of France on this occasion may not be so soon forgotten in Russia as was his sending back six thousand men to the Emperor Paul, with expressions of his esteem.

"General Savary had an hour's conversation with the Emperor of Russia, and found him all that a man of good sense and good feeling ought to be, whatever reverses he may have experienced.

"The Emperor asked him about the details of the day. 'You were inferior to me,' he said, 'and yet you were superior upon all the points of attack.' 'That, sire,' answered the General, 'is the art of war, and the fruit of fifteen years of glory. This is the fortieth battle the Emperor has fought.' 'True. He is a great warrior. As for me, this is the first

time I have seen fighting. I have never had any pretension to measure myself with him.' 'When you have experience, sire, you may perhaps surpass him.' 'I shall now go away to my capital. I came to lend my aid to the Emperor of Austria; he has had me informed that he is content, and I am the same.'" *

There was a good deal of speculation at that time as to what was the Emperor's real reason for consenting to make peace after this battle, instead of pushing his victory further; for, of course, nobody believed in the motive which was assigned for it, i. e., the sparing of so many tears which must otherwise have been shed.

May we conclude that the day of Austerlitz had cost him so dear as to make him shrink from incurring another like it, and that the Russian army was not so utterly defeated as he would have had us believe? Or was it that again he had done as he himself expressed it, when he was asked why he had put an end to the march of victory by the treaty of Leoben: "I was playing at *vingt-et-un*, and I stopped short at *vingt*"? May we believe that Bonaparte, in his first year of empire, did not yet venture to sacrifice the lives of the people as ruthlessly as he afterward sacrificed them, and that, having entire confidence in M. de Talleyrand at that period, he yielded more readily to the moderate policy of his Minister? Perhaps, too, he believed that he had reduced the Austrian power by his campaign more than he really had reduced it; for he said, after his return from Munich, "I have left the Emperor Francis too many subjects."

Whatever may have been his motives, he deserves praise for the spirit of moderation that he maintained in the midst of an army heated by victory, and which certainly was at that moment desirous of prolonging the war. The marshals

* All these anecdotes are related in the 30th and 31st bulletins of the Grand Army, dated from Austerlitz, 12th and 14th Frimaire, year 14 (3d and 5th December, 1806), pages 543 and 555 of vol. xi. of the "Correspondence of Napoleon the First," published by order of the Emperor Napoleon the Third.—P. R.

and all the officers about the Emperor did everything in their power to induce him to carry on the campaign; they were certain of victory everywhere, and by shaking the purpose of their chief they created for M. de Talleyrand all the difficulties that he had foreseen. The Minister, summoned to headquarters, had to contend with the disposition of the army. He maintained, alone and unsupported, that peace must be concluded—that the Austrian power was necessary to the equilibrium of Europe; and it was then that he said, "When you shall have weakened all the powers of the center, how are you to hinder those of the extremities—the Russians, for instance—from falling upon them?" In reply to this he was met by private interests, by a personal and insatiable desire for the chances of fortune which the continuance of the war might offer; and certain persons, who knew the Emperor's character well, said, "If even we do not put an end to this affair on the spot, you will see that we shall commence another campaign by and by."

As for the Emperor himself, disturbed by this diversity of opinion, urged by his love of war, and influenced by his habitual distrust, he allowed M. de Talleyrand to perceive that he suspected him of a secret understanding with the Austrian ambassador, and of sacrificing the interests of France. M. de Talleyrand answered with that firmness which he always maintains in great affairs, when he has taken a certain line: "You deceive yourself. My object is to sacrifice the interest of your generals, which is no concern of mine, to the interests of France. Reflect that you lower yourself by saying such things as they say, and that you are worthy to be something more than a mere soldier." The Emperor was flattered by being praised at the expense of his former companions in arms; and by adroitness of this kind M. de Talleyrand succeeded in gaining his ends. At length he brought the Emperor to resolve on sending him to Presburg, where the negotiations were to take place; but it is a strange and probably unexampled fact that Bonaparte,

while giving M. de Talleyrand powers to treat for peace, actually deceived him on a point of vital importance, and placed in his path the greatest difficulty that ever a negotiator had experienced.

On the occasion of the meeting of the two Emperors after the battle, the Emperor of Austria consented to relinquish the State of Venice; but he had demanded that the portion of the Tyrol conquered by Masséna should be restored to Austria, and Napoleon, no doubt affected in spite of his mastery over his emotions, and a little off his guard in the presence of this vanquished sovereign, who had come to discuss his interests in person on the battle-field where the bodies of his subjects who had fallen in his cause still lay, had not been able to maintain his inflexibility. He gave up the Tyrol; but no sooner had the interview come to an end than he repented of what he had done, and, when giving M. de Talleyrand details of the engagements to which he had pledged himself, he kept that one secret.*

The Minister having set out for Presburg, Bonaparte returned to Vienna, and took up his abode in the palace at Schönbrunn. He occupied himself in reviewing his army, verifying his losses, and reforming each corps as it presented itself for inspection. In his pride and satisfaction in the results of the campaign, he was good-humored with everybody, behaved well to all those members of the Court who awaited him at Vienna, and took great pleasure in relating the wonders of the war.

On one point only did he exhibit displeasure. He was greatly surprised that his presence produced so little effect upon the Viennese, and that it was so difficult to induce them to attend the fêtes he provided for them, and the dinners at the palace to which he invited them. Bonaparte could not understand their attachment to a conquered sov-

* In the definitive treaty the Tyrol was given to Bavaria in consideration of the marriage of the Princess Augusta with Eugène de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

ereign—one, too, so much inferior to himself. One day he spoke quite openly about this to M. de Rémusat. "You have passed some time at Vienna," he said, "and have had opportunities of observing them. What a strange people they are! They seem insensible alike to glory and to reverses." M. de Rémusat, who had formed a high opinion of the Viennese, and admired their disinterested and loyal character, replied by praising them, and relating several instances of their attachment to their sovereign of which he had been an eye-witness. "But," said Bonaparte, "they must sometimes have talked of me. What do they say?" "Sire," answered M. de Rémusat, "they say, 'The Emperor Napoleon is a great man, it is true; but our Emperor is perfectly good, and we can love none but him.'" These sentiments, which were all unchanged by misfortune, were incomprehensible to a man who recognized no merit except in success. When, after his return to Paris, he heard of the touching reception given by the Viennese to their vanquished Emperor, he exclaimed: "What people! If I came back to Paris thus, I should certainly not be received after that fashion."

A few days after the Emperor's return, M. de Talleyrand arrived at Vienna from Presburg, to the great surprise of everybody. The Austrian ministers at Presburg had brought forward the subject of the Tyrol; he had been obliged to admit that he had no instructions on that point, and he now came to obtain them. He was much displeased at having been treated in such a manner. When he spoke of this to the Emperor, the latter told him that in a yielding moment, of which he now repented, he had acceded to the request of the Emperor Francis, but that he was quite resolved not to keep his word. M. de Rémusat told me that M. de Talleyrand, of whom he saw a great deal at this time, was really indignant. Not only did he perceive that war was about to begin again, but that the Cabinet of France was stained by perfidy, and a portion of the dishonor would inevitably fall

upon him. His mission to Presburg would henceforth be ridiculous, would show how little influence over his master he possessed, and would destroy his personal credit in Europe, which he took such care to preserve. The marshals raised their war-cry anew. Murat, Berthier, Maret, all the flatterers of the Emperor's ruling passion, seeing to which side he leaned, urged him on toward what they called "glory." M. de Talleyrand had to bear reproaches from every one, and he often said to my husband, bitterly enough: "I find no one but yourself here to show me any friendship; it would take very little more to make those people regard me as a traitor." His conduct at this period, and his patience, did him honor. He succeeded in bringing the Emperor back to his way of thinking upon the necessity of making peace, and, after having extracted from him the final word which he required, he set out a second time for Presburg, better satisfied, although he could not obtain the restitution of the Tyrol. On taking leave of M. de Rémusat, he said, "I shall settle the affair of the Tyrol, and induce the Emperor to make peace, in spite of himself."

During Bonaparte's stay at Schönbrunn he received a letter from Prince Charles, to the effect that, being full of admiration for his person, the Prince wished to see and converse with him. The Emperor, flattered by this compliment from a man who enjoyed a high reputation in Europe, fixed upon a small hunting-lodge a few leagues from the palace as the place of meeting, and directed M. de Rémusat to join the other persons who were to accompany him. He also bade him take with him a very richly mounted sword. "After our conversation," said he, "you will hand it to me. I wish to present it to the Prince on leaving him."

The Emperor joined the Prince, and they remained in private conference for some time. When he came out of the room my husband approached him, according to the orders he had received. Bonaparte impatiently waved him off, telling him that he might take the sword away; and

when he returned to Schönbrunn he spoke slightingly of the Prince, saying that he had found him very commonplace, and by no means worthy of the present he had intended for him.*

I must now relate an incident which concerned M. de Rémusat personally, and which once more checked the favor that the Emperor seemed disposed to extend toward him. I have frequently remarked that our destiny always arranged matters so that we should not profit by the advantages of our position, but since that time I have often felt thankful to Providence; for that very contrariety preserved us from a more disastrous fall.

In the early years of the Consular Government the King's party had clung to the hope of a revival of favorable chances for him in France, and they had more than once tried to establish an understanding with the country. M. d'André, formerly a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, an *émigré*, and devoted to the royal cause, had undertaken Royalist missions to some of the sovereigns of Europe, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware of that fact. M. d'André was, like M. de Rémusat, a native of Provence, and they had been schoolfellows. M. d'André had also been a magistrate prior to the Revolution (he was Councilor to the Parliament of Aix), and, although they did not keep up any mutual relations, they were not entirely strangers. At the period of which I am writing, M. d'André, disheartened by the failure of his fruitless efforts, convinced that the Imperial cause was absolutely victorious, and weary of a wandering life and consequently straitened means, was longing to return to his own country. Being in Hungary during the campaign of 1805, he sent his wife to Vienna, and appealed to his friend General Mathieu Dumas to obtain leave for him. The General, although rather alarmed at having to

* This is a softened version of what the Emperor said. The truth is that, when his Chamberlain drew near to remind him of his intentions and to hand him the sword, the Emperor said: "Let me alone; he's a fool!"

undertake such a mission, promised to take steps in the matter, but advised Mme. d'André to see M. de Rémusat and procure his interest. One morning Mme. d'André arrived. My husband received her as he conceived he ought to receive the wife of a former friend; he was much concerned at the position in which she represented M. d'André to be, and, not knowing that there were particular circumstances in the case which were likely to render the Emperor implacable, thinking besides that his victories might incline him to clemency, consented to present her petition. His official position as Keeper of the Wardrobe gave him the right to enter the Emperor's dressing-room. He hastened down to his Majesty's apartment, and found him half dressed and in a good humor, whereupon he immediately gave him an account of Mme. d'André's visit, and preferred the request which he had undertaken to urge.

At the mention of the name of M. d'André the Emperor's face darkened. "Do you know," said he, "that you are talking to me of a mortal enemy?" "No, sire," replied M. de Rémusat; "I am ignorant whether your Majesty has really reason to complain of him; but, if such be the case, I would venture to ask pardon for him. M. d'André is poor and proscribed; he asks only that he may return and grow old in our common country." "Have you any relations with him?" "None, sire." "And why do you interest yourself in him?" "Sire, he is a Provençal; he was educated with me at Juilly, he is of my own profession, and he was my friend." "You are very fortunate," said the Emperor, darting a fierce glance at him, "to have such motives to excuse you. Never speak of him to me again; and know this: if he were at Vienna, and I could get hold of him, he should be hanged within twenty-four hours." Having said these words, the Emperor turned his back on M. de Rémusat.

Wherever the Emperor was with his Court, he habitually held what was called his *levée* every morning. So soon as

he was dressed, he entered a reception-room, and those persons who formed what was called the "service" were summoned. These were the great officers of his household, M. de Rémusat, as Keeper of the Wardrobe and First Chamberlain, and the generals of his guard. The second *levée* was composed of the Chamberlains, of such generals of the army as could present themselves, and, in Paris, of the Prefect of Paris, the Prefect of Police, the Princes, and the Ministers. Sometimes he greeted all these personages silently, with a mere bow, and dismissed them at once. He gave orders when it was necessary, and he did not hesitate to scold any one with whom he was displeased, without the slightest regard to the awkwardness of giving or receiving reprimands before a crowd of witnesses.

After he left M. de Rémusat, the Emperor held his *levée;* then he sent everybody away, and held a long conversation with General Savary. On its conclusion, Savary rejoined my husband in one of the reception-rooms, took him aside, and addressed him after a fashion which would appear very strange to any one unacquainted with *the crudity of the General's principles* in certain matters.

"Let me congratulate you," said he, accosting M. de Rémusat, "on a fine opportunity of making your fortune, of which I strongly advise you to avail yourself. You played a dangerous game just now by talking to the Emperor of M. d'André, but all may be set right again. Where is he? But, now I think of it, he is in Hungary—at least, his wife told me so. Ah, bah! don't dissimulate about it. The Emperor believes that he is in Vienna; he is convinced that you know where he is, and he wants you to tell." "I assure you, General," replied M. de Rémusat, "that I am absolutely ignorant of where he is. I had no correspondence with him. His wife came to see me to-day for the first time; she begged me to speak for her husband to the Emperor; I have done so, and that is all." "Well, then, if that be so, send for her to come to you again. She will

have no suspicion of you. Make her talk, and try to elicit from her where her husband is. You can not imagine how much you will please the Emperor by rendering him this service."

M. de Rémusat, utterly confounded at this speech, was quite unable to conceal his astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed, "you make such a proposal as that to me? I told the Emperor that I was the friend of M. d'André; you also know that, and you would have me betray him, give him up, and that by means of his wife, who has trusted me!" Savary was astonished, in his turn, at the indignation of M. de Rémusat. "What folly!" said he. "Take care you do not spoil your luck! The Emperor has more than once had occasion to doubt that you are as entirely devoted to him as he would have you to be. Now, here is an opportunity for removing his suspicions, and you will be very unwise if you let it escape."

The conversation lasted for some time. M. de Rémusat was, of course, unshaken; he assured Savary that, far from seeking out Mme. d'Andre, he would not even consent to see her, and he informed her, through General Mathieu Dumas, of the failure of his mission. Savary returned to the subject in the course of the day, and said, over and over again: "You are throwing away your chances; I confess I can not make you out." "That does not matter," my husband would reply.

And, in fact, the Emperor did resent this refusal, and assumed toward M. de Rémusat the harsh, icy tone which was always a mark of his displeasure. M. de Rémusat endured it with resignation, and complained only to Duroc, the Grand Marshal of the Palace, who understood his difficulty better than Savary could, but regretted that anything should have occurred to diminish his favor with Bonaparte. He also congratulated my husband on his conduct, which seemed to him an act of the greatest courage; for not to obey the Emperor was, in his eyes, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Duroc was a man of a singular character. His mind was narrow; his feelings and thoughts were always, perhaps deliberately, confined to a small circle; but he lacked neither cleverness nor clear-sightedness. He was filled, perhaps, rather with submission than devotion to Bonaparte, and believed that no one placed near him could use any or every faculty better than in exactly obeying him.

In order not to fail in this, which he considered a strict duty, he would not allow himself even a thought beyond the obligations of his post. Cold, silent, and impenetrable as to every secret confided to him, I believe he had made it a law to himself never to reflect on the orders he received. He did not flatter the Emperor; he did not seek to please him by tale-bearing, which, though often tending to no result, was yet gratifying to Bonaparte's naturally suspicious mind; but, like a mirror, Duroc reflected for his master all that had taken place in his presence, and, like an echo, he repeated his master's words in the same tone and manner in which they had been uttered. Were we to have fallen dead before his eyes in consequence of a message of which he was the bearer, he would still have delivered it with imperturbable precision.

I do not think he ever inquired of himself whether the Emperor was or was not a great man; he was *the master*, and that was enough. His obedience made him of great use to the Emperor; the interior of the palace, the entire management of the household and its expenditure, was his charge, and everything was regulated with perfect order and extreme economy, and yet with great magnificence.

Marshal Duroc had married a Spanish lady of great fortune, little beauty, and a good deal of intelligence. She was the daughter of a Spanish banker named Hervas, who had been employed in some second-rate diplomatic capacity, and had subsequently been created Marquis d'Abruenara. He was Minister in Spain under Joseph Bonaparte. Mme. Duroc had been brought up at Mme. Campan's school, where

Mme. Louis Bonaparte, Mme. Savary, Mme. Davoust, Mme. Ney, and others, had also been educated.

She and her husband lived together on good terms, but without that perfect union which is so great a source of consolation to those who have to endure the restraints of a Court. He would not allow her to hold an opinion of her own on passing events, or to have any familiar friend; and he had none himself. I have never known any one who felt less need of friendship, or who cared less for the pleasures of conversation. He had not the slightest idea of social life; he did not know the meaning of a taste for literature or art; and this indifference to things in general, which he combined with the most perfect obedience to orders, while he never showed any sign of weariness or constraint, nor yet the slightest appearance of enthusiasm, made him quite a remarkable character, and interesting to observe. He was greatly esteemed at Court, or at any rate was of great importance. Everything was referred to him, and to him all complaints were addressed. He attended to everybody, seldom offering an opinion, still less a counsel; but he listened with attention, faithfully reported what was said, and never showed either the slightest mark of ill will or the least sign of interest.*

* "This sketch of the Duc de Friuli," writes my father, "is in perfect conformity with all well-founded contemporary opinion. Few men have ever been more harsh, more cold, more selfish, without bearing any ill will to others. His justice, his honesty, his trustworthiness were incomparable. He had great talent for organization. But there was one curious fact of which my mother seems to have been unaware, although it is acknowledged to have been true: he did not like the Emperor, or, at any rate, judged him with severity. In later times he was wearied out by Bonaparte's temper, and still more by his system of government, and on the day preceding his death he let this be perceived, even by the Emperor." Marshal Marmont, who knew him well, has left a sketch of his character which bears all the marks of truth: "The Emperor felt for him what in such a man was almost friendship, for he wrote thus from Haynau, on June 7, 1813, to Mme. de Montesquiou: 'The death of the Duc de Friuli grieves me. It is the first time for twenty years that he has not divined what would give me pleasure.'"—P. R.

Bonaparte, who had great skill in utilizing men, liked to be served by one who stood so completely apart from others. There was no danger in aggrandizing such a man as this; he therefore loaded him with honors and riches. His gifts to Savary, which were also very considerable, were dictated by a different motive. "That is a man," he used to say, "who must continually be bought; he would belong to any one who would give him a crown more than I do." And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this feeling, Bonaparte trusted him, or at any rate believed the tales he brought. He knew, in truth, that Savary would refuse him nothing, and he would say of him sometimes, "If I ordered Savary to rid himself of his wife and children, I am sure he would not hesitate."

Savary, though an object of general terror, was, in spite of his mode of life and his actions, hidden or otherwise, not radically a bad man. Love of money was his ruling passion. He had no military talent, and was even accused by his brave comrades of being wanting in courage on the battle-field. He had, therefore, to build up his fortune in a different fashion from that of his companions in arms.* He perceived a way open to him in the system of cunning and tale-bearing which Bonaparte favored; and, having once entered on it, it was not possible for him to retrace his steps. He was, intrinsically, better than his reputation; that is, his first impulses were superior to his subsequent action. He was not wanting in natural ability; could be kindled to a momentary enthusiasm of the imagination; was ignorant, but with a desire for information, and had an instinctively right judgment. He was rather a liar than a deceitful man; harsh in manner, but very timid in reality. He had reasons of his own for knowing Bonaparte and trembling before him. Nevertheless, while he was Minister, he ventured on

* During the campaign, a large coffer of gold was intrusted to him, to meet the charges of the secret police which he conducted for the Emperor, both in the army and in the conquered cities. He discharged this trust with great skill. In no place was a word spoken or a deed done of which he was not informed.

some show of opposition, and then appeared to entertain a certain desire to gain public esteem. He, perhaps, like many others, owed the development of his views to the times he lived in, which stifled the better side of his character. The Emperor sedulously cultivated evil passions in the men who served him, and they flourished abundantly under his reign.

To return. M. de Talleyrand's negotiations were slowly advancing. In spite of every obstacle, he succeeded, by means of correspondence, in persuading the Emperor to make peace; and the Tyrol, that stumbling-block of the treaty, was ceded by the Emperor Francis to the King of Bavaria. When, a few years afterward, the Emperor had quarreled with M. de Talleyrand, he would angrily refer to this treaty, and complain that his Minister had wrested from him the fruit of victory, and brought about the second Austrian campaign by leaving too much power in the hands of the sovereign of that country.

The Emperor had time, before leaving Vienna, to receive a deputation from four of the mayors of the city of Paris, who came to congratulate him on his victories. Shortly afterward he departed for Munich, having announced that he was about to place the regal crown on the head of the Elector of Bavaria, and to conclude the marriage of Prince Eugène.

The Empress, who had been staying at Munich for some time, was overjoyed at a union which would ally her son with the greatest houses of Europe. She greatly wished that Mme. Louis Bonaparte should be present at the ceremony; but the request met with an obstinate refusal from Louis, and, as usual, his wife was obliged to submit.

The Emperor, who also wished to introduce a kinswoman to the Bavarians, summoned Mme. Murat to Munich. She came thither with mingled feelings. The pleasure of being regarded as a person of importance, and of displaying herself, was damped by the elevation of the Beauharnais family;

and she had some difficulty, as I shall presently relate, in concealing her dissatisfaction.

M. de Talleyrand returned to the Court after signing the treaty, and once more peace seemed restored to Europe—at any rate, for a time. Peace was signed on Christmas Day, 1805.

In this treaty the Emperor of Austria recognized the Emperor Napoleon as King of Italy. He ceded the Venetian States to the kingdom of Italy. He recognized the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemburg as kings, ceding to the former several principalities and the Tyrol, to the latter a number of towns, and to the Elector of Baden part of the Brisgau.

The Emperor Napoleon undertook to obtain the principality of Würzburg from the King of Bavaria for the Archduke Ferdinand, who had been Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Venetian States were to be handed over within a fortnight. These were the principal conditions of the treaty.

CHAPTER XVI.

(1805–1806.)

State of Paris during the War—Cambacérès—Le Brun—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—Marriage of Eugène de Beauharnais—Bulletins and Proclamations—Admiration of the Emperor for the Queen of Bavaria—Jealousy of the Empress—M. de Nansouty—Mme. de ——.—Conquest of Naples—Position and Character of the Emperor.

I HAVE already described the dullness and depression of Paris during this campaign, and the sufferings of every class of society from the renewal of war. Money had become still more scarce; in fact, it attained such a price that, being obliged to send some in haste to my husband, I had to pay ninety francs merely for obtaining gold for a thousand-franc bank-note. Such an opportunity of spreading and increasing the general anxiety was, of course, turned to advantage by the malcontents. Warned by former experience, and alarmed by the imprudence of certain utterances, I held aloof from every one, seeing only my own friends and persons who could not involve me in any difficulty.

When the Princes or Princesses of the Imperial family held their receptions, I went, as did others, to pay my respects to them, and also to the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès, who would have been highly displeased at any neglect. He gave grand dinners, and held receptions twice a week. He resided in a large house on the Carrousel, which has since been converted into the Hôtel des Cent Suisses.* At seven in the

* This hotel was pulled down in the reign of Louis Philippe.—P. R.

evening a line of carriages would generally stretch across the Carrousel, and Cambacérès would note its length from his window with delight. Some time was occupied in getting into the courtyard and reaching the foot of the staircase. At the door of the first reception-room an attendant announced the guest's name in a loud voice; this was repeated until the presence-chamber was reached. There an immense crowd would be collected; there were two or three rows of women; the men stood close together, forming a sort of passage from one angle of the room to the opposite corner. Up and down this walked Cambacérès with great gravity, covered with decorations, and usually wearing all his orders and diamonds; on his head an enormous powdered wig. He kept on making civil little speeches right and left. When we felt quite sure he had seen us, especially if he had spoken, it was the custom to retire, and thus make room for others. We frequently had to wait a long time for our carriages, and the surest way to be agreeable to Cambacérès was to tell him, the next time, of the inconvenience caused by the numberless vehicles in the Place all crowding toward his house.

Fewer persons went to the receptions of the Arch-Treasurer Le Brun, who seemed to attach less importance to these outward observances, and lived quietly. But, although he had not the foibles of his colleague, he was also deficient in some of his qualities. Cambacérès was a kind-hearted man; he received petitions graciously, and, if he promised to support them, his word could be relied on. Le Brun's only care was to amass a fortune, which became considerable. He was a selfish, cunning old man, who never did any good to anybody.

The member of the Imperial family whom I saw most frequently was Mme. Louis Bonaparte. People came to her house of an evening to hear the news.

In December, 1805, a report having been spread that the English were likely to descend on the Dutch coast, Louis

Bonaparte received commands to travel through Holland, and to inspect the Army of the North. His absence, which gave a little more freedom to his wife, and was a relief to his household, who held him in awe and aversion, enabled Mme. Louis to pass her evenings pleasantly. Music and drawing at a large table in the center of the *salon* were the chief amusements. Mme. Louis had a great taste for the arts: she composed charming ballads; she painted well; she liked the society of artists. Her only fault, perhaps, was in not maintaining the ceremonious demeanor in her house demanded by the rank to which she had been elevated. She always remained on intimate terms with her schoolfellows, and with the young married women who habitually visited her, and her manners retained something of the freedom of those school-days. This gave rise to remark and censure.*

After a long silence respecting the movements of the army, which produced general uneasiness, Le Brun, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and a son of the Arch-Treasurer, was dispatched from the battle-field of Austerlitz, and arrived one evening with news of the victory, of the succeeding armistice, and of the well-founded hope of peace. The news was announced at all the theatres, and posted up everywhere

* Mme. de Rémusat's feelings toward Queen Hortense and her opinion of her character were lasting; for, some years later, on July 12, 1812, she thus writes to her husband:

"Speaking of the Queen, I can not find words in which to tell you the pleasure I take in her society. She is really angelic in disposition, and completely different from what is generally supposed. M. F——, who when he came was full of prejudice against her, is quite captivated. She is so true, so pure-hearted, so perfectly ignorant of evil; there is about her so sweet a melancholy; she seemed so resigned to whatever may happen, that it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by her. Her health is good; she dislikes this rainy weather, because she is fond of walking; she reads a great deal, and would like to make up for the defects of her education in certain respects. Her children's tutor makes her work hard; sometimes she laughs at the pains she takes, and she is right. Nevertheless, I wish a more enlightened person were directing her studies. She has reached an age when study should be pursued rather to teach us to *think* than to *know*, and history should not be learned at five and twenty as it is at ten years old."—P. R.

on the following day. It produced a great effect, and dispelled the gloom and apathy of Paris.

It was impossible not to be elated by so great a success, and not to take the side of glory and of fortune. The French were carried away by the description of the victory, to which nothing was wanting, since it terminated the war; and this time again there was no need to prescribe public rejoicing: the nation identified itself with the success of its army.

I look upon this period as the zenith of Bonaparte's good fortune, for his mighty deeds were made their own by the bulk of his people. Afterward, doubtless, he increased in power and in authority, but he had to bespeak enthusiasm, and, though he sometimes succeeded in enforcing it, the efforts he was obliged to make must have lessened the value of the applause.

In the midst of the pride and delight displayed by the city of Paris, it may well be believed that the great bodies of the State and the public officers did not neglect the opportunity of expressing the general admiration in high-flown language. When we now read the speeches delivered on the occasion in the Senate and the Tribunate, the orations of prefects and mayors, the pastoral letters of bishops, one wonders if it be possible that a human head should not be turned by such excess of praise. Every glory of the past was to fade before that of Bonaparte; the greatest names were to drop into obscurity; fame would thenceforth blush at what she had formerly proclaimed, etc., etc.

On the 31st of December the Tribunate was assembled, and Fabre de l'Aude, the President, announced the return of a deputation which had been sent to the Emperor. Its members had brought back a glowing account of the marvels they had witnessed. A great number of flags had also arrived. The Emperor bestowed eight on the city of Paris, eight on the Tribunate, and fifty-four on the Senate; the entire Tribunate was to present the latter.

On the conclusion of the President's speech, a crowd of tribunes rushed forward to propose what was called *des motions de vœux.* One of them moved that a gold medal should be struck; another, that a public monument should be erected; that the Emperor should receive the honors of a triumph, after the old fashion of imperial Rome; that the whole city of Paris should go forth to meet him. "Language," said one member, "can not attain such height of grandeur, nor express the emotions it calls forth."

Carrion-Nisas proposed that, on the proclamation of the general peace, the sword worn by the Emperor at the battle of Austerlitz should be solemnly consecrated. Each speaker endeavored to surpass the others, and certainly, during this sitting, which lasted several hours, all that flattery could suggest to the imagination was exhausted. And yet this very Tribunate was a source of anxiety to the Emperor, because it contained in itself a semblance of liberty; and he subsequently abolished it in order to consolidate his despotic power, even in the smallest outward signs. When Bonaparte "eliminated" the Tribunate (this was the technical expression for that measure), he did not shrink from using these words: "This is my final break with the Republic."

The Tribunate, having arranged to carry the flags to the Senate on the 1st of January, 1806, decided that on the same occasion it should be proposed to erect a column. The Senate hastened to pass a decree to this effect, and also decreed that the Emperor's letter, which had accompanied the flags, should be engraved on marble and placed in the Hall of Assembly. The senators on this occasion rose to the height attained by the tribunes.

Preparations were now made for the rejoicings which were to take place on the return of the Emperor. M. de Rémusat sent orders, through me, for the performance of various pieces containing appropriate passages at the theatres. The Théâtre Français having selected "Gaston et Bayard," some slight changes were made by the police in certain lines

that were deemed inadmissible.* The Opera House prepared a new piece.

Meanwhile the Emperor, after receiving the signature of the peace, was preparing to quit Vienna, and addressed its inhabitants in a proclamation full of compliments, both to themselves and to their sovereign. It ended thus:

"I have shown myself little among you, not from disdain or a vain pride, but I did not wish to interfere with the feelings due to your sovereign, with whom it was my intention to make a prompt peace."

We have already seen what were the Emperor's real motives for remaining in retirement at Schönbrunn.

Although, in point of fact, the French army had been kept under tolerable discipline while in Vienna, there can be no doubt that the inhabitants were overjoyed at the departure of the guests they had been obliged to receive, to lodge, and to feed liberally. To give an idea of the consideration with which our vanquished enemies were forced to treat us, it will be sufficient to state that Generals Junot† and Bessières, who were quartered on Prince Esterhazy, were daily supplied from Hungary with every delicacy of the table, including Tokay. This was due to the generosity of the Prince, who defrayed the whole cost.

I recollect hearing M. de Rémusat relate that, on the arrival of the Emperor at Vienna, the Imperial cellars were explored in search of this same Tokay, and much surprise was expressed that not a single bottle was forthcoming; all had been carefully removed by the orders of Francis.

The Emperor reached Munich on the 31st of December,

* The line "Et suivre les Bourbons, c'est marcher à la gloire" (To follow the Bourbons is to march to glory), was replaced by "Et suivre les Français, c'est marcher à la gloire" (To follow the *French* is to march to glory).

† Junot was a true soldier of fortune. He had a good deal of natural humor. On one occasion the exclusiveness of the old French nobility was spoken of before him. "And why," said he, "are all these people so angered at our elevation? The only difference between them and me is that they are descendants, while I am an ancestor!"

and on the next day proclaimed the Elector of Bavaria King. He announced this in a letter to the Senate, in which he also made known his adoption of Prince Eugène, and the marriage of the latter, which was to take place before the Emperor's return to Paris.

Prince Eugène hastened to Munich, having first taken possession of the States of Venice, and reassured his new subjects, as far as possible, by dignified and moderate proclamations.

The Emperor felt himself bound also to bestow some praise on the army of Italy. A bulletin says: "The Italians have displayed great spirit. The Emperor has frequently said: 'Why should not my Italian people appear gloriously on the world's stage? They are full of intelligence and passion; it will be easy henceforth to give them soldierly qualities.'" He made a few more proclamations to his army, in his usual turgid style, but they are said to have produced a great effect on the army.

He issued one decree which would have been good if it had been put into execution. "We adopt," he said, "the children of those generals, officers, and privates who lost their lives at the battle of Austerlitz. They shall be brought up at Rambouillet and at St. Germain, and placed out in the world, or suitably married by our care. To their own names they shall add that of Napoleon."

The Elector, or rather the King, of Bavaria is a younger son of the house of Deux-Ponts, who came to the Electorate through the extinction of that branch of his family which was governing Bavaria. In the reign of Louis XVI. he was sent to France and placed in the King's service. He soon obtained a regiment, and resided for a considerable time either in Paris or in garrison at one of our towns. He became attached to France, and left behind him the recollection of much kindness of disposition and cordiality of manner. He was known as Prince Max. He declined, however, to marry in France. The Prince de Condé offered him his daughter;

but his father and his uncle, the Elector, objected to the match on the grounds that Prince Max, not being rich, would probably have to make canonesses of some of his daughters, and that the admixture in their veins of the blood of Louis XIV. with that of Mme. de Montespan would be an obstacle to their admittance into certain chapters.

When, at a later period, this Prince succeeded to the Electorate, he always retained an affectionate remembrance of France, and a sincere attachment to her people. Having become King by the will of the Emperor, he took pains to prove his gratitude by a splendid welcome, and he received all the French with extreme kindness. It may well be imagined that not for one moment did he dream of declining the proposed marriage for his daughter. The young Princess was then seventeen or eighteen years of age, and possessed attractive qualities, as well as personal charms. The marriage, which was due to political reasons, became the source of uninterrupted happiness to Eugène. Princess Augusta of Bavaria attached herself warmly to the husband chosen for her; she aided him in no small measure to win the hearts of the Italians. With beauty, sense, piety, and amiability, she could not fail to be tenderly beloved by Prince Eugène, and at the present day they are settled in Bavaria, and enjoy the happiness of a perfect union.*

* Prince Eugène de Beauharnais died in 1824. The Emperor announced his marriage to him in the following terms, in a letter dated Munich, 19 Nivôse, year 14 (31st December, 1805): "My cousin, I have arrived at Munich. I have arranged a marriage for you with Princess Augusta. It has been announced. The Princess paid me a visit this morning, and I conversed with her for a considerable time. She is very pretty. You will see her portrait on the *tazza* which accompanies this, but she is much better-looking." The Emperor's affection for the Viceroy of Italy was extended in full measure to the Princess, who from the first had impressed him so favorably, and his letters are full of solicitude for her health and happiness. Thus, he writes to her from Stuttgart, on the 17th of January, 1806: "My daughter, your letter to me is as charming as yourself. My feelings of affection for you will but increase every day; I know this by the pleasure I feel in recalling all your good qualities, and by my desire to receive frequent assurances from yourself that you are pleased with everybody and

During the Emperor's stay at Munich, he took it into his head, by way of recreation after his labors of the past months, to indulge a fancy, partly political, partly amorous, for the Queen of Bavaria. That Princess, who was the King's second wife, without being very beautiful, was of an elegant figure and pleasing though dignified manners. I think the Emperor pretended to be in love with her. The lookers-on said it was amusing to watch the struggle between his imperious temper and rude manners and the desire to please a Princess accustomed to that kind of etiquette which is never relaxed in Germany on any occasion whatever. The Queen of Bavaria contrived to exact respect from her strange admirer, and yet seemed to be amused with his devotion. The

happy in your husband. Among all my other cares, there will be none dearer to me than those which may insure the happiness of my children. Believe me, Augusta, I love you as a father, and I rely on your filial tenderness. Take care of yourself on your journey, and also in the new climate to which you are traveling, by taking all necessary rest. You have had much to try you for a month past. Remember that I must not have you ill."

A few months later he writes to Prince Eugène: "My son, you work too hard; your life is too monotonous. It is good for you, because your work should be your recreation; but you have a young wife, who is just now in a delicate state. I think you should contrive to pass your evenings with her, and to gather some society round you. Why don't you go to the theatre once a week in a state box? I think you should have also a small hunting establishment, and hunt at least once a week; I would willingly devote a grant to this object. There must be more gayety in your house; it is necessary for your wife's happiness and your own health. A great deal of work can be got through in a short time. I am leading the life that you lead, but I have an old wife who does not need me for her amusements; I have also more work than you, yet I can say truly I take more pleasure and diversion than you do. A young wife requires amusement, especially when in the state of health she now is. You liked pleasure pretty well in former times; you must return to it. What you might not choose to do for yourself, you must do out of duty toward the Princess. I have just established myself at Saint Cloud. Stéphanie and the Prince of Baden get on pretty well together. I spent the last two days at Marshal Bessières's; we behaved like lads of fifteen. You were formerly in the habit of rising early; you should return to that custom. This would not disturb the Princess, if you retired to rest with her at eleven o'clock; and, by leaving off work at six in the evening, you would still have had ten hours for work, if you rise at seven or eight o'clock."—P. R.

Empress considered her to be more coquettish than was desirable, and the whole business made her anxious to get away quickly from the Bavarian Court, and spoilt the pleasure she would otherwise have felt in her son's marriage.

At the same time, Mme. Murat took offense because the new Vice-Queen, who had become the adopted daughter of Napoleon, took precedence of her on ceremonial occasions. She feigned illness in order to avoid what seemed to her an affront, and her brother was obliged to get into a rage with her, to prevent her from too plainly exhibiting her discontent. Had we not actually witnessed the rapid rise of certain pretensions in those who are the favorites of fortune, we should have been astonished at these sudden bursts of temper in princes of so recent a date that they could scarcely yet have become accustomed to the advantages and rights appertaining to their rank. This spectacle we have, however, beheld so frequently that we are not surprised, but merely admit that no human passion is so easily aroused, or grows so rapidly, as vanity.

Bonaparte had always been well aware of this, and he used the knowledge as his surest method of governing. While at Munich, he made many promotions in the army. He gave a regiment of Carbineers to his brother-in-law, Prince Borghese. He rewarded several officers by promotion, or by the Legion of Honor. Among others, he created M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, grand officer of the order. He was a brave man, esteemed in the army, straightforward, and endowed with a keen sense of duty, not very common, unfortunately, among our military chiefs. He left behind him in a foreign country a reputation which is very honorable to his family.*

The Emperor's military Court, encouraged by their master's example, and, like him, flushed with victory, took great

* On the occasion of the first return of the King, his Majesty gave M. de Nansouty the command of a company of Gray Musketeers. He fell ill shortly afterward, and died one month before the 20th of March, 1815.

pleasure in the society of the ladies who had accompanied the Empress. It seemed as if Love was now to have his share of power in a world which had hitherto somewhat neglected him; but it must be admitted that not much time was allowed to him for the establishment of his reign, and his attacks were of necessity rather brisk.

We may date from this period the passion which the beautiful Mme. de C—— inspired in M. de Caulaincourt. She had been appointed Lady-in-Waiting in the summer of 1805. When quite young she had married her cousin, who was at that time equerry to the Emperor, and she drew all eyes on herself by her striking beauty. M. de Caulaincourt fell desperately in love with her, and this feeling, which was for several years more or less reciprocal, deterred him from thinking of marriage. Mme. de C—— became more and more estranged from her husband, and at last took advantage of the law of divorce.* When the return of the King condemned M. de Caulaincourt, otherwise the Duke of Vicenza, to a life of obscurity, she resolved to share his ill fortune, and married him.

I have already said that the Emperor announced during this campaign his consent to the evacuation of the kingdom of Naples by our troops; but before long he again quarreled with the sovereign of that kingdom, either because the King did not exactly carry out the treaty that had been concluded with him, and was too much under the influence of the English, who were continually threatening his ports, or because the Emperor wished to accomplish his project of subjecting the whole of Italy to his own authority. He also thought, no doubt, that it would be his best policy to eject the house of Bourbon by degrees from the thrones of the Continent. Be this as it may, according to custom, and without any previous communication, France learned by an order of the day,

* The Duchess of Vicenza died at a very advanced age in 1878, leaving behind her the memory of an excellent and distinguished woman. M. de Caulaincourt had died fifty years earlier, in 1828.—P. R.

dated from the Imperial camp at Schönbrunn, 6th Nivôse, year 14,* that the French army was marching to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, and would be under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, who accordingly repaired thither.

"We will pardon no longer," so runs the proclamation. "The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my crown. Soldiers, forward! . . . and delay not to tell me that all Italy is subject to my laws or those of my allies." †

It is in this summary tone that Bonaparte, fresh from signing treaties of peace, began another war, gave new of-

* 27th of December, 1805.—P. R.

† The following is the proclamation, which is to the effect indicated by the Memoirs, but in still rougher language:

"Soldiers! for ten years I have done all I could to save the King of Naples; he has done everything to ruin himself. After the battles of Dego, of Mondovi, and of Lodi, he could offer me but feeble resistance. I trusted to his word, and I was generous toward him.

"When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to declare this unjust war, was abandoned at Lunéville by his allies, and remained alone and defenseless. He appealed to me; for the second time I forgave him. But a few months ago you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficient reasons for suspecting the treason that was in preparation, and for avenging the insults that had been offered me. Once more I acted generously. I recognized the neutrality of Naples; I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom; and for a third time the house of Naples was strengthened and saved.

"Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a Court without faith, without honor, without sense? No, no! The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign. Its existence is incompatible with the repose of Europe and the honor of my crown.

"Forward, soldiers! Cast into the ocean, if indeed they wait your arrival, the weakly battalions of the tyrants of the seas. Show forth to the world how we punish perjury. Make no delay in informing me that all Italy is under my laws, or those of my allies; that the most beautiful country on earth is free from the yoke of perfidious men; that the sanctity of treaties is avenged; and that the manes of my brave soldiers, who were massacred in Sicilian ports on their return from Egypt, after they had escaped the dangers of shipwreck, of deserts, and of battle, are at last appeased."—P. R.

fense to the sovereigns of Europe, and incited the English Government to stir up fresh enemies against himself.

On the 25th of January the Court of Naples, under the pressure of a skillful and victorious enemy, embarked for Palermo, abandoning the capital to its new sovereign, who would soon take possession of it. Meanwhile the Emperor, having been present at the marriage of Prince Eugène on the 14th of January, left Munich, and, having received on his way through Germany the honors that were invariably offered him in every place, reached Paris on the night of the 26th to the 27th of January.

I have thought it well to conclude here the history of what was to me Bonaparte's second epoch, because, as I said before, I look upon the close of this first campaign as the highest pitch of his glory; and for this reason, that now the French people again consented to bear their share in it.

Nothing, perhaps, in the history of circumstances and of men, can be compared to the height of power to which he attained after the peace of Tilsit; but, if at that time all Europe bent before him, the spell of victory had been strangely weakened in France, and our armies, although consisting of our own citizens, were beginning to be aliens to us.

The Emperor, who often appreciated things with mathematical accuracy, was well aware of this; for, on his return from concluding the above treaty, I heard him say, "Military glory, which lasts so long in history, is that which fades the quickest among its contemporaries. All our recent battles have not produced in France half the effect of the one victory of Marengo."

Had he carried his reflections further, he would have seen that the people who are governed need eventually a glory that will be of solid use, and that admiration for that which bears but a barren brilliancy is soon exhausted.

In 1806 England was again accused, rightly or wrongly, of inciting enmity against us. Supposing her to be with

justice jealous of our returning prosperity, we did not think it impossible that she might endeavor to molest us, even if we had in perfect good faith shown every sign of intended moderation. We did not think the Emperor had been the cause of the last rupture which had destroyed the treaty of Amiens; and, as it seemed impossible for a long time to come to compete with the naval power of the English, it did not appear to us to be politically wrong to endeavor to balance the weight which commerce gave to our enemies by the constitution given to Italy—that is, by a powerful influence on the Continent.

With such feelings as these, the marvels of this three months' campaign could not fail to impress us deeply. Austria had been conquered; the united armies of the two greatest sovereigns of Europe had fled before ours; the Czar had retreated; the Emperor Francis had personally sued for peace—a peace as yet bearing signs of moderation; kings had been created by our victories; the daughter of a crowned sovereign had been given in marriage to a mere French gentleman; finally, the prompt return of the conqueror, which gave hopes of permanent peace, and perhaps also a desire to retain our illusions respecting our master—a desire inspired by human vanity, for men do not like to blush for him by whom they are ruled—all these things again roused national admiration, and were only too favorable to the ambition of the victor. The Emperor perceived the progress he had made in popularity, and he concluded, with some appearance of probability, that glory would make up to us for all the losses we were about to sustain at the hands of despotism. He believed that Frenchmen would not murmur were but their slavery brilliant, and that we would willingly barter all the liberty that the Revolution had so hardly won for us, for his dazzling military success.

Finally, and this was the worst, he saw in war a means of stifling the reflections which his mode of government was sure sooner or later to evoke, and he reserved it to dazzle us,

or at least to reduce us to silence. As he felt himself perfectly master of the science of war, he had no fear of its results; and, when he could engage in it with such immense armies and such formidable artillery, he felt there was scarcely any danger to himself. Although in this I may be mistaken, I do believe that, after the campaign of Austerlitz, war was rather the result of his system than the gratification of his taste. The first, the real ambition of Napoleon was for power, and he would have preferred peace if it could have increased his authority. There is a tendency in the human mind to bring to perfection anything with which it is exclusively occupied. The Emperor, who was continually bent on increasing his power by every possible means, and who was becoming accustomed to the exercise of his own will on every occasion, became more and more impatient of the slightest opposition. The European phalanxes were gradually giving way before him, and he began to believe that he was destined to regulate the affairs of every continental kingdom. He looked with disdain on the progress of the age, regarding the French Revolution, which was so solemn a warning to sovereigns, only as an event whose results he might use to his own advantage; and he came to despise the cry for liberty which for twenty years had been uttered at intervals by the people. He was persuaded that he could, at any rate, trick them by accomplishing the destruction of what had existed, and replacing it by sudden creations, which would appear to satisfy that longing for equality which he believed with reason to be the ruling passion of the time.

He tried to turn the French Revolution into a mere freak of fortune, a useless disturbance which had merely upset individuals. How often has he not made use of these specious words, in order to allay apprehension: "The French Revolution need fear nothing, since the throne of the Bourbons is occupied by a soldier"! And at the same time he would assume toward kings the attitude of a protector of thrones—"for," he would say, "I have abolished republics." Mean-

while he was dreaming of I know not what half-feudal project, the execution of which must inevitably be full of danger, since it drove him to war, and had besides the deplorable effect of diminishing the interest he ought to have taken in France itself. Our country soon ceased to be anything more to him than one large province of that empire which he desired to bring under his rule. Less interested in our prosperity than in our grandeur, which, in point of fact, was only his own, he conceived the idea of making every foreign sovereign a feudatory of his own power. He believed he should attain to this by placing members of his family on the various thrones which at the time actually sprang from himself; and we may assure ourselves that this was really his project, by attentively reading the form of oath which he exacted from the kings or princes created by him. He sometimes said: "It is my intention to reach such a point that the kings of Europe shall be forced, each one of them, to have a palace in Paris; and, at the time of the coronation of an Emperor of the French, they shall take up their residence in it, be present at the ceremony, and render it more imposing by their homage." This, it seems to me, was a sufficiently plain declaration of his intention of renewing in 1806 the empire of Charlemagne.

But times were changed, and, as the light of knowledge spread, the people became capable of forming a judgment as to the mode in which they ought to be governed. Besides this, the Emperor perceived that the nobles could never again exercise influence over the people, which had often been an obstacle to the authority of our kings; and he conceived the idea that it was from popular encroachment he must defend himself, and that the spirit of the age required him to take a contrary course to that which for centuries past had been the custom of kings.

It was the fact that, whereas formerly the nobles had almost always hampered the royal authority, at the present time some intermediary creation was needed by that very

authority, which, in this age of liberal opinions, would naturally lean to the side of the sovereign, and retard the march of pretensions which, from being merely popular, had now become national. From this came the reëstablishment of a nobility, and the renewal of certain privileges which were always prudently distributed among distinguished members of the ancient nobility, and plebeians who had been ennobled by an act of the Imperial will.

All these things are a proof that the Emperor entertained this project of a new kind of feudality fashioned in accordance with his own ideas. But, besides the obstacles which England continually placed in his way, there was another, absolutely inherent in his own character. There would seem to have been in him two different men. The one, rather gigantic than great, but nevertheless prompt to conceive and also prompt to execute, laid from time to time some of the foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one single idea, untouched by any secondary impression likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would, with such abilities as he displayed, have become the one greatest man of the earth; even now he remains, through his perspicacity and his strength of will, the most extraordinary.

The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. If the necessity of political institutions was made plain to him, he was struck at the same moment by the rights which they must confer on individuals, and then, gradually becoming afraid of his own handiwork, he could not resist the temptation to destroy it piecemeal. He has been heard to say, after he had restored titles of nobility and given inalienable possessions * to his marshals: "I have made these people independent; but I shall know how to

* Majorats.

reach them and prevent them from being ungrateful." When seized upon by this spirit of distrust of other men, he gave himself up to it entirely, and thought only of how to create divisions among them. He weakened family ties, and applied himself to promote individual rather than general interests. Sole center of an immense circle, he would have liked it to contain as many radii as he had subjects, that they might meet nowhere save in him. This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing on a solid foundation any of the schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing.

After the campaign of Austerlitz he was so inflated with success, and with the worship which the people, half dazzled and half subjugated, paid to him, that his despotism became more than ever intensified. Every citizen felt the yoke that was laid on him heavier; heads were bowed almost perforce before his glory, but it was discovered afterward that he had taken means to prevent their being lifted again. He surrounded himself with new splendor in order to put a greater distance between himself and other men. He copied, from German customs which he had carefully observed, the whole etiquette of courts, which he made a daily slavery, and no one was exempt from minute observances which he brought to the utmost perfection.

It must be owned, however, that immediately after a campaign he was almost obliged to take measures which would silence the clamorous pretensions of his followers; and, when he had put these down, it did not occur to him that he ought to treat with greater consideration the other classes of citizens, of far less importance in his eyes. Military men, still flushed with victory, would assume a haughty position from which it was difficult to bring them down. I have kept a letter from M. de Rémusat, written from Schönbrunn, which describes very exactly the inflation of the generals, and the prudence that was required in order to live peaceably with

them. "The military profession," he writes, "gives to a man's character a certain blunt sincerity, so that he does not try to hide the meanest passions. Our heroes, who are accustomed to open war with their enemies, acquire a habit of disguising nothing, and see a battle-field in any opposition they may meet with, of whatever kind. It is curious to hear them speak of civilians, and indeed, afterward, to hear them discuss each other—each depreciating the deeds of the others, attributing a large share of their success to luck; blackening reputations which we outsiders had thought firmly established; and, in their behavior to us, so puffed up with their newly acquired glory that one needs much tact and many sacrifices of pride, even of proper pride, to procure toleration from them."

The Emperor noticed this somewhat belligerent attitude of the officers of his army. He cared little that it was annoying to civilians, but he would not have it reach a point which might be inconvenient to himself. Therefore, while still at Munich, he thought proper to rebuke the arrogance of his marshals, and on this occasion self-interest induced him to use the language of reason. "Recollect," he said, "that you are to be soldiers only when with the army. The title of marshal is merely a civil distinction, which gives you the honorable rank at my Court that is your due, but it carries with it no authority. On the battle-field you are generals; at Court be merely great nobles, belonging to the State by the civil position I created for you when I bestowed on you the title which you bear."

This warning would have produced a greater effect had the Emperor ended it with such words as these: "In camp or in Court, recollect that your first duty everywhere is to be good citizens." He should have held similar language to all classes, to whom he was bound to be a protector as well as a master; he should have spoken the same words to all Frenchmen, and so have united them in a new equality, not adverse to distinctions won by valor. But Bonaparte, as we

have seen, was always in dread of natural and generous ties, and the iron chain of despotism is the only bond he employed, because it binds each man, as it were, separately, leaving him no commerce with his fellows.

CHAPTER XVII.

(1806.)

The Death of Pitt—Parliamentary Debates in England—Public Works—Industrial Exhibition—New Etiquette—Performances at the Opera House and at the Comédie Française—Monotony of the Court—Opinions of the Empress—Mme. Louis Bonaparte—Mme. Murat—The Bourbons—New Ladies-in-Waiting—M. Molé—Mme. d'Houdetôt—Mme. de Barante.

When the Emperor arrived in Paris, at the end of January, 1806, the death of Pitt, at the age of forty-seven, had just occurred in England. His loss was deeply felt by the English, and a truly national regret did honor to his memory. Parliament, which had just opened, voted a large sum to defray his debts, for he died leaving no fortune, and he was splendidly buried in Westminster Abbey. When the new Ministry was formed, Mr. Fox, his opponent, was made Foreign Secretary. The Emperor looked upon the death of Pitt as a fortunate event for him, but he soon perceived that English policy had not changed, and that the British Government would not relax its endeavors to excite enmity against him among the continental Powers.*

* The debates of the English Parliament and English policy itself were at that time so little known in France that the reader must not be surprised if the consequences of the death of Pitt are hardly appreciated in these Memoirs. When Fox came into office, he took a step which led to overtures of peace. A secret negotiation was carried on by Lord Yarmouth, and afterward by Lord Lauderdale, and until the middle of summer there was a chance of mutual understanding. But Fox was in failing health, and he died in September. It is true, moreover, that, although a partisan of peace, he did not look upon a war with Napoleon as he had looked upon a war with the French Revolution. It was no longer the liberty of France that was in question, but the independence of Europe.—P. R.

During the month of January, 1806, the debates in the English Parliament had been very warm. The Opposition, led by Mr. Fox, asked the Government for explanations as to the carrying out of the late war; it asserted that the Emperor of Austria had not been faithfully assisted, and that he had been left to the mercy of the conqueror. The Ministers then laid on the table the text of the conditions of the treaty between the various Powers at the beginning of the campaign. This treaty proved that subsidies had been granted to the coalition which had undertaken to drive the Emperor from Hanover, Germany, and Italy, to replace the King of Sardinia on the throne of Piedmont, and to secure the independence of Holland and Sweden. The rapid victories of our troops had upset these plans. The Emperor of Austria was blamed for having begun the campaign too precipitately, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians; and the King of Prussia, whose neutrality had been the principal cause of the failure of the coalition, was especially blamed. The Czar's anger was roused, and he might have been tempted to punish this fatal inaction, had not the lovely and fascinating Queen of Prussia interceded between the two sovereigns. A rumor then arose in Europe that her beauty had disarmed the Emperor of Russia, and that to it he had sacrificed his just displeasure. Napoleon, who had subdued the King of Prussia by the fear of his arms, thought it well to reward him for his neutrality by handing over Hanover to him until the very uncertain epoch of general peace. On his side, the King ceded Anspach to Bavaria, and abandoned in favor of France his claims to the duchies of Berg and of Cleves, which were bestowed shortly afterward on Prince Joachim, otherwise Murat.

The report laid before the English Parliament on the treaty of which I speak was published in our newspapers, and accompanied, as may be imagined, by remarks hostile to the continental Powers. The weakness of those kings who place themselves at the mercy of the *shopkeepers* of Europe was deplored.

"If England," so ran the comment, "should succeed in forming a fourth coalition, Austria, who lost Belgium by the first, Italy and the left bank of the Rhine by the second, Tyrol, Swabia, and the Venetian States by the third, would by the fourth lose her own crown.

"The influence of the French Empire on the Continent will secure the well-being of Europe, for with it will have begun the age of civilization, of science, of light, and of law. The Emperor of Russia has imprudently embarked, like a young man, in a dangerous policy. As to Austria, we must forget her faults, since she has suffered for them. However, it is right to say that if the treaty now made public in England had been known, perhaps Austria might not have obtained the terms which have been granted to her; and we may remark, in passing, that Count de Stadion, who concluded this treaty of subsidies, is still at the head of affairs under the Emperor Francis."

These remarks, which were the expression of an ill-concealed irritation, began to cause some little uneasiness in the early part of February, and to make attentive observers fear that peace would not be of long duration.

No treaty had been concluded with the Czar. Under pretext that he had only acted as auxiliary to the Austrians, he refused to be included in the negotiations; and I have heard it said that the Emperor, impressed by this conduct, looked upon him, from that time forth, as the veritable antagonist who would dispute with him the empire of the world. He always endeavored to depreciate him as much as possible.

There is an order * in Russia which can only be worn by a general whose services have on some great occasion been useful to the empire. When Alexander returned to his capital, the knights of this order came to offer him the decoration. The Emperor declined it, replying that he had not held the chief command during the campaign, and therefore

* The order of St. George.

had not merited the honor, as he had only imitated the intrepidity of his brave soldiers to the best of his ability.

While our journals praised his modesty, they added: "The Czar deserved this decoration if, in order to wear it, it is sufficient to be in command without being victorious. It is well known that it was not the Emperor Francis who decided on joining battle at Austerlitz, still less did he direct operations. Certainly, by accepting the decoration, Alexander would have taken on himself the oversights of his generals; but that would have been better than to attribute the defeat of the Russians to a small number of Austrians, who fought with courage. They did all that could have been expected of them by their allies."

It was on the 2d of February that this article appeared in our public prints; on the preceding day they had published the proclamation to the Army of Italy, which announced the invasion of the kingdom of Naples. Joseph Bonaparte, seconded by Marshal Masséna, was very shortly to occupy the capital; Prince Eugène was taking possession of Venice. Thus the whole of Italy was becoming dependent on the French Empire. On another side, northern Germany was subject to us, the kings whom we had set up bound themselves to our interests, and we were shortly to witness another marriage, which would be likely to further the projects in which the Emperor was secretly indulging.

On the occasion of his journey from Munich, he had made a few hours' stay at Augsburg. While there, the former Elector of Trèves, uncle to the King of Saxony, had presented to him the young Hereditary Prince of Baden, who, confused and almost trembling in the presence of Napoleon, had humbly implored the honor of alliance with him by a marriage with some member of his family. The Emperor accepted this respectful request, and promised to bear it in mind on his return to his own states.*

* This young Prince had formerly been betrothed to Princess Augusta of Bavaria, recently married to the Viceroy of Italy.—P. R.

Finally, he had just dispatched his brother Louis on an expedition to Holland, in order to establish some acquaintanceship between the Prince and a country which was soon to receive the Imperial command to erect a throne for Louis on the wreck of the republic.

Such was the political situation of the Emperor. Such a position would surely have satisfied any views less ambitious than his own, nor can it be denied that he had made full use of the eighteenth month of his reign, now just expired.

In France, party spirit seemed absolutely to have died out. All bent under the yoke; no class could be indifferent to so much glory; and the Emperor endeavored to increase the prestige which surrounded him still further by numerous public works, simultaneously undertaken. As soon as it became possible for him to divert his attention for a moment from foreign affairs, he devoted it to the improvement of the finances of the country, which had suffered during his absence. M. Barbé-Marbois, Minister of the Treasury,* having incurred his displeasure, was replaced by M. Mollien, who was a skillful financier. The Emperor was ably seconded by his Minister of Finance, Gaudin, whose perfect integrity and sound knowledge sustained credit and improved the system of taxation. Indirect taxes were ventured on to a greater extent than before; luxury, which would render these taxes more productive, was encouraged; and the heavy contributions which the Emperor had everywhere levied upon his conquered enemies afforded him the means, without burdening his people, of keeping up the strength of his army, and undertaking all the improvements which were begun throughout France, as if by magic, at his command.

Roads over Mont Cenis and the Simplon were actively pushed on; bridges were built, roadways repaired; a town was founded in Vendée; canals were dug at Ourcq and at

* M. de Marbois, who was very unjustly accused of misconduct in some money transaction, was exiled on the return of Bonaparte from this campaign.

Saint Quentin; telegraphs (i. e., signals) were established to accelerate correspondence; Saint Denis was about to be repaired; the Vendôme column and the triumphal arch at the Carrousel were commenced. A plan for embanking the Seine with new quays, and for embellishing the whole neighborhood lying between the Tuileries and the Boulevards, was adopted, and the work of demolition had already made some progress. The Rue de Rivoli was planned, the colonnade of the Louvre nearly completed; Lemot, the sculptor, was intrusted with the decoration of the pediment. We could observe the gradual rise of the Pont des Arts, and the commencement of the bridge near the Jardin des Plantes, which was to bear the name of Austerlitz. The conservatories in these gardens had been enriched with spoils from those of Schönbrunn; scientific men were encouraged in the pursuit of fresh discoveries; painters received orders for pictures to commemorate our victories; the Academy of Music was encouraged; the first musical artists in Italy came to France to direct our vocal music; literary men received pensions, and large grants were made to actors; military schools were founded at Fontainebleau and at Saint Cyr; and the Emperor himself inspected the public schools of Paris. Finally, in order that the industry of the nation might be encouraged in every branch at once, he conceived the idea of an exhibition, to be held in the spring, and in commemoration of the campaign, in which every product of industry, of whatever kind, should be represented.*

M. de Champagny, the Minister of the Interior, wrote a circular letter to all the prefects, directing them to inform the departments over which they presided that, on the 1st of May, there would be exhibited on the Place des Invalides, under tents erected for the occasion, everything deserving of notice in articles of use and of luxury. Trade was in this manner awakened from the torpor in which it had been

* An exhibition of industrial products had already taken place in 1802; this, therefore, was the second, not the first exhibition of the kind.—P. R.

plunged by the war. The Emperor ordered the splendor and the cost of his Court to be increased. He gave his approval to the growing elegance of the women's dress, to the sumptuous decoration of his own palaces, and to that of the houses of his sisters and his great nobles. The French nation, which is naturally prone to vanity and extravagance, gave itself up to the comforts and luxuries of life; and as for us, whose fortunes were but annuities depending not only on the life but on the caprice of our master, with an utter disregard of prudence, influenced by the example of others and by the fear of displeasing him, we were ruled by the will of Bonaparte alone in the use to which we put the greater or less sums he distributed to us, and which he gave with the intention of subduing rather than of enriching us.

I say *we*, and yet at this time neither M. de Rémusat nor I had any share in his gifts. The cross of Saint Hubert had been given to my husband as a recompense for his recent journey, but he never stood in the full light of Imperial favor. As for myself, I led an unobtrusive life in the midst of the Court, whose numbers were greatly augmented. To speak frankly, although I had taken pleasure in the prominence assigned to me by my masters when I first entered their service, the little experience I had acquired warned me not to endeavor to regain any position of importance, now that the interior of the palace was no longer the same. I shall devote the following chapter to the details of Court life, as it was now regulated, but I will return for the present to my narrative of events.*

Immediately on the Emperor's return to his capital, he was congratulated by the respective bodies of the State.

During his stay at Munich he had witnessed a German ceremonial, in which the King and Queen of Bavaria, having taken their places on the throne, received all the persons be-

* Our newspapers gave us the proclamation of Francis on his return to Vienna; it was fatherly and touching, contrasting with those dictated by our own sovereign.

longing to their Court, who passed before them in succession, each making a low salutation. He desired to establish a similar custom in France, and we received orders to prepare for this new "etiquette."

The fact is that, at that time, everything had to be constructed afresh. Revolutionary liberty had suppressed all the rules of politeness. People no longer knew how to salute each other when they met, and all we court ladies suddenly discovered that the art of making a courtesy had been omitted in our education. Despréaux, who had been dancing-master to the last Queen, was thereupon summoned to give us lessons. He taught us how to walk and how to bow; and thus a little boundary-line, trifling enough in itself, but which acquired some importance from its motive, was drawn between the ladies of the Imperial Court and those belonging to other circles. We took with us into society ceremonious manners, which distinguished us everywhere; for a spirit of opposition caused those women who kept aloof from the new Court to retain the free and rather abrupt manners which the absence of the habits of society had given them. In France, opinions make themselves felt everywhere; they now showed themselves in the different way in which a lady-in-waiting and a lady from the Faubourg Saint Germain would enter a drawing-room. But, putting motives aside, it must be owned that the advantage was ours. This was evident after the return of the King: those ladies who had a real right to be about him, either from the habit of freedom of manner which they had acquired, or from the relief they affected to feel at finding themselves on what great people call *their own ground*, introduced at the Tuileries a bold manner and loud tones of voice, which contrasted sharply with the quiet and graceful behavior that Bonaparte's punctilious etiquette had made habitual to us.

On an appointed day, therefore, the Emperor placed himself on his throne, having the Empress on his left, the Princesses and the Lady of Honor seated on court tabourets,

and the grand officers standing on either side. The ladies-in-waiting, the wives of the marshals, of the great officials, and of the ministers, all in full court dress, then came in slow procession to the foot of the throne, where they courtesied in silence. They were followed by the gentlemen.

The ceremony was very long. At first the Emperor was delighted. He took pleasure in etiquette, especially when invented by himself; but he ended by being mortally wearied. Toward the end, every one was hurried past; there was some difficulty in inducing him to remain on the throne until the close, and he was almost angry with us for our share in a ceremonial which he himself had imposed on us, in the exercise of his own will.

A few nights afterward he went to the Opéra, and was received with applause by an immense crowd. A piece by Esménard, author of the "Poème de la Navigation," was given.

The scenery at the Opéra represented the Pont Neuf. Persons of all nationalities were rejoicing together, and singing verses in honor of the conqueror. The pit joined in the choruses; branches of laurel were distributed throughout the house, and waved aloft with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" He was touched, as well he might be. It was, perhaps, the very last time that public enthusiasm for him was spontaneous.

Shortly afterward the Emperor received a similar ovation at the Comédie Française, but an unforeseen circumstance threw a slight shadow over the evening. Talma was acting the part of Abner in the tragedy of "Athalie." During the performance Bonaparte received a messenger bringing the news of the entry of the French troops into Naples. He immediately dispatched an aide-de-camp to Talma, with orders to interrupt the play, and to announce the news from the foot-lights. Talma obeyed, and read the bulletin aloud. The audience applauded, but I remember thinking that the applause was not so spontaneous as that we had heard at the Opéra.

On the following day our newspapers announced the fall of her whom they designated as the modern Athalie; * and the vanquished Queen was grossly insulted, with total disregard of the social propriety that generally enforces respect toward misfortune.

It was remarked shortly afterward that, on the opening of the Legislative Assemblies, M. de Fontanes displayed great tact, when he praised Bonaparte, in avoiding any insult to the fallen sovereigns whom he had dethroned. He dwelt chiefly, in his eulogium, on the moderation which had promoted peace, and on the restoration of the tombs in St. Denis. M. de Fontanes's speeches during this reign are, on the whole, distinguished by propriety and good taste.

After having thus shown himself to the public and exhausted every form of adulation, the Emperor resumed his life of hard work at the Tuileries, and we our life of etiquette, which was regulated with extreme precision. He began from this period to surround himself with so much ceremonial that none of us thenceforth could be said to have any familiarity with him. In proportion as the Court became more numerous, it assumed a greater appearance of monotony, each one doing his own task by clockwork; but no one thought of emancipating himself from the one groove of thought belonging to a narrow circle of small duties. A daily growing despotism, the fear we all felt of it—a fear which consisted simply in our dread of receiving a rebuke for the smallest fault—and the silence we observed on every subject, placed the various inhabitants of the Tuileries on the same level. It was useless to have either opinions or talents, for there was never any possibility of experiencing a feeling of any kind, nor of exchanging an idea.

The Emperor, feeling secure of France, gave himself up to his grand projects, and kept his eyes fixed on Europe. His policy was no longer directed to securing his power over the opinions of his fellow citizens. In like manner, he dis-

* The Queen of Naples.

dained the little successes of private life, which we have seen him at an earlier period anxious to obtain; and I may say that he looked upon his Court with the indifference which a complete conquest inspires, when compared with one as yet unattained. He was always anxious to impose a yoke on every one, and to succeed in this he neglected no means to his end; but, from the moment he perceived his power to be established, he took no pains to make himself agreeable.

The dependence and constraint in which he held the Court had at least this one advantage: anything resembling intrigue was almost unknown. As each individual was firmly convinced that everything depended on the sole will of the master, no one attempted to follow a different path from that traced out by him; and in our dealings with each other there was a feeling of security.

His wife was almost in the same position of dependence as others. In proportion as Bonaparte's affairs increased in magnitude, she became a stranger to them. European politics, the destiny of the world, mattered little to her; her thoughts did not reach to heights which could have no influence on her own fate. At this period she was tranquil as to her own lot, and happy in that of her son; and she lived a life of peaceful indifference, behaving to all with equal graciousness, showing little or no special favor to any one, but a general good will. She neither sought for amusement nor feared *ennui;* she was always gentle and serene, and, in fact, was indifferent to nearly all things. Her love for her husband had greatly declined, and she no longer suffered from the jealousy which had in former years so much disturbed her. Every day she judged him with greater clearness, and, being convinced that her greatest source of influence over him consisted in the sense of restfulness imparted to him by the evenness of her temper, she took great pains to avoid disturbing him. I have said long ago that such a man as he had neither time nor inclination for much display of affec-

tion, and the Empress at this period forgave him all the fancies which sometimes take the place of love in a man's life; nay, more, she became his confidante in these little affairs.

On his return from Austerlitz, he again met Mme. de X——, but seemed to take no notice of her. The Empress treated her precisely as she treated others. It has been said that Bonaparte occasionally returned to his former fancy for this lady; but, if so, it was so temporarily that the Court barely perceived the fact, and, as it gave rise to no new incident, it awakened no interest. The Emperor, who was convinced that the influence of women had harmed the kings of France, was irrevocably resolved that they should never be more than an ornament to his Court, and he kept his resolution. He had persuaded himself, I know not how, that in France women are cleverer than men, or at any rate he often said so, and that the education they receive develops a certain kind of ability, against which one must be on one's guard. He felt, therefore, a slight fear of them, and kept them at a distance on this account. He exhibited a dislike of certain women's temper which amounted to weakness.

He banished Mme. de Staël, of whom he was genuinely afraid, and shortly afterward Mme. de Balbi, who had ventured on some jesting remarks concerning himself. She had indiscreetly made these observations in the hearing of a person whom I will not name, and who repeated all he had heard. This individual was a gentleman and a Chamberlain. I mention the fact in order to prove that the Emperor found persons in every class who were willing to serve him in his own way.

We began to perceive, during the winter of this year, how unhappy Mme. Louis was in her home life. Her husband's tyranny was exercised in every particular; his character, quite as despotic as his brother's, made itself felt throughout his household. Until now his wife had courageously hidden the excess to which he carried his tyranny; but a circum-

stance occurred which obliged her to confide some of her troubles to her mother.

The health of Louis Bonaparte was very bad. Since his return from Egypt he had suffered from frequent attacks of a malady which had so weakened his legs and his hands that he walked with difficulty, and was stiff in every joint. Every remedy known to medicine was tried in vain. Corvisart, who was medical attendant to the whole family, advised him to try, as a last resource, a disgusting remedy. He imagined that a violent eruption on the skin would perhaps draw out the poison which had defied other treatment. It was therefore decided that on the state bed of Louis, under its embroidered canopy, should be spread the hospital sheets of some patient suffering from the itch; and his Imperial Highness placed himself between them, and even put on the sick man's night-shirt. Louis, who wished to hide this experiment from everybody, insisted that nothing should be changed in the habits of his wife. They usually slept in the same room, though not in the same bed; he had always obliged her to pass the night near him on a small bed placed under the same canopy. He imperatively commanded that she should continue to occupy this bed, adding, in a spirit of strange jealousy, that no husband should ever omit to take precautions against the natural inconstancy of women. Mme. Louis, notwithstanding her disgust, submitted in silence to this gross abuse of conjugal authority.

Meanwhile, Corvisart, who was in attendance on her, and who remarked a change in her appearance, questioned her respecting the details of her life, and obtained from her an admission of her husband's strange fancy. He thought it his duty to inform the Empress, and did not conceal from her that, in his opinion, the atmosphere of Louis's bedroom was very unwholesome for his wife.

Mme. Bonaparte warned her daughter, who replied that she had thought as much; but, nevertheless, she earnestly entreated her mother not to interfere between her husband

and herself. Then, no longer able to restrain herself, she entered into particulars which showed how grinding was the tyranny from which she suffered, and how admirable the silence she had hitherto kept. Mme. Bonaparte appealed to the Emperor, who was attached to his stepdaughter, and he expressed his displeasure to his brother. Louis coldly replied that, if his private affairs were interfered with, he should leave France; and the Emperor, who could not tolerate any open scandal in the family, and who was perhaps, like the others, daunted by Louis's strange and obstinate temper, advised Mme. Louis to have patience. Happily for her, her husband soon gave up the disgusting remedy in question, but he owed her a deep grudge for not having kept his secret.

Had her daughter been happy, there was nothing at this time to disturb the tranquillity of the Empress. The Bonaparte family, full of their own affairs, no longer interfered with her; Joseph was absent and about to ascend the throne of Naples; Lucien was exiled for ever from France; the youthful Jérôme was cruising along our coasts; Mme. Bacciochi was reigning at Piombino; and the Princess Borghese, alternating between physic and dissipation, meddled with nobody. Mme. Murat only might have caused annoyance to her sister-in-law, but she was engaged in promoting her husband's interests, to which the Empress made no opposition; for she would have rejoiced greatly at Murat's obtaining a principality which would have removed him from Paris.

Mme. Murat used her utmost efforts, and was even importunate with the Emperor, in order to attain her ends. She connived at his gallantries, lent him her house on occasions when it was convenient to him to use it, and tried to divert him by fêtes, and to please him by a display of luxury according to his taste. She interested herself in every detail of the etiquette that he wished to introduce, and assumed airs of dignity, somewhat stilted perhaps, which induced him to declare that his sister was in every respect fitted to be a

queen. She neglected no means of success, paid attention to Maret, who had gradually gained the sort of influence that is acquired by assiduity, and flattered Fouché into a zealous attachment to her interests. The understanding between Mme. Murat and these two personages, who were both ill-disposed toward M. de Talleyrand, increased the dislike of the latter to Murat; and, as at this period he was in high favor, he often thwarted Mme. Murat's plans. Murat used to say, in the southern accent he never lost, "Would not Moussu dé Talleyrand like me to be broken on the wheel!"

Murat, relying on his wife to further his interests, contented himself with giving no cause of offense to the Emperor, behaved toward him with entire submission, and bore his alternations of temper without complaint. Brave to excess on the battle-field, he had not, it was said, any great military talent; and when with the army he asked for nothing but the post of danger. He was not wanting in quickness, his manners were obliging; his attitudes and his dress were always rather theatrical, but a fine figure and noble appearance saved him from looking ridiculous. The Emperor reposed no confidence in him, but he employed him, because he feared him in no wise, and because he could not help believing in every kind of flattery. A certain sort of credulity is not rarely combined in the same character with distrust; and those great men who are the most suspicious by nature are not the least amenable to flattery.

On his return from the campaign of Austerlitz, the Emperor distributed further rewards to his generals. To some he gave considerable sums of money, to reimburse them for the expenses of the campaign. General Clarke was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of the manner in which he had fulfilled his duties as Governor of Vienna. Hitherto Clarke had been treated with some coldness; the Emperor showed him but little confidence, and accused him of retaining a secret affection for the house of Orleans; but he succeeded in convincing Bonaparte of his

obsequious devotion. General Clarke, now Duc de Feltre, has for the last three years played a somewhat conspicuous part, and it may be well to give some particulars of his career.

His uncle, M. Shee, who was made Senator by the Emperor, and who is a peer of France, was previous to the Revolution secretary-general to a division of light cavalry, of which the Duke of Orleans was colonel-general. He was accompanied by his nephew, Clarke, whom he had sent for from the country.* The young man found himself specially attached to the house of Orleans, and it is on this account, perhaps, that Bonaparte suspected him of private leanings toward that party. He served the Revolution with zeal, and was even employed, in 1794 and 1795, by the Committee of Public Safety, in the war administration.

He accompanied Bonaparte into Italy, but haughty manners were displeasing to the commander-in-chief. Later on he was sent as ambassador to Tuscany, and remained there for a considerable time, although he frequently applied for his recall and for employment in France. On finally obtaining these, he applied himself to overcoming Bonaparte's prejudice against him : he flattered him assiduously, solicited the favor of a post in his personal service, displayed the absolute submission demanded by such a master, and was eventu-

* It is clear that the author was induced to give this finished sketch of General Clarke, Duc de Feltre, on account of the prominent part taken by him in the early days of the Restoration, and the effect produced by his death in 1818, at the very time that these Memoirs were being written. General Clarke was born at Landrecies in 1763. He was Minister of War in 1807 and in 1814. He was a peer of France, was created a Marshal in 1817, and was an active instrument in the reaction of 1815. In 1818 he was an object of passionate regret to the Right, who enthusiastically upheld him in opposition to his successor, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. A few years previously, when Minister to the Emperor, he had attracted notice by an eagerness to please his master which made him unpopular, and placed him in the public estimation on a level with M. Maret. Nevertheless he had the reputation of an honest and guileless man, and, notwithstanding the zeal with which he served under both *régimes*, his private character stands high.—P. R.

ally made Councilor of State and private secretary. He was very hard-working and punctual, and never wanted recreation. He was narrow-minded and unimaginative, but clear-headed. He accompanied the Emperor in the first Vienna campaign, showed capacity as Governor of the city, and received a first reward on his return. We shall hear of him later on as Minister of War, and in every capacity as a man of second-rate ability. His integrity has always been freely acknowledged; he amassed no fortune except that which resulted from the savings of his various salaries. Like M. Maret, he carried the language of flattery to its extreme limits.

His first marriage was unhappy, and he obtained a divorce. He had one daughter, a gentle and agreeable girl, whom he gave in marriage while he was in office to the Vicomte Emery de Montesquiou-Fezensac,* whose military advancement, thanks to his father-in-law, was very rapid.† This young man is at the present time aide-major-general in the Royal Guards.. The Duc de Feltre's second wife was an excellent but insignificant woman. By her he had several sons.

Meanwhile, M. de Talleyrand's friendliness toward M. de Rémusat brought me into a closer acquaintance with him. He did not as yet visit at my house, but I frequently met him, and wherever this occurred he took more notice of me than formerly. He seldom missed an opportunity of praising my husband, and thus he gratified the feelings dearest to

* Nephew to the Abbé de Montesquiou.

† M. de Fezensac, afterward Duc de Fezensac, was made in 1813, while quite a young man, general of brigade, but he had been twelve or thirteen years in the service. He had served a long time as a private. He died on November 18, 1867. We all were acquainted with him during the late years of his life. He was a sincere man, mild and conscientious, and gifted with a wonderful memory. He wrote a volume of interesting Memoirs, describing with truth and piquancy certain sides of life in the Imperial armies. He was related on the side of his mother, Mlle. de la Live, to M. Molé, who appointed him ambassador to Spain in 1837.—P. R.

my heart; and, if I must speak the whole truth, he gratified my vanity also by seeking me out on all occasions. He won me over to him by degrees, and my former prejudice against him vanished. Yet he would sometimes alarm me by certain expressions for which I was unprepared. One day I was speaking to him of the recent conquest of Naples, and ventured to let him perceive that I disapproved of our policy of universal dethronement. He replied in the cold and deliberate tone that he knows so well how to assume when he means to permit no reply, "Madame, we shall not desist until there shall no longer be a Bourbon on a European throne." These words gave me pain. I thought little, I must admit, about our royal family; but still, at the sound of the name of Bourbon, certain recollections of my early days awakened former feelings that had faded rather than disappeared.

I could not, at the present time, attempt to explain this feeling without running the risk of being accused of insincerity, which is absolutely foreign to my character. It may be thought that, remembering the period at which I write, I want gradually to prepare the way for my own return to those opinions which everybody now hastens to parade. But this is not the case. In those days I admired the Emperor; I was still attached to him, although less fascinated by him; I believed him to be necessary to France; he appeared to me to have become her legitimate sovereign. But all these feelings were combined with a tender reverence for the heirs and all the kin of Louis XIV.; it pained me deeply when fresh misfortunes were prepared for them and I heard them evil spoken of. Bonaparte had often inflicted suffering of this kind on me. To a man who only appreciated success, Louis XVI. must have seemed deserving of little respect. He was entirely unjust toward him, and believed in all the popular stories against him, which were the offspring of the Revolution. When the conversation turned on that illustrious and unfortunate King, I endeavored as soon as possible to change the subject.

But to return. Such was M. de Talleyrand's opinion at that time; I will show by degrees, and when the time comes, how events subsequently modified it.

During this winter the heir of the King of Bavaria came on a visit to our Court. He was young, deaf, not very amiable; but he had very polished manners, and he showed great deference toward the Emperor. He had apartments at the Tuileries, two chamberlains and an equerry were placed at his service, and every attention was paid to him.

On the 10th of February the list of ladies-in-waiting was increased by the names of Mme. Maret, on the request of Mme. Murat, and of Mmes. de Chevreuse, de Montmorency-Matignon, and de Mortemart.

M. de Talleyrand was an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Luynes, and he induced her to make her daughter-in-law accept a place at Court. The Duchess was greatly attached to Mme. de Chevreuse.* The latter had very pronounced opinions of her own, and every one of them distinctly opposed to what was expected of her. Bonaparte threatened; M. de Talleyrand negotiated, and, according to custom, obtained his way. Madame de Chevreuse was pretty, although red-haired,† and very witty, but excessively spoiled by her family, willful and fantastic. Her health even then was very delicate. The Emperor tried by coaxing to console her for having forced her into the Court. At times he would appear to have succeeded, and then at others she would take no pains to conceal her dislike to her position. Her natural disposition gave her an attraction for the Emperor, which others would have vainly endeavored to exert, the charm of combat and of victory. For she would sometimes seem to be amused with the fêtes and the splendor of the Court; and when she appeared there in full dress and

* Mlle. de Narbonne-Fritzlar. Her brother was a chamberlain.

† Madame de Chevreuse was one day rudely taunted by Bonaparte with having red hair. "Very likely," she answered, "but no man ever complained of it before."—P. R.

apparently in good spirits, then the Emperor, who enjoyed even the smallest success, would laugh and say, "I have overcome the aversion of Mme. de Chevreuse." But, in reality, I do not think he ever did.

The Baronne de Montmorency (now Duchesse de Montmorency), who was extremely intimate with M. de Talleyrand, had been induced to join the Court, partly by his persuasions, and partly by her wish to regain some extensive forest-lands which were seized by Government during her emigration, but had not yet been sold. Mme. de Montmorency was extremely pleasant at Court; she demeaned herself without either pride or subservience, appeared to enjoy herself, and made no pretense of being there against her will.* I think she found court life very agreeable, and that possibly she may have regretted it. Her name gave her an advantage, as it does in every place. The Emperor often said that he cared only for the nobility of history, and he certainly paid it great honor.

This reminds me of an anecdote concerning Bonaparte. When he resolved on reconstituting titles, he decided by a stroke of his pen that all the ladies-in-waiting should be countesses. Mme. de Montmorency, who stood in no need of a title, but found herself obliged to take one, asked for the title of baroness, which, she said laughingly, suited her name so well. "That can not be," replied Bonaparte, laughing too; "you, madame, are not a sufficiently good Christian."

Some years later the Emperor restored to MM. de Montmorency and de Mortemart a large portion of the fortune they had lost. M. de Mortemart, declining to become an equerry on account of the too great fatigue of the post, was made Governor of Rambouillet. We have all known the Vicomte de Laval-Montmorency, father of the Vicomte Ma-

* Mme. de Matignon, the mother of the Duchesse de Montmorency, was the daughter of the Baron de Breteuil, who, after his return from emigration, always resided in Paris.

thieu de Montmorency, a Gentleman of Honor to Madame, Governor of Compiègne, and one of the most ardent admirers of Bonaparte.

From this time forward there was increasing eagerness to belong to the Emperor's Court, and especially to be presented to him. His receptions became very brilliant. Ambition, fear, vanity, love of amusement and novelty, and the desire of advancement, caused a crowd of people to push themselves forward, and the mixture of names and ranks became greater than ever.

M. Molé joined the Government in the month of March of this year. He was the heir and last descendant of Mathieu Molé, and was then twenty-six years of age. He was born during the Revolution, and had suffered from the misfortunes it caused. His father perished under the tyrannical rule of Robespierre, and he became his own master at an early age. He made use of his freedom to devote himself to serious and varied study. His family and friends married him, at the age of nineteen, to Mlle. de la Briche, heiress to a considerable fortune, and niece to Mme. d'Houdetot, of whom I have already spoken. M. Molé, who was naturally of a grave disposition, soon became weary of a merely worldly life, and, having no profession, he sought to fill up his time by literary compositions, which he showed to his friends. Toward the end of 1805 he wrote a short treatise, extremely metaphysical and not very clear, on a theory of authority and the will of man. His friends, who were surprised at the research indicated by such a work, advised him to print the treatise. His youthful vanity readily consented to this. The public looked indulgently on the work on account of his youth; both depth and talent were recognized in it, but, at the same time, a tendency to praise despotic government, which gave rise to an impression that the author aimed at attracting the attention of him who at that time held the destinies of all in his hand. Whether this was really in the mind of the writer, or whether he was horrified at the abuse

of liberty, and for the first time in his life believed his country to be at rest and in security under the guidance of a strong will, I do not know. At any rate, M. Molé gave his work to the public, and it made some sensation.

After the return from Vienna, M. de Fontanes, who had a great regard for M. Molé, read the book to Bonaparte, who was greatly struck by it. The opinions it advanced, the superior mind it attested, and the distinguished name of Molé attracted his attention. He sent for the author, and praised him as he well knew how; for he had great skill in the use of words seductive to the young. He succeeded in persuading him to enter into public life, promising him that his career should be rapid and brilliant; and, a few days after this interview, M. Molé was appointed one of the auditors attached to the Interior Section. He was a familiar friend of M. d'Houdetot, his cousin, a grandson of her whom the "Confessions" of J. J. Rousseau have made famous, and M. Molé persuaded him to enter together with himself on the same career. M. d'Houdetot was made auditor to the Naval Section. His father held a command in the colonies, and was taken prisoner by the English on the capture of Martinique. He had passed a part of his life in the Isle de France, and returned, bringing with him a beautiful wife and nine children, five of them girls. His daughters were all handsome; they are now living in Paris. Some of them are married; one of them is Mme. de Barante,* the most beautiful woman in Paris at the present time.†

* M. de Barante was at the head of the Indirect Taxation, and was prefect under Bonaparte. He was a great friend of Mme. de Staël's, very liberal in his opinions, and a clever man.

† My father, who, from his youth upward, was on intimate terms with M. Molé until the death of the latter, has written a good deal about him, both in articles for publication and in manuscript notes. The following are his reflections on the earlier part of his career: "M. Molé, who was born in 1780, received little education. When scarcely nineteen he married Caroline de la Briche. He had been able, by following public classes and by superficial study of various branches, to supply the deficiencies of his education, which, however, he never

The fusion that was spreading with so much rapidity brought about social concord, by mingling the interests of all. M. Molé, for instance, belonging on his own side to a very distinguished family, and on his wife's to people of rank—for Mme. Molé's cousins were Mmes. de Vintimille and de Fezensac—became a link between the Emperor and a large circle of society. My intimacy with members of his family was of old date, and I was glad to see them taking their share of the new places which were within the reach of those who chose to take them. Opinions abated in the face of self-interest; party spirit began to die out; ambition, pleasure, and luxury drew people together; and every day discontent was lessened.

If Bonaparte, who was so successful in conciliating individuals, had but gone a step further, and, instead of governing by force alone, had yielded to the reaction which longed for repose; if, now that he had conquered the present moment, he had made himself master of the future, by creating durable institutions independent of his own caprice—there is little doubt but that his victory over our recollections, our prejudices, and our regrets would have been as lasting as it was remarkable. But it must be confessed that liberty, true

completely overcame. He had a gifted mind, upright, receptive, and elegant, and he possessed to the highest degree the power of complete sympathy in conversation. In youth he had a tendency to severity, to philosophy even; but this diminished as he grew older. His 'Essai de Morale et de Politique,' founded on the writings of Bonald, both as regards style and matter, is a poor book; yet it is so superior in thought and in expression to anything he was able to do at the age of forty, that even now I can scarcely understand how he wrote it Experience, ambition, and contact with the world considerably modified his character. This was a loss to him, but at the same time a greater gain. He took the fancy of the Emperor. From the beginning Molé took a lofty view of his own position. He retained a serious manner, which became stiff and haughty, except toward people whom he wished to please, in which case he could do so to perfection. He was admitted to exceptionally frequent converse with the Emperor. It was thus that he rose; and, in fact, during his Ministry, he did little more than talk to Napoleon. M. Frédéric d'Houdetot, a first cousin of Mme. Molé's, was prefect, and subsequently deputy, under the various successive *régimes*, until his death, which took place under the second Empire.—P. R.

liberty, was wanting everywhere; and the fault of the nation consisted in not perceiving this in time. As I have said before, the Emperor improved the finances, and encouraged trade, science, and art; merit was rewarded in every class; but all this was spoiled by the stamp of slavery. Being resolved on ruling everything himself, and for his own advantage, he always put himself forward as the ultimate aim. It is said that on starting for the first campaign in Italy, he told a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect in your accounts of our victories to speak of *me*, always of *me*. Do you understand?" This "*me*" was the ceaseless cry of purely egoistical ambition. "Quote *me*," "Sing, praise, and paint *me*," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price; but you must all be purchased." Thus, notwithstanding his desire to make his reign famous by gathering together every kind of prodigy, he neutralized his efforts and ours by denying to talent that noble independence which alone can develop invention or genius of any kind.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(1806.)

The Emperor's Civil List—His Household and its Expenses—Dress of the Empress and of Mme. Murat—Louis Bonaparte—Prince Borghese—Fêtes at Court—The Empress's Family—Marriage of Princess Stéphanie—Jealousy of the Empress—Theatricals at Malmaison.

I THINK it will not be amiss at this point to devote a few pages to the interior management of what was called "the Emperor's household." Although, at the present time, his own private concerns and those of his Court have even more completely passed away than his policy and his power, still there will be perhaps some interest in an account of his minute regulation of the actions and the expenditure of each person belonging to the Court. He was always and in all things the same, and this fidelity to the system he had irrevocably adopted is one of the most singular sides of his character. The details I am about to give relate to several periods of his reign; but from the year 1806 the rules of his household were pretty nearly invariable, and the slight modifications which they sometimes received scarcely altered the general plan of their arrangement. I shall therefore sketch this general plan, aided by the excellent memory of M. de Rémusat, who during ten years was both a spectator and an actor in the scenes I am about to describe.*

* The details to which this chapter is devoted will perhaps appear trivial, but, that we may not lose the spirit of these Memoirs, it is important to omit nothing from them. Such descriptions have always been admissible, and the most celebrated historians of the seventeenth century have painted for us the minutest, and I had almost said the meanest, particulars of the daily life of

The civil list of France, under Bonaparte, amounted to a sum of twenty-five millions; in addition to this, crown lands and forests brought in three millions, and the civil list of Italy eight millions, of which he granted four to Prince Eugène. From Piedmont, partly by the civil list and partly by crown property, he received three millions; after Prince Borghese had been appointed Governor, only half that sum. Finally, four millions came from Tuscany, which were also afterward shared with Mme. Bacciochi, when she became Grand Duchess of Tuscany. The fixed revenue of the Emperor amounted, therefore, to 35,500,000 francs.

He kept at his own disposal the greater part of the sum allotted to the secret service of foreign affairs, and also the eighteen hundred thousand francs allotted to the theatres, of which barely twelve hundred thousand were voted by the yearly budget for their support. He dispensed the remainder in presents to actors,* artists, men of letters, or even to officers of his household.

The fund for the maintenance of the police, after subtracting the expenses of the department, was also at his disposal; and this yielded a considerable sum every year, being derived from the tax on gaming-houses, which amounted to more than four million francs.† He could also dispose of the share that the Government had reserved to itself on all

Louis XIV., and of the principal people of his time. It should be observed also that Mme. de Rémusat must, at the time she was writing, have been all the more impressed by her recollections of the splendor of the Empire, inasmuch as, during the earlier years of the Restoration, the poverty of France, the age, tastes, and habits of the royal family, and the apathy characteristic of the Bourbons, gave to the Court an air of simplicity which formed a strong contrast with Imperial display. That display, however, has since then been so greatly surpassed that what is described here as excessive luxury may appear simplicity itself to our contemporaries.—P. R.

* His own liking for certain actors generally regulated these grants. He frequently paid Talma's debts, and made him gifts of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand francs at a time.

† Fouché, while Minister, made his fortune by these taxes on gaming-tables. Savary drew a thousand francs a day from them.

newspapers, which must have brought in nearly a million francs; and, finally, of the sum yielded by stamps on passports and on permits to carry arms.

The sums levied during war were placed to the extraordinary credit, of which Bonaparte disposed as he liked. He frequently retained a large portion, which he made use of to supply the cost of the Spanish war, and for the immense preparations for the Russian campaign. Finally, he converted a considerable portion into specie and diamonds; these were deposited in the cellars of the Tuileries, and defrayed the cost of the war of 1814, when the destruction of public credit had paralyzed other resources.

The utmost order prevailed in Bonaparte's household; liberal salaries were paid to every one, but all was so regulated that no official could use for himself the sums that were intrusted to him.

His great officers received a fixed salary of forty thousand francs. The last two years of his reign he endowed the posts of great officers with a considerable income, besides the sums granted to the individuals who filled them.

The posts of Grand Marshal, of Grand Chamberlain, and of Grand Equerry were each endowed with one hundred thousand francs; those of High Almoner and Grand Veneur with eighty thousand francs; that of Grand Master of Ceremonies with sixty thousand. The Intendant and the Treasurer each received forty thousand francs. M. Daru was the first Intendant; he was succeeded by M. de Champagny when the latter retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The First Prefect of the Palace and the Gentleman of Honor to the Empress each received thirty thousand francs.

M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, was for some time First Chamberlain to the Empress; but, this post having been abolished, he was made First Equerry to the Emperor. The Lady of Honor received forty thousand francs; the Mistress of the Robes, thirty thousand. There were eighteen Chamberlains. Those of oldest date received either twelve,

six, or three thousand francs, varying according to a sum fixed by the Emperor every year; the others were honorary. Bonaparte, moreover, regulated every salary in his household annually, augmenting thereby the dependence of us all by the uncertainty in which we were kept.

The Equerries received twelve thousand francs; the Prefects of the Palace, or Maîtres d'Hôtel, fifteen thousand, and the Master of Ceremonies a like sum. Each aide-de-camp received twenty-four thousand, as an officer of the household.

The Grand Marshal, or Master of the Household, superintended all the expenses of the table, of the domestic service, lighting and heating, etc. These expenses amounted to nearly two millions.

Bonaparte's table was abundant and well served. The plate was of silver and very handsome; on great occasions the dinner service was of silver-gilt. Mme. Murat and the Princess Borghese used dinner-services of silver-gilt.

The Grand Marshal was the chief of the Prefects of the Palace; his uniform was amethyst-colored, embroidered in silver. The Prefects of the Palace wore the same colored uniform, less richly embroidered.

The expenditure of the Grand Equerry (Master of the Horse) amounted to three or four millions. There were about twelve hundred horses. The carriages, which were more ponderous than elegant, were all painted green. The Empress had some equipages, among them some pretty open carriages, but no separate stable establishment. The Grand Equerry and the other Equerries wore a uniform of dark blue, embroidered in silver.

The Grand Chamberlain had charge of all the attendance in the interior of all the palaces, of the wardrobe, the Court theatricals, the fêtes, the chapel choir, of the Emperor's Chamberlains, and of those of the Empress. The expenditure on all these scarcely exceeded three millions. His uniform was red, with silver embroidery.* The Grand Master

* The embroidery was the same for all the great officers.

of Ceremonies received little more than three hundred thousand francs; his costume was of violet and silver. The Grand Veneur, or Master of the Hunt, received seven hundred thousand francs: he wore green and silver. The expenditure on the chapel was three hundred thousand francs.

The decoration of the apartments, as well as the care of the buildings, was in charge of the Intendant. The expenses of these would amount to five or six millions.

It will be seen that, on an average, the expenditure of the Emperor's household would amount to fifteen or sixteen millions of francs annually.

In later years he built extensively, and the expenditure was increased.

Every year he ordered hangings and furniture for the various palaces from Lyons. This was with a view to encouraging the manufactures of that city. For the same reason he bought handsome pieces of furniture in mahogany, which were placed in storerooms, and also bronzes, etc. Porcelain manufacturers had orders to supply complete services of extreme beauty.

On the return of the King, the palaces were all found to be newly furnished, and the furniture stores quite full.

But, including all these things, the expenditure never exceeded twenty millions, even in the most costly years, such as those of the coronation and of the marriage.

Bonaparte's expenditure on dress was put down on the budget at forty thousand francs. Sometimes it slightly exceeded this sum. During campaigns it was necessary to send him both linen and clothes to several places at once. The slightest sense of inconvenience, or the smallest difference of quality in the linen or cloth, would make him throw aside a coat or any other garment.

He always said he wished to dress like a simple officer of his own Guards, and grumbled continually at what, as he said, "he was made to spend"; while, from his caprice or awkwardness, the entire renewal of his wardrobe was con-

stantly necessary. Among other destructive habits, he had that of stirring the wood-fires with his foot, thereby scorching his shoes and boots. This generally happened when he was in a passion; at such times he would violently kick the blazing logs in the nearest fireplace.

M. de Rémusat was for several years Keeper of the Wardrobe, receiving no emoluments. When M. de Turenne succeeded to that post, a salary of twelve thousand francs was awarded to him.

Every year the Emperor himself drew up a scheme of household expenditure with scrupulous care and remarkable economy. During the last quarter of each year the head of each department regulated his expenses for the following twelvemonth. When this was accomplished, a council was held and everything was carefully discussed. This council consisted of the Grand Marshal, who presided, the great officers, the Intendant, and the Treasurer to the Crown. The expenses of the Empress's household were comprised in the accounts of the Grand Chamberlain, on whose budget they were entered. In these councils the Grand Marshal and the Treasurer undertook to defend the Emperor's interests. The consultation being over, the Grand Marshal took the accounts to the Emperor, who examined them himself, and returned them with marginal notes. After a short interval, the council met again, under the presidency of the Emperor himself, who went over each item of expenditure anew. These consultations were generally repeated several times; the accounts of each department were then returned to its chief, and fair copies of them were made, after which they passed through the hands of the Intendant, who finally inspected them, together with the Emperor, in presence of the Grand Marshal. By these means all expenditure was fixed, and seldom indeed did any of the great officers obtain the sums for which they had asked.

Bonaparte's hour for rising was irregular, but usually it was seven o'clock. If he woke during the night, he would

resume his work, or take a bath or a meal. He generally awoke depressed, and apparently in pain. He suffered frequently from spasms in the stomach, which produced vomiting. At times this appeared to alarm him greatly, as if he feared he had taken poison, and then it was difficult to prevent him from increasing the sickness by taking emetics.*

The only persons who had the right of entry into his dressing-room without being announced were the Grand Marshal and the principal physician. The Keeper of the Wardrobe was announced, but was almost always admitted. He would have wished M. de Rémusat to employ these morning visits in giving him an account of all that was said or done at Court or in the city; but my husband invariably declined the task, and persevered in his determination with praiseworthy obstinacy.

The other physicians or surgeons on duty might not come unless they were summoned. Bonaparte seemed to put no great faith in medicine—it was frequently a matter of jesting with him; but he had great confidence in Corvisart, and much esteem for him. He had good health and a strong constitution; but, when he suffered from any indisposition, he became uneasy and nervous. He was occasionally troubled with a slight affection of the skin, and sometimes complained of his liver. He ate moderately, drank little, and indulged in no excesses of any kind. He took a good deal of coffee.

While dressing, he was usually silent, unless a discussion arose between him and Corvisart on some medical subject. In everything he liked to go straight to the point, and, if any one was mentioned as being ill, his first question was always, "Will he die?" A doubtful answer displeased him, and would make him argue on the inefficiency of medical science.

He acquired with great difficulty the art of shaving himself. M. de Rémusat induced him to undertake this task on seeing that he was uneasy and nervous under the hands of a barber. After many trials, and when he had finally succeed-

* The principal physician, Corvisart, gave me these details.

ed, he often said that the advice to shave himself with his own hand had been of signal service to him.

Bonaparte so thoroughly accustomed himself during his reign to make no account of those about him, that this habitual disregard pervaded all his habits. He had not any of the delicacy that is ordinarily imparted by training and education, and would make his toilet in the most thorough fashion in the presence of any person whomsoever. In the same way, if he got impatient while his valet was dressing him, he would fly into a passion, heedless of all respect for himself or others. He would throw any garment that did not please him on the floor or into the fire. He attended to his hands and nails with great care. Several pairs of nail-scissors had to be in readiness, as he would break or throw them away if they were not sufficiently sharp. He never made use of any perfume except eau de Cologne, but of that he would get through sixty bottles in a month. He considered it a very wholesome practice to sprinkle himself thoroughly with eau de Cologne. Personal cleanliness was with him a matter of calculation, for, as I said before, he was naturally careless.

When his toilet was concluded, he went to his cabinet, where his private secretary was in attendance. Precisely at nine o'clock, the Chamberlain on duty, who had arrived at the palace at eight A. M.; and had carefully inspected the whole suite of rooms, that all might be in perfect order, and seen that the servants were at their posts, knocked at the door and announced the *levée*. He never entered the cabinet unless told to come in by the Emperor. I have already given an account of these *levées*. When they were over, Bonaparte frequently gave private audiences to some of the principal persons present—princes, ministers, high officials or prefects on leave. Those who had not the right of entry to the *levée* could only obtain an audience by applying to the Chamberlain on duty, who presented their names to the Emperor. He generally refused to see the applicants.

The *levee* and audiences would last until the hour of breakfast. That meal was served at eleven o'clock, in what was called the *salon de service*, the same apartment in which he held private audiences and received his ministers. The Prefect of the Palace announced breakfast, and remained present, standing all the time. During breakfast the Emperor received artists or actors. He would eat quickly of two or three dishes, and finish with a large cup of coffee without milk. After breakfast he returned to his work. The *salon* of which I have just spoken was ordinarily occupied by the Colonel-General of the Guards on duty for the week, the Chamberlain, the Equerry, the Prefect of the Palace, and, on a hunting morning, one of the officers of the hunt.

The ministerial councils were held on fixed days. There were three State councils a week. For five or six years the Emperor frequently presided over them, his Colonel-General and the Chamberlain being in attendance on him. He is said to have generally displayed remarkable ability in carrying on or suggesting discussions. He frequently astonished his hearers by observations full of luminousness and depth on subjects which would have seemed to be quite beyond his reach. In more recent times he showed less tolerance for others in these discussions, and adopted a more imperious tone. The State council, or that of the Ministers, or his own private work, lasted to six P. M.

After 1806 he almost always dined alone with his wife, except when the Court was at Fontainebleau; he would then invite guests to his table. He had all courses of the dinner placed before him at once; and he ate without paying any attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes. The Prefect of the Palace was present during dinner; two pages waited, and were assisted by the footmen. The dinner-hour was very irregu-

lar. If there happened to be any important business requiring his immediate attention, Bonaparte worked on, detaining the Council until six, seven, or even eight o'clock at night, without showing the smallest fatigue, or appearing to feel the need of food. Mme. Bonaparte waited for him with admirable patience, and never uttered a complaint.

The evenings were very short. I have already said how they were spent. During the winter of 1806 there were many small dancing entertainments given, both at the Tuileries and by the Princes. The Emperor would make his appearance at them for a few minutes, and always looked excessively bored. The routine of the *coucher* (retiring for the night) was the same as it was in the morning, except that the attendants came in last to receive orders. The Emperor in undressing and going to bed had no one near him except the *valets de chambre.*

No one slept in his chamber. His Mameluke lay near the inner entrance. The aide-de-camp of the day slept in the anteroom with his head against the door. In the rooms on the other side of this *salon* or anteroom, a Marshal of the Home Guard and two footmen kept watch all night.

No sentinel was ever seen in the interior of the palace. At the Tuileries there was one upon the staircase, because the staircase is open to the public, and they were everywhere at the outer doors. Bonaparte was very well protected by very few persons; this was the care of the Grand Marshal. The police of the palace was extremely well managed. The name of every person who entered its doors was always known. No one resided there except the Grand Marshal, who ate there, and whose servants wore the Emperor's livery; but of these there were only the *valets de chambre* and the *femmes de chambre.* The Lady of Honor had an apartment which Mme. de la Rochefoucauld never occupied. At the time of the second marriage Bonaparte wished Mme. de

Montebello * to live there altogether. In the time of the Empress Josephine the Comtesse d'Arberg and her daughter, who had come from Brussels to be Lady of the Palace, were always lodged in the palace. At Saint Cloud all the attendants resided there. The Grand Equerry lived at the stables, which were or are those of the King.† The Intendant and the Treasurer were installed there.

The Empress Josephine had six hundred thousand francs for her personal expenses. This sum in no degree sufficed her, and she incurred many debts annually. A hundred and twenty thousand francs were allowed her for her charities. The Archduchess had but three hundred thousand francs, and sixty thousand for her private purse. The reason of this difference was, that Mme. Bonaparte was compelled to assist many poor relations, whose claims on her were great and frequent. She having certain connections in France and the Archduchess none, Mme. Bonaparte was naturally obliged to spend more money. She gave much away, but, as she never made her presents from her own resources, but bought incessantly, her generosity only augmented her debts to an appalling degree.

Notwithstanding the wishes of her husband, she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. He was unwilling that any salesman of any kind should be received by her, but was obliged to relinquish this point. Her small private apartments were crowded by these people, as well as by artists of all kinds. She had a perfect mania for being painted, and gave her pictures to whomsoever wanted them—relations, friends, *femmes de chambre*, and even to her tradespeople, who brought her constantly diamonds and jewels, stuffs and gewgaws of all kinds. She bought everything, rarely asking the price, and the greater

* La Maréchale Lannes.

† Hôtel de Longueville, on the Carrousel. It is unnecessary to say that these stables and this hotel were demolished at the time of the changes made in the Louvre.

part of the time forgot what she had bought. From the beginning she had signified to her Lady of Honor and her Lady in Waiting that they were not to interfere with her wardrobe. All matters of that kind were arranged between herself and her *femmes de chambre*, of whom she had six or eight, I think.

She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time; a part of it was entirely private, when she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation of her person and on its embellishment, with the aid of paint and powder. When all this was accomplished, she wrapped herself in a long and very elegant peignoir trimmed with lace, and placed herself under the hands of her hair-dresser. Her chemises and skirts were embroidered and trimmed. She changed all her linen three times each day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. While her hair was being dressed, if we presented ourselves at her door, we were admitted. When this process was finished, huge baskets were brought in containing many different dresses, shawls, and hats. There were in summer muslin or percale robes, much embroidered and trimmed; in winter there were redingotes of stuff or of velvet. From these baskets she selected her costume for the day, and always wore in the morning a hat covered with feathers or flowers, and wraps that made considerable drapery about her. The number of her shawls was between three and four hundred. She had dresses made of them, coverings for her bed, cushions for her dog. She always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with a grace that I never saw equaled. Bonaparte, who thought these shawls covered her too much, tore them off, and more than once threw them in the fire; after which she would then send for another. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. I have seen her buy shawls for which their owner asked eight, ten, and twelve thousand francs. They were the great extravagance of this Court, where those which cost only fifty louis were looked at dis-

dainfully, and where the women boasted of the price they had paid for those they wore.*

I have already described the life which Mme. Bonaparte led. This life never varied in any respect. She never opened a book, she never took up a pen, and never touched a needle; and yet she never seemed to be in the least bored. She was not fond of the theatre; the Emperor did not wish her to go there without him, and receive applause which he did not share. She walked only when she was at Malmaison, a dwelling that she never ceased to improve, and on which she had spent enormous sums.

Bonaparte was extremely irritated by these expenditures. He would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep, promising to be wiser and more prudent; after which she would go on in the same way, and in the end he was obliged to pay the bills. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning. Everything was elegant in the extreme. We rarely saw the same dresses and the same flowers appear the second time. In the evening the Empress appeared without a hat, with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. Then her dresses showed her figure to perfection, and the most exquisite toilet was that which was most becoming to her. The smallest assembly, the most informal dance, was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses which accumulated in the various palaces; for she had a mania for keeping everything. It would be utterly impossible for me to give any idea of the sums she spent in this way. At every dressmaker's and milliner's in Paris, go in when we would, we were sure to find something being made for her or ordered by her. I have seen several lace robes, at forty, fifty, and even a hundred thousand francs each. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress, which was so entirely satisfied, should never

* Of course, my readers know that these were Cashmere shawls, which the Egyptian campaign and the Oriental mania that followed had made very fashionable.

have exhausted itself. After the divorce, at Malmaison, she had the same luxurious tastes, and dressed with as much care, even when she saw no one. The day of her death she insisted on being dressed in a very elegant *robe de chambre*, because she thought that the Emperor of Russia would come perhaps to see her. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin. These tastes and these habits on her part naturally increased the expenses of those about her, and we found it difficult at times to appear in suitable toilets.*

Her daughter was dressed with equal richness—it was the tone of this Court; but she had order and economy, and never seemed to take much pleasure in dress. Mme. Murat and the Princess Borghese put their whole souls into it. Their court dresses cost them generally from ten to fifteen thousand francs; and they supplemented them by rare pearls and jewels without price.

With all this extreme luxury, the exquisite taste of the Empress, and the rich costumes of the men, the Court was, as may readily be imagined, most brilliant. It may even be said that on certain days the *coup d'œil* was absolutely dazzling. Foreigners were much struck by it. It was during this year (1806) that the Emperor decided to give occasional concerts in the Hall of the Marshals, as a certain large hall, hung with portraits of the Marshals, was called. These portraits are very likely there now. This hall was lighted by an infinite number of candles, and to it were invited all those persons who had any connection with the Government and those who had been presented. Thus there were assembled usually between four and five hundred persons.

After having walked through the saloons where all these people were assembled, Bonaparte entered the hall and took his place at the end; the Empress on his left, as well as the Princesses of his family, in the most dazzling costumes; his mother on his right—still a very handsome woman, with an

* Mmes. Savary and Maret expended for their toilets fifty and sixty thousand francs per annum.

air of great distinction. His brothers were richly dressed, and they with foreign princes and other dignitaries were seated. Behind were the grand officers, the chamberlains, and all the staff, in their embroidered uniforms. Upon the right and the left, in curved lines, sat two rows of ladies—the Lady of Honor, the Lady in Waiting, and the Ladies of the Palace, almost all of them young, the greater number of them pretty and beautifully dressed.* Then came a large number of ladies—foreigners and Frenchwomen—whose toilets were exquisite beyond words. Behind these two rows of seated ladies were men standing—ambassadors, ministers, marshals, senators, generals, and so on—all in the most gorgeous costumes. Opposite the imperial chairs were the musicians, and as soon as the Emperor was seated they executed the best music, which, however, in spite of the strict silence that was enjoined and preserved, fell on inattentive ears. When the concert was over, in the center of the room, which had been kept vacant, appeared the best dancers, male and female, from the opera, and executed a charming ballet. This part of the entertainment of the evening amused every one, even the Emperor.

M. de Rémusat had all these arrangements under his charge, and it was no petty matter either, for the Emperor was extremely particular and exacting in regard to the most trivial details. M. de Talleyrand said sometimes to my husband, "I pity you, for you are called upon to amuse the unamusable."

The concert and the ballet did not last more than an hour and a half. Then the assembly went to supper, which was laid in the Gallery of Diana, and there the beauty of the gallery, the brilliancy of the lights, the luxury of the tables, the display of silver and glass, and the magnificence and ele-

* A court dress cost at the least fifty louis, and we changed them very often. As a general thing this costume was embroidered in gold or silver, and trimmed with mother-of-pearl. Many diamonds were worn, in sprays and scattered among garlands for the hair, or set in bands for the neck and arms.

gance of the guests, imparted to the whole scene something of the air of a fairy-tale. There was, however, something lacking. I will not say that it was the ease which can never be found in a court, but it was that feeling of security which each person might have brought there if the powers that presided had added a little more kindliness to the majesty by which they surrounded themselves.

I have already spoken of Mme. Bonaparte's family. In the first years of her elevation she had brought four nephews and a niece to Paris from Martinique. These all bore the name of Tascher. For the young men situations were found, and the young lady was lodged in the Tuileries. She was by no means deficient in beauty, but the change of climate affected her health, and rendered impossible all the plans which the Emperor had formed for a brilliant marriage for her. At first he thought of marrying her to the Prince of Baden; then for some time he destined her for a prince of the house of Spain. At last, however, she was married to the son of the Duke of Arenberg, who was of a Belgian family. This marriage, so much desired by this family, who hoped from it to gain great advantages, was in no degree a success. The husband and wife never suited each other, and after a time their misunderstandings and incompatibilities culminated in a separation which was without scandal. After the divorce the Arenbergs, disappointed in their ambitious hopes and plans, openly evinced their discontent at this alliance, and after the King's return the marriage was completely broken. Mme. de —— lives to-day very obscurely in Paris.

The eldest of her brothers, after residing in France some two or three years without being in the least dazzled by the honor of having an aunt who was an Empress, began to grow very weary of the Court; and, having no taste for military life, he yielded to his homesickness, and asked and obtained permission to return to the colonies. He took some money back with him, and, leading a calm life there, has

probably more than once congratulated himself on this philosophical departure. Another brother was attached to Joseph Bonaparte, and remained in Spain in his military service. He married Mlle. Clary, daughter of a merchant at Marseilles, and niece of Mme. Joseph Bonaparte.* A third brother married the daughter of the Princess of Leyen. He is now with her in Germany. The fourth brother was infirm, and lived with his sister. I do not know what became of him.

The Beauharnais have also profited by the elevation of Mme. Bonaparte, and continued to crowd about her. I have told how she married the daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais to M. de la Valette. The Marquis was for a long time Ambassador to Spain; he is in France to-day. The Comte de Beauharnais, the son of the lady who wrote poetry and novels,† had married early in life Mlle. de Lesay-Marnesia. From this marriage sprang a daughter, who resided after her mother's death with an old aunt, who was very religious. The Comte de Beauharnais, marrying again, never seemed to think of this young girl. Bonaparte made him Senator. M. de Lesay-Marnesia, uncle to the young Stéphanie, suddenly recalled her from Languedoc; she was fourteen or fifteen. He presented her to Mme. Bonaparte, who found her very pretty and refined in all her little ways. She placed her in Mme. Campan's boarding-school, from which she emerged in 1806 to find herself suddenly adopted by the Emperor, called Princess Imperial, and married shortly after to the hereditary Prince of Baden. She was then seventeen, with a most agreeable face, great natural cleverness and vivacity, a certain childishness in her manner which suited her well, a charming voice, lovely complexion, and clear, blue eyes. Her hair was exquisitely blonde.

* I think he perished in the campaign of 1814.

† It was upon her that the poet Lebrun made this malicious epigram:

"Eglé, fair and a poet, has two eccentricities:
She makes her face, but does not make her verses."

The Prince of Baden was not long in falling in love with her, but at first his affection was not returned. He was young, but very stout; his face was commonplace and inexpressive; he talked little, seemed always out of place and bored, and generally fell asleep wherever he might be. The youthful Stéphanie, gay, piquante, dazzled by her lot, and proud of being adopted by the Emperor, whom she then regarded with some reason as the first sovereign in the world, gave the Prince of Baden to understand that he was greatly honored by her bestowing her hand upon him. In vain did they seek to correct her ideas in this respect. She made no objection to the marriage, and was quite ready to consent to its taking place whenever the Emperor wished it; but she persisted in saying that Napoleon's daughter should marry a king or the son of a king. This little vanity, accompanied by many piquante jests, to which her seventeen years gave a charm, did not displease the Emperor, and in fact rather amused him. He became more interested than before in his adopted daughter, and precisely at the time he married her to the Prince he became, with considerable publicity, her lover. This conquest finished turning the head of the new Princess, and confirmed her in her haughtiness toward her future husband, who sought in vain to please her.*

* This is the decree, issued March 3, 1806, by which the Emperor bestowed such distinguished rank on this young girl: "Our intention being that the Princess Stéphanie Napoléon, our daughter, shall enjoy all the prerogatives of her rank, we hereby state that at the table and at all fêtes she shall be placed at our side, and on those occasions when we ourselves shall be absent she will be placed on the right of her Majesty the Empress."

The next day, March 4th, the marriage was announced to the Senate in these terms: "Senators, wishing to give a proof of the affection with which we regard the Princess Beauharnais, the niece of our well-beloved spouse, we have affianced her to Prince Charles, hereditary Prince of Baden. We have deemed it wise, under these circumstances, to adopt the said Stéphanie Napoléon as our daughter. This union, resulting from the friendship which has existed for several years between ourselves and the Elector of Baden, has seemed to us in especial conformity with our policy and productive of good to our people. Our departments on the Rhine will welcome with pleasure an alliance which will be

As soon as the Emperor had announced to the Senate the news of this marriage, the youthful Stéphanie was installed in the Tuileries, in an apartment especially arranged for her, and there she received the deputations from the governmental bodies. Of that from the Senate her father was one. Her situation was certainly a little odd, but she received all the addresses and felicitations without any embarrassment, and replied extremely well. Having become the daughter of the sovereign, and being a favorite in addition, the Emperor ordered that she should everywhere follow next to the Empress, thus taking precedence of the whole Bonaparte family. Mme. Murat was extremely displeased, who hated her with a cordial hatred, and could not conceal her pride and jealousy. Mademoiselle thought this very amusing, and laughed at it as she did at everything else, and succeeded in making the Emperor laugh also, as he was inclined to be amused at all she said. The Empress was much displeased at this new fancy of her husband's. She spoke seriously to her niece, and showed her how wrong it would be for her not to resist the efforts which Bonaparte was making to complete her seduction. Mlle. de Beauharnais listened to her aunt's counsels with some docility. She confided to her certain attempts, sometimes extremely bold, made by her adopted father, and promised to conduct herself with caution and reserve. These confidences renewed all the former discord of the Imperial household. Bonaparte, unchanged, did not take the trouble to conceal his inclination from his wife, and, too sure of his power, thought it extremely unhandsome in the Prince of Baden that he should be wounded by what was going on under his very eyes. Nevertheless, the fear of

to them a new motive for cultivating their commercial and neighborly relations with the subjects of the Elector. The distinguished qualities of Prince Charles of Baden and the particular affection that he has shown us under all circumstances are to us a sure guarantee for the happiness of our daughter. Accustomed to share with you all that interests us, we determined to no longer delay bringing to your knowledge an alliance that is so agreeable to ourselves."

P. R.

an outburst and the number of eyes fixed upon all the persons concerned rendered him prudent. On the other side, the young girl, who only wished to amuse herself, showed more resistance than he had at first anticipated. But she hated her husband. The evening of her marriage it was impossible to persuade her to receive him in her apartment. A little later the Court went to Saint Cloud, and with it the young pair. Nothing, however, could induce the Princess to permit her husband to approach her. He complained to the Empress, who scolded her niece. The Emperor, however, upheld her, and his own hopes revived. All this had a very bad effect, which at last the Emperor realized; and at the end of some little time—occupied with grave affairs, fatigued by the importunity of his wife, struck by the discontent of the young Prince, and persuaded that he had to do with a young person who only wished to amuse herself by coquetting with him—he consented to the departure of the Prince of Baden, who took his wife away with him. She shed many tears at leaving France, regarding the principality of Baden as a land of exile. When she arrived there she was received somewhat coldly by the reigning Prince. She lived for a long time on bad terms with her husband. Secret negotiators were sent from France to make her understand how important it was to her that she should become the mother of a Prince—an hereditary Prince in his turn. She submitted; but the Prince, rendered frigid by so much resistance, now showed very little tenderness toward her, and this marriage seemed destined to make them both very unhappy. It was not eventually so, however; and we shall see later that the Princess of Baden, having acquired a little more sense with years, began at last to recognize her duty, and by her good conduct succeeded finally in regaining the affection of the Prince, and enjoyed the advantages of a union which she at first had so entirely under-estimated.*

I have not as yet mentioned the fact that among the

* The Prince of Baden is brother to the Empress of Russia.

amusements of this Court was an occasional theatrical representation—a comedy played at Malmaison—which was no uncommon thing during the first year of the Consulate. Prince Eugène and his sister had real talent in this direction, and found great amusement in exercising it. At this time Bonaparte too was greatly interested in these representations, which were given before a limited audience. A pretty hall was built at Malmaison, and we played there very often. But by degrees the rank of the family became too exalted for this kind of pleasure, and finally it was permitted only on certain occasions, like that of the birthday of the Empress. When the Emperor came back from Vienna, Mme. Louis Bonaparte took it into her head to have an appropriate little vaudeville arranged in which we all played, and each sang a verse. A number of persons had been invited, and Malmaison was illuminated in a charming manner. It was somewhat of a trying ordeal to appear on the stage before an audience like this, but the Emperor showed himself particularly well disposed. We played well. Mme. Louis had, and was entitled to have, a great triumph. The verses were pretty, the flattery delicate, and the evening a complete success.* It was really curious to observe the tone in which each

* This representation may have been given a trifle later than the date I have stated. At all events, when Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, the great vaudevillists of that time, presented to the public of Paris this same piece, they called it "La Colonne de Rosbach." They seemed to have written it in honor of the Jena campaign. It is true that the authors could without any trouble have changed the scene from the war of 1805 to the Prussian campaign; but neither the courtiers nor the playwrights concerned themselves upon this point. It is, however, quite certain that the rôle of the old Alsatian woman is much as my grandmother related it. The princesses were her daughters or her nieces. This Alsatian showed the greatest enthusiasm for the Emperor, and sang this stanza, which my father's wonderful memory permitted him to retain, and which I learned from him:

Air: "J'ai vu partout dan mes voyages."

"All through the day my thoughts are of the glorious feats of my hero:
All through the night my dreams repeat my thoughts.

said in the evening, "The Emperor laughed, the Emperor applauded!" and how we congratulated each other. I particularly, who accosted him always with a certain reserve, found myself all at once in a better position toward him, in consequence of the manner in which I had fulfilled the part of an old peasant-woman who dreamed continually that her hero did the most incredible things, and who saw events surpass her wildest dreams. After the play was over, he paid me a few compliments. We had played with our whole hearts, and he seemed somewhat touched. When I saw him in this mood thus suddenly and unexpectedly moved by emotion, I was tempted to exclaim, "Why will you not allow yourself occasionally to feel and think like other men?" I felt a sensation of intense relief on these rare occasions, for it seemed to me that hope once more revived within me. Ah! how easily the great master us, and how little trouble they need take to make themselves beloved! Perhaps this last reflection has already escaped me, but I have made it so often during the last twelve years of my life, and it presses so heavily upon me whenever I look back upon the past, that it is by no means extraordinary that I should express it more than once.

> Dreams, I am told, are but follies and fables;
> But when they are of him, however wild and improbable they may seem,
> They are always accomplished."

In the memoirs of Bourrienne some details may be found of these representations at Malmaison. These vaudevilles were much the fashion at this Court; they were all the literature known to many of the persons of that time.—P. R.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Emperor's Court—His Ecclesiastical Household—His Military Household—The Marshals—The Ladies—Delille—Chateaubriand—Mme. de Genlis—Romances—Literature—Arts.

Before resuming the succession of events, I have a strong desire to dwell a little on the names of those persons who at this time composed the Court, and who occupied a distinguished position in the Government. I shall not be able, however, to draw a series of portraits which can vary enough, one from the other, to be piquant. We know very well that despotism is the greatest of levelers. It regulates the thoughts, it determines both actions and words; and the regulations to which all submit are often so strictly observed that the exteriors are assimilated, and perhaps even some of the impressions received.

I remember that during the winter of 1814 the Empress Maria Louisa received a large number of persons every evening. They came to obtain news of the army, in whose movements and plans every one was deeply interested. At the moment when the Emperor, in his pursuit of the Prussian General Blücher, left to the Austrian army leisure to advance as far as Fontainebleau, Paris believed itself about to fall into the power of strangers. Many persons met in the saloons of the Empress and questioned each other with great anxiety. Toward the end of this evening M. de Talleyrand came to call on me after leaving the Tuileries. He told me of the anxiety which he had witnessed; and then said: "What a man, madame, this must be, who can cause the

Comte de Montesquiou and the Councilor of State Boulay (de la Meurthe)* to experience the same anxiety, and to evince it in the same words!" He had found these two persons with the Empress. They had both struck him by their pallor, and both expressed their dread of the events which they began to foresee in the future.†

With few exceptions—either because chance did not gather around the Emperor persons of any marked individuality, or because of the uniformity of conduct of which I have just spoken—I can not recall many purely personal peculiarities which deserve to be commemorated. Setting

* The Comte de Montesquiou was then Grand Chamberlain. Boulay (de la Meurthe) had been a member of the Left of the Five Hundred, and had drawn up the famous law of the *suspects*.

† My father, in the last days of his life, reading these Memoirs and deciding to publish them, wrote, *à propos* of this conversation, the following note: "The observation of M. de Talleyrand was made at a *soirée* where I was or had been present. I did not hear the remark, but I remember that my mother repeated it to us. It was even more distinctly stated than she has given it. One evening in the first two months of 1814, or rather in the last months of 1813, one day when I was on leave, I went to the theatre in the evening, and on coming back found in my mother's small *salon*, in the *entresol* of No. 6 Place Louis XV., my father, M. Pasquier, and M. de Talleyrand. The latter was speaking, and describing—having the breathless attention of his listeners—the situation of public affairs, which was deplorable enough. He did not cease speaking as I entered. They signed to me, however, not to withdraw, and I too listened with eager interest. M. de Talleyrand this time spoke with earnest force and simplicity; he passed in review all the powers and the men of the moment, insisting that things were in a desperate position, but attributing this position less to the situation itself than to the character of the Emperor and to the disposition of the people by whom he was surrounded. M. de Talleyrand insisted that common sense, courage, and ability were lacking on all sides, or were not united in any one person in a degree sufficient to hold back the Empire and its master on the downward slope that led to their ruin. It was one of those rare occasions when I saw M. de Talleyrand at his best—a thing which never happened to me more than two or three times in my life. This was the first time that I had ever heard him talk politics. This conversation was, I think, intended more especially for M. Pasquier, who listened with more deference than assent. It seemed to me that he was not altogether pleased, either because he recognized with regret the truth of what was said, or because he was unwilling to receive such confidences."—P. R.

the principal figures aside, as well as the events which I propose to relate, I have but the names of the others to recount, the costumes which they wore, and the duties with which they were intrusted. It is a hard thing for men to feel that the sovereign to whom they are attached has a thorough and universal contempt for human nature. Such a consciousness saddens the spirits, discourages the soul, and compels each man to confine himself to the purely material duties of his position, which he ends by regarding as mere business. Each one of these men who composed the Court and the Government of the Emperor had undoubtedly a mind of his own, and especial feelings and opinions. Some among them silently practiced certain virtues, others concealed their faults and even their vices. But both appeared on the surface only at the word of command, and, unfortunately for the men of that time, Bonaparte believed that more was to be made out of the bad side of human nature than from the good, and therefore looked for vices rather than for virtues. He liked to discover weaknesses, and profited by them; and, where there were no vices, he encouraged these weaknesses, or, if he could do no better, he worked on their fears—anything to prove himself always and constantly the strongest. Thus he was by no means ill pleased that Cambacérès, though possessing estimable and distinguished qualities, allowed his foolish pride to be seen, and gave himself the reputation of a certain license of morals and habits which counterbalanced the just admiration rendered to his cultivation and to his natural probity. Nor did the Emperor ever deplore the indolent immorality of M. de Talleyrand, his careless indifference, nor the small value he placed on the esteem of the public. He was infinitely amused by what he saw fit to call the silliness of the Prince de Neuchâtel, and the servile flattery of M. Maret.

He took advantage of the avarice which he himself had developed in Savary, and of the callousness of Duroc's disposition. He never shrank from the remembrance that

Fouché had once been a Jacobin; indeed, he said with a smile: "The only difference is that he is now a *rich* Jacobin; but that's all I want."

His Ministers he regarded and treated as more or less efficient clerks, and he used to say, "I should not know what to do with them if they were not men of mere ordinary abilities and character."

If any one had been conscious of real superiority of any kind, he must needs have endeavored to hide it; and it is probable that, warned by an instinctive sense of danger, everybody affected dullness or vacuity when those qualities were not real.

Memoirs of this period will suffer from this remarkable feature of it, which will give rise to a plausible, though unmerited, accusation against the writers of being malevolent in their views, partial toward themselves, and extremely severe toward others. Each writer will in reality be able to tell his own secret only, but will have been unable to penetrate that of his neighbor.

Ecclesiastical influence in the Emperor's household was insignificant. Mass was celebrated in his presence every Sunday, and that was all. I have already spoken of Cardinal Fesch. In 1807 M. de Pradt, Bishop of Poitiers, and subsequently Archbishop of Mechlin, made his appearance at Court. He was clever and scheming, verbose but amusing, and fond of gossip; he held liberal opinions, but he expressed them in cynical language. He attempted many things without perfectly succeeding in any one of them. He could, indeed, talk over the Emperor himself, and he may perhaps have given him good advice; but, when he was appointed to put his own counsels into action, nothing came of the attempt, for he possessed neither the confidence nor the esteem of the public.

The Abbé de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, was cunning, but also imprudent; he obtained at a cheap rate the honor of persecution.

The Abbé de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, proved himself in those days as eager to extol despotism as he now is to emerge from the obscurity to which he has happily been reduced by the constitutional government of the King.*

Bonaparte made use of the clergy, but he disliked priests. He had both philosophical and revolutionary prejudices against them. I do not know whether he was a deist or an atheist, but he habitually ridiculed everything connected with religion in familiar conversation; and, besides, he was taken up too much with the affairs of this world to concern himself with the next. I may venture to say, that the immortality of his name was to him of much greater importance than that of his soul. He had an antipathy to pious persons, and invariably accused them of hypocrisy. When the priesthood in Spain stirred up the people against him, when he met with opposition from the French Bishops which did them honor, when the Pope's cause was embraced by great numbers, he was quite confounded, and said more than once, "I thought men were more advanced than they really are."

The military household of the Emperor was numerous, but, except in times of war, its members had to discharge duties of a civil nature. Dreading the recollections of the field of battle, he distributed the various functions on another footing at the palace of the Tuileries. He made chamberlains of the generals, and subsequently he obliged them to wear embroidered uniforms, and to exchange their swords for court rapiers. This transformation was displeasing to many of them, but they had to submit, and, having been wolves, to become shepherds. There was, however, a good reason for this. A display of military renown would, to a certain extent, have eclipsed other classes whom it was necessary to conciliate; military manners were by this expedient refined perforce, and certain recalcitrant marshals lost some of their prestige while acquiring the polish of court man-

* I have already made sufficient mention of Cardinal Maury.

ners. They became, indeed, slightly ridiculous by this apprenticeship—a fact which Bonaparte knew how to turn to advantage.

I believe I may confidently state that the Emperor did not like any of his marshals. He frequently found fault with them, sometimes in very serious respects. He accused them all of covetousness, which he deliberately encouraged by his gifts. One day he passed them all in review before me. On Davoust he pronounced the verdict which I think I have already mentioned: "Davoust is a man on whom I may bestow glory; he will never know how to wear it." Of Marshal Ney he said: "He is ungrateful and factious. If I were destined to die by the hand of a marshal, I would lay a wager that hand would be his." I recollect that he said he regarded Moncey, Brune, Bessières, Victor, and Oudinot as men of middling abilities, who would never be more than titled soldiers. Masséna he looked upon as effete, but it was evident he had formerly been jealous of him. Soult sometimes gave him trouble; he was clever, rough, and vain, and he would argue with his master and dispute his conditions. Bonaparte could rule Augereau, who was rather unpolished in manner than obstinate. He was aware of Marmont's vanity, which he might wound with impunity, and of Macdonald's habitual ill humor. Lannes had been his comrade, and the Marshal would sometimes remind him of this: on such occasions he would be gently called to order. Bernadotte had more spirit than the others; he was continually complaining, and, indeed, he often had cause for complaint.

The way in which the Emperor curbed, rewarded, or snubbed with impunity men so proud and puffed up with military fame was very remarkable. Other writers can relate with what wonderful skill he made use of these men in war, and how he won fresh glory for himself by utilizing their fame, ever showing himself, in very truth, superior to all others.

I need not give the names of the chamberlains; the Im-

perial Almanac supplies them. By degrees their number became considerable. They were taken from all ranks and classes. Those who were most assiduous and least talkative got on best; their duties were troublesome and very tedious. In proportion as one's place was nearer to the Emperor, one's life became more burdensome. Persons who have had none but business relations with him can have no adequate idea of the unpleasantness of any that were closer; it was always easier to deal with his intellect than with his temper.

Nor shall I have much to relate concerning the ladies of the period. Bonaparte frequently said: "Women shall have no influence at my Court; they may dislike me, but I shall have peace and quietness." He kept his word. We were ornamental at the fêtes, and that was about all. Nevertheless, as it is the privilege of beauty never to be forgotten, some of the ladies-in-waiting deserve a passing notice here. In Mme. de Mottevelle's Memoirs, she pauses to describe the beauties of her time, and I must not pass over in silence those of our own.

At the head of the Empress's household was Mme. de la Rochefoucauld. She was short and deformed, not pretty, yet her face was not unattractive. Her large blue eyes, with black eyebrows, had a fine effect; she was lively, fearless, and a clever talker; a little satirical, but kind-hearted, and of a gay and independent spirit. She neither liked nor disliked any one at Court, lived on good terms with all, and looked at nothing very seriously. She considered she had done Bonaparte an honor by coming to his Court, and by dint of saying so she persuaded others of it, so that she was treated with consideration. She employed herself principally in repairing her shattered fortunes, obtaining several ambassadorships for her husband, and giving her daughter in marriage to the younger son of the princely house of Borghese. The Emperor thought her wanting in dignity, and he was right; but he was always embarrassed in her company, for he had no idea of the deference due to a woman,

and she would answer him sharply. The Empress, too, was rather afraid of her, for in her easy manner there was no little imperiousness. She remained faithful to old friends who held opposite opinions to her own, or rather to what we may suppose to have been her own, judging by the post she occupied at Court. She was daughter-in-law to the Duc de Liancourt, and she left the Court when the divorce took place. She died in Paris, under the Restoration.

Mme. de la Valette, the Mistress of the Robes, was daughter to the Marquis de Beauharnais. Her complexion had been slightly spoiled by small-pox, but she had a pleasing though expressionless face. Her gentleness almost amounted to inanity, and small vanities chiefly occupied her thoughts. Her mind was narrow, her conduct was correct. Her post was a complete sinecure, for Mme. Bonaparte allowed no one to interfere with her dress. In vain did the Emperor insist that Mme. de la Valette should make up accounts, regulate expenditure, and superintend purchases; he was obliged to yield, and to give up the idea of maintaining any order on these points, for Mme. de la Valette was incapable of defending the rights of her place in opposition to her aunt. She confined herself, therefore, to taking Mme. de la Rochefoucauld's duties when the latter absented herself on account of illness. Everybody knows what courage and energy misfortune and conjugal love subsequently developed in this young lady.

Chief among the Ladies of the Palace was Mme. de Luçay, who had held that position longest. In 1806 she was no longer young. She was a gentle and quiet person. Her husband was Prefect of the Palace; their daughter married the younger son of the Count de Ségur, and has since died.

I come next on the list, and I feel inclined to make a little sketch of my myself; I believe I can do this truthfully. I was twenty-three when I first came to Court; I was not pretty, yet not altogether devoid of attraction, and I looked well in full dress. My eyes were fine, my hair was black,

and I had good teeth; my nose and face were too large in proportion to my figure, which was good, but small. I had the reputation of being a clever woman, which was almost a reproach at Court. In point of fact, I lack neither wit nor sense, but my warmth of feeling and of thought leads me to speak and act impulsively, and makes me commit errors which a cooler, even though less wise, person would avoid.

I was often misinterpreted at Bonaparte's Court. I was lively, and was supposed to be scheming. I liked to be acquainted with persons of importance, and I was accused of being ambitious. I am too much devoted to persons and to causes which appear to me to have right on their side, to deserve the first accusation; and my faithfulness to friends in misfortune is a sufficient answer to the second. Mme. Bonaparte trusted me more than others, and thereby put me into a difficult position; people soon perceived this, and no one envied me the onerous distinction of her friendship. The preference which the Emperor at first showed me was a cause of greater jealousy. I reaped little benefit from his favor, but I was flattered by it and grateful for it; and, so long as I felt a regard for him, I sought to please him. When my eyes were opened, I drew back; dissimulation is absolutely opposed to my character. I came to Court too full of inquisitiveness. It seemed to me so curious a scene that I watched it closely, and asked many questions that I might fully understand it. It was often thought that I did this from design. In palaces no action is supposed to be without a motive; "*Cui bono?*" is said on every occasion.*

My impetuosity frequently brought me into trouble. Not that I acted altogether on impulse, but I was very young, very unaffected, because I had always been very happy; in nothing was I sufficiently sedate, and my qualities sometimes did me as much harm as my defects. But, amid all this, I have met

* I knew a man who always asked himself this question with great gravity, before deciding on the visits he should pay each evening.

with friends who loved me, and of whom, no matter how I may be circumstanced, I shall retain a loving recollection.

I soon began to suffer from disappointed hopes, betrayed affections, and mistaken beliefs. Moreover, my health failed, and I became tired of so arduous a life, and disenchanted both with men and things. I withdrew myself as far as possible, and found in my own home feelings and enjoyments that could not deceive. I loved my husband, my mother, my children, and my friends; I should have been unwilling to give up the peaceful pleasure I found in their society. I contrived to retain a kind of liberty amid the numerous trivial duties of my post. Lastly, when I approved of any one and when I ceased to do so, both states of mind too plainly showed. There could be no greater fault in the eyes of Bonaparte. He dreaded nothing in the world so much as that any one in his circle should use their critical faculty with regard to him.

Mme. de Canisy, a great-niece of M. de Brienne, the former Archbishop of Sens, was a beautiful woman when first she came to Court. She was tall and well made, with eyes and hair of raven-black, lovely teeth, an aquiline nose, and a rich brunette complexion.

Mme. Maret was a fine woman; her features were regular and handsome. She seemed to live on excellent terms with her husband, who imparted to her some of his own ambition. Seldom have I seen more unconcealed or more solicitous vanity in any one. She was jealous of every distinction, and tolerated superior rank in the Princesses only. Born in obscurity, she aimed at the highest distinctions. When the Emperor granted the title of countess to all the ladies-in-waiting, Mme. Maret felt annoyed at the equality it implied, and, obstinately refusing to bear it, she remained plain Mme. Maret until her husband obtained the title of Duc de Bassano. Mme. Savary and she were the most elegantly dressed women at Court. Their dress is said to have cost more than fifty thousand francs a year. Mme. Maret

thought that the Empress did not sufficiently distinguish her from the others; she therefore made common cause with the Bonapartes against her. She was feared and distrusted with some reason, for she repeated things which reached the ear of the Emperor through her husband, and did a great deal of harm. She and M. Maret would have liked people to pay regular court to them, and many persons lent themselves to this pretension. As I showed a decided objection to doing so, Mme. Maret took an aversion to me, and contrived to inflict many petty annoyances upon me.

Any one who chose to speak evil of others to Bonaparte was pretty sure of gaining his ear; for he was always credulous of evil. He disliked Mme. Maret; he even judged her too severely; nevertheless he chose to believe all stories that came to him through her. I believe her to have been one of the greatest sufferers by the fall of that great Imperial scaffolding which brought us all to the ground.

During the King's first residence in Paris, from 1814 to 1815, the Duc de Bassano was accused, on sufficient grounds, of having carried on a secret correspondence with the Emperor in the island of Elba, and kept him informed of the state of feeling in France, so that he was induced to believe he might once more offer himself to the French as their ruler. Napoleon returned, and his sudden arrival clashed with and thwarted the revolution which Fouché and Carnot were preparing. Then these two, being obliged to accept Bonaparte, compelled him to reign during the Hundred Days according to their own system. The Emperor wished to take M. Maret, whom he had so many reasons for trusting, back into his service; but Fouché and Carnot strongly objected to Maret, as a man of no ability and only capable of blind devotion to his master's interest. Some idea of the state of bondage in which the men of the Revolution kept the netted lion at this period may be gathered from the answer that Carnot ventured to make when the Emperor proposed putting M. Maret into the Government. "No,

certainly not; the French do not wish to see *two Blacas* in one year"—alluding to the Count de Blacas, whom the King had brought with him from England, and who had all the influence of a favorite.

On the second fall of Bonaparte, Maret and his wife hastened to leave Paris. M. Maret was exiled, and they repaired to Berlin. For the last few months Mme. Maret has been again in Paris, endeavoring to obtain the recall of her husband. It is not unlikely she may succeed, such is the kindness of the King.*

Pride of rank was not confined to Mme. Maret alone. Mme. Ney also possessed it. She was niece to Mme. Campan, first dresser to Marie Antoinette, and daughter of Mme. Augué, also one of the Queen's dressers, and she had been tolerably well educated. She was a mild, kind-hearted woman, but her head was a little turned by the honors to which she attained. She occasionally displayed a pretentiousness which, after all, was not inexcusable, for she based it on the great military renown of her husband, whose own pride was sufficiently self-asserting. Mme. Ney, afterward Duchesse d'Elchingen, and later Princesse de la Moskowa, was in reality a very good, quiet woman, incapable of speaking or doing evil, and perhaps as incapable of saying or doing anything good. She enjoyed the privileges of her rank to the full, especially in the society of inferiors. She was much aggrieved at the Restoration by certain differences in her position, and by the disdain of the ladies of the royal Court. She complained to her husband, and may have contributed not a little to irritate him against the new state of things, which, though not altogether ousting him, laid them both open to little daily humiliations, quite unintentionally on the part of the King. On the death of her husband she took up her abode in Italy with three or four sons. Her means were much smaller than might have been supposed, and she had acquired habits of great luxury. I have seen her start for a

* Written in June, 1819.

watering-place, taking with her a whole household, so as to be waited on according to her liking. She took a bedstead, articles of furniture, a service of traveling-plate made expressly for her, a train of *fourgons*, and a number of couriers; and she would affirm that the wife of a marshal of France could not travel otherwise. Her house was magnificently appointed; the purchase and furnishing cost eleven hundred thousand francs. Mme. Ney was tall and slight; her features were rather large, her eyes fine. Her expression was mild and pleasant, and her voice very sweet.

Mme. Lannes, afterward Duchesse de Montebello, was another of our beauties. There was something virginal in her face; her features were pure and regular, her skin was of a delicate fairness. She was a good wife and an excellent mother, and was always cold, reserved, and silent in society. The Emperor appointed her Lady of Honor to the Archduchess, who became passionately fond of her, and whom she completely governed. She accompanied the Archduchess on her return to Vienna, and then came back to Paris, where she now lives in retirement, entirely devoted to her children.

The number of the ladies-in-waiting became by degrees considerable, but, on the whole, there is little to be said about so many women, all playing so small a part. I have already spoken of Mmes. de Montmorency, de Mortemart, and de Chevreuse. There remains for me simply to name Mmes. de Talhouët, Lauriston, de Colbert, Marescot, etc. These were quiet, amiable persons, of ordinary appearance, no longer young. The same might be said of a number of Italians and Belgians who came to Paris for their two months of Court attendance, and who were all more or less silent and apparently out of their element. In general sufficient regard was paid to youth and beauty in the selection of the ladies-in-waiting; they were always placed with extreme care. Some of them lived in this Court silent and indifferent; others received its homages with more or less ease and pleasure. Everything was done quietly, be-

cause Bonaparte willed that such should be the case. He had prudish caprices at times either in regard to himself or others. He objected to any demonstrations of friendship or dislike. In a life that was so busy, so regulated and disciplined, there was not much chance for either the one or the other.

Among the persons of whom the Emperor had composed the various households of his family, there were also ladies of distinction; but at Court they were of still less importance than ourselves.

I am inclined to believe that life was rather dreary under his mother's roof. With Mme. Joseph Bonaparte it was simple and easy. Mme. Louis Bonaparte gathered about her her old school companions, and kept up with them, so far as lay in her power, the familiarity of their youth. At Mme. Murat's, although a trifle stiff and stilted, things were carefully regulated with order and discipline. Public opinion stigmatized the Princess Borghese; her conduct cast an unfortunate reflection upon the young and pretty women who formed her court.

It may not be useless to linger here for a little, to say a few words in regard to those persons who were at this time distinguished in literature and art, and to the works which appeared from the foundation of the Consulate up to this year, 1806. Among the former I find four of whom I can speak with some detail.*

Jacques Delille, whom we more generally know under the title of the Abbé de Delille, had seen the best years of his life pass away in the times which preceded our Revolution. He united to brilliant talents the charms of sweetness of temper and agreeable manners. He acquired the title of Abbé because in those days it conferred a certain rank; he dropped it after the Revolution to marry a woman of good family, commonplace, and by no means agreeable, but whose ministrations had become essential to him. Always received

* Jacques Delille, M. de Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Genlis.

in the best society of Paris, highly regarded by Queen Marie Antoinette, overwhelmed by kindnesses from the Comte d'Artois, he knew only the pleasant side of the life of a man of letters. He was petted and made much of; his grace and simplicity of soul were very remarkable; the magic of his diction was incomparable; when he recited verses every one was eager for the pleasure of hearing him. The bloody scenes of the Revolution appalled this young and tender nature; he emigrated, and met everywhere in Europe with a reception so warm that it consoled him for his exile. However, when Bonaparte had reëstablished order in France, M. Delille wished to return to his native land, and he came back to Paris with his wife. He had grown old and was nearly blind, but always delightful, and teeming with fine works which he meant to publish in his own country. Again did all literary people crowd about him, and Bonaparte himself made some advances. The professor's chair in which he had inculcated with so much talent the principles of French literature was restored to him, and pensions were offered him as the price of a few laudatory verses. But M. Delille, desiring to preserve the liberty of the recollections which attached him irrevocably to the house of Bourbon, withdrew to a retired part of the city, and thus escaped both caresses and offers. He gave himself up exclusively to work, and answered every one with his own lines from "L'Homme des Champs":

> "Auguste triomphant pour Virgile fut juste.
> J'imitai le poète, imitez-donc Auguste,
> Et laissez-moi sans nom, sans fortune, et sans fers,
> Rêver au bruit des eaux, de la lyre et des vers."*

If Bonaparte was offended by this resistance, he never showed it; esteem and general affection were the ægis which

* We had from him in the space of a few years translations of the "Æneid" and of "Paradise Lost," his own poem of "L'Homme des Champs," "L'Imagination," and others, and finally "La Pitié," which appeared only in boards by order of the police.

protected the amiable poet. He lived, therefore, a serene and tranquil life, and died too soon, since, with the sentiments he had preserved, he would have rejoiced at the return of the Princes whom he had never ceased to love.

In the times when Bonaparte was still only Consul, and when he amused himself in following up even less conspicuous persons, he took it into his head that he wished M. Delille to see him, hoping perhaps to gain him over, or at all events to dazzle him. Mme. Bacciochi was bidden to invite the poet to pass an evening at her house. Some few persons, of whom I was one, were also invited. The First Consul arrived with something of the air of Jupiter Tonans, for he was surrounded by a great number of aides, who stood in line and showed some surprise at seeing their General take so much trouble for this frail old gentleman in a black coat, who seemed, moreover, a little afraid of them all. Bonaparte, by way of doing something, took his seat at a card-table, and summoned me. I was the only woman in the *salon* whose name was not unknown to M. Delille, and I instantly understood that Bonaparte had selected me as the connecting link between the poet's time and that of the Consul. I endeavored to establish a certain harmony between them. Bonaparte consented to the conversation being literary, and at first our poet seemed not insensible to the courtesy extended him. Both men became animated, but each in his own way; and I very soon realized that neither the one nor the other produced the effect he desired and intended. Bonaparte liked to talk; M. Delille was loquacious and told long stories; they interrupted each other constantly; they did not listen, and never replied; they were both accustomed to praise; they each felt a conviction before many minutes had expired that they were not making a good impression on each other, and ended by separating with some fatigue, and perhaps discontented. After this evening M. Delille said that the Consul's conversation *smelled of gun-powder;* Bonaparte declared that the old poet *was in his dotage.*

I know very little in regard to M. de Chateaubriand's youth. Having emigrated with his family, he knew in England M. de Fontanes, who saw his first manuscript, and encouraged him in his intention of writing. On his return to France they kept up their relations, and I believe Chateaubriand was presented by M. de Fontanes to the First Consul. Having published the "Génie du Christianisme" at the time of the Concordat of 1801, he concluded that he had best dedicate his work to the *restorer of religion*. He was by no means wealthy; his tastes, his somewhat disorderly character, his ambition, which was boundless though vague, and his excessive vanity, all inspired him with the desire as well as the need of attaching himself to something. I do not know under what title he was employed on a mission to Rome. He conducted himself there imprudently, and wounded Bonaparte. The ill humor that he had caused and his indignation at the death of the Duc d'Enghien embroiled them completely. M. de Chateaubriand, on his return to Paris, saw himself surrounded by women who greeted and exalted him as if he had been a victim; he eagerly embraced the opinions to which he has since adhered. It was not in his nature to wish to seclude himself, or to be forgotten by the world. He was put under surveillance, which gratified his vanity. Those who claim to know him intimately say that if Bonaparte, instead of having him watched, had simply shown a more profound consciousness of his merits, Chateaubriand would have been completely won over. The author would not have been insensible to praise coming from so high a source. I repeat this opinion without asserting that it was well founded. I know, however, that it was also that of the Emperor, who said very openly, "The difficulty I have is not on the score of buying M. de Chateaubriand, but as regards paying him the price he sets upon himself." However this may be, he kept himself aloof, and frequented only the circles of the opposition. His journey to the Holy Land caused him to be forgotten for some time;

he suddenly reappeared, and published "Les Martyrs." The religious ideas found in every page of his works, set off with the coloring of his brilliant talents, formed of his admirers a sort of sect, and raised up enemies among the philosophical writers. The newspapers both praised and attacked him, and a controversy arose in regard to him, sometimes very bitter, which the Emperor favored, "because," he said, "this controversy occupies fine society."

At the time of the appearance of "Les Martyrs" a kind of Royalist conspiracy broke out in Brittany. One of M. de Chateaubriand's cousins, who was found to be involved in it, was taken to Paris, tried, and condemned to death. I was connected with some of Chateaubriand's intimate friends; they brought him to me, and joined him in begging me to solicit, through the Empress, mercy for his relative. I asked him to give me a letter to the Emperor; he refused, and seemed to feel the greatest repugnance to such a step, but consented to write to Mme. Bonaparte. He gave me at the same time a copy of "Les Martyrs," hoping that Bonaparte would look it over, and that it would soften him toward the author. As I was by no means sure that this would be enough to appease the Emperor, I advised M. de Chateaubriand to try several methods at the same time.

"You are a relative," I said, "of M. de Malesherbes, whose name may always be uttered with the certainty of obtaining respect and consideration.* Let us now endeavor to make it of use, and name him when you write to the Empress."

M. de Chateaubriand surprised me greatly by rejecting this advice. He allowed me to see that his vanity would be wounded if he did not personally obtain that for which he asked. His pride of authorship was clearly his strongest feeling, and he wished to influence the Emperor in that capacity. He consequently did not write precisely what I

* Bonaparte returned to Mme. Montboissier, an *émigrée*, a portion of her estates, because she was the daughter of M. de Malesherbes.

would have desired. I, however, took his letter, and did my best in addition. I even spoke to the Emperor, and seized upon a favorable moment to read to him some pages of "Les Martyrs." Finally, I mentioned M. de Malesherbes.

"You are a skillful advocate," said the Emperor, "but you do not comprehend the affair. It is necessary for me to make an example in Brittany; it will fall upon a man of very little interest, for this relation of M. de Chateaubriand has a mediocre reputation. I know that his cousin cares not one sou for him, and this fact is proved to me by the very things he has compelled you to do. He has had the childishness not to write to me; his letter to the Empress is stiff and even haughty in tone. He would like to impress me with the importance of his talents; I answer him with that of *my policy*, and in all conscience this ought not to humiliate him. I have need of an example in Brittany to avoid a crowd of petty political prosecutions. This will give M. de Chateaubriand an opportunity of writing some pathetic pages, which he will read aloud in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The fine ladies will weep, and you will see that this will console him!"

It was impossible to shake a determination expressed in this way. All means that the Empress and I attempted were useless, and the sentence was executed. That same day I received a note from M. de Chateaubriand, which in spite of myself recalled Bonaparte's words. He wrote to me that he had thought it his duty to be present at the death of his relative, and that he had shuddered afterward on seeing dogs lap up the blood. The whole note was written in a similar tone. I had been touched, but this revolted me. I do not know whether it was he or myself that was in fault. A few days later M. de Chateaubriand, dressed in full mourning, did not appear much afflicted, but his irritation against the Emperor was greatly augmented.

This event brought me into connection with him. His works pleased me, but his presence disturbed my liking for

them. He was, and is still, much spoiled by society, particularly by women. He places his associates in a most embarrassing position at times, because one sees immediately that one has nothing to teach him as to his own value. He invariably takes the first place, and, making himself comfortable there, becomes extremely amiable. But his conversation, which displays a vivid imagination, exhibits also a certain hardness of heart, and a selfishness that is but ill concealed. His works are religious, and indicate none but the noblest sentiments. He is in earnest when he writes, but he lacks gravity in his bearing. His face is handsome, his form somewhat awry, and he is careful and even affected in his toilet. It would seem that he prefers in love that which is generally known as *les bonnes fortunes.* It is plain that he prefers to have disciples rather than friends. In fine, I conclude from all that I have seen that it is better to read him than to know him. Later on, I will narrate what took place in regard to the decennial prizes.

I have hardly seen Mme. de Staël, but I have been surrounded by persons who have known her well. My mother and some of my relatives were intimate with her in their youth, and have told me that in her earliest years she displayed a character which promised to carry her beyond the restraints of nearly all social customs. At the age of fifteen she enjoyed the most abstract reading and the most impassioned works. The famous Franclieu of Geneva, finding her one day with a volume of J. J. Rousseau in her hand, and surrounded by books of all kinds, said to her mother, Mme. Necker: "Take care; you will make your daughter a lunatic or a fool." This severe judgment was not realized, and yet it is impossible not to feel that there was something very odd, something that looked like mental alienation, in the manner in which Mme. de Staël acted her part as a woman in the world. Surrounded in her father's house by a circle consisting of all the men in the city who were in any way distinguished, excited by the conversations that she heard as

well as by her own nature, her intellectual faculties were perhaps developed to excess. She then acquired the taste for controversy which she has since practiced so much, and in which she has shown herself so piquante and so distinguished. She was animated even to agitation, perfectly true and natural, felt with force, and expressed herself with fire. Harassed by an imagination which consumed her, too eager for notoriety and success, hampered by those laws of society which keep women within narrow bounds, she braved everything, conquered everything, and suffered much from this stormy contest between the demon that pushed her on and the social proprieties which could not restrain her.

She had the misfortune to be excessively plain, and to be miserable on that account; for it seemed as if she felt within herself a craving for successes of all kinds. With a passably pretty face, she would probably have been happier, because she would have been calmer. Her nature was too passionate for her not to love strongly, and her imagination too vivid for her not to think that she loved often. The celebrity she acquired naturally brought to her much homage, by which her vanity was gratified. Although she had great kindness of heart, she excited both hatred and envy; she startled women, and she wounded many men whose superior she thought herself. Some of her friends, however, were always faithful, and her own loyalty to friendship never failed.

When Bonaparte was made Consul, Mme. de Staël had already become famous through her opinions, her conduct, and her works. A personage like Bonaparte excited the curiosity, and at first even the enthusiasm, of a woman who was always awake to all that was remarkable. She became deeply interested in him—sought him, pursued him everywhere. She believed that the happy combination of so many distinguished qualities and of so many favorable circumstances might be turned to the profit of her idol, Liberty; but she quickly startled Bonaparte, who did not wish to be either watched or divined. Mme. de Staël, after mak-

ing him uneasy, displeased him. He received her advances coldly, and disconcerted her by his bluntness and sharp words. He offended many of her opinions; a certain distrust grew up between them, and, as they were both high-tempered, this distrust was not long in changing to hatred.

When in Paris, Mme. de Staël received many people, and all political subjects were freely discussed under her roof. Louis Bonaparte, then very young, visited her sometimes and enjoyed her conversation. His brother became uneasy at this, and forbade his frequenting the house, and even went so far as to have him watched. Men of letters, publicists, men of the Revolution, great lords, were all to be met there.

"This woman," said the First Consul, "teaches people to think who never thought before, or who had forgotten how to think." And there was much truth in this. The publication of certain works by M. Necker put the finishing touch to his irritation: he banished Mme. de Staël from France, and did himself great harm by this act of arbitrary persecution. In addition to this, as nothing excites one like a first injustice, he even pursued those persons who believed it their duty to show her kindness in her exile. Her works, with the exception of her novels, were mutilated before their appearance in France; all the journals were ordered to speak ill of them; no generosity was shown her. When she was driven from her own land, foreign countries welcomed her warmly. Her talents fortified her against the annoyances of her life, and raised her to a height which many men might well have envied. If Mme. de Staël had known how to add to her goodness of heart and to her brilliant genius the advantages of a calm and quiet life, she would have avoided the greater part of her misfortunes, and seized while living the distinguished rank which will not long be refused her among the writers of her century. Her works indicate rapid and keen insight, and a warmth that comes from her soul. They are characterized by an imagination that is almost too vivid, but she lacks clearness and good taste. In

reading her writings one sees at once that they are the results of an excitable nature, rebelling under order and regularity. Her life was not exactly that of a woman, nor could it be that of a man; it was utterly deficient in repose—a deprivation without remedy for happiness, and even for talent.

After the first restoration, Mme. de Staël returned to France, overwhelmed with joy at being once more in her own land, and at seeing the dawn of the constitutional *régime* for which she had so ardently longed. Bonaparte's return struck terror to her soul. Again she resumed her wanderings, but her exile this time lasted only *a hundred days.* She reappeared with the King. She was very happy. She had married her daughter to the Duc de Broglie, who unites to the distinction of his name a noble and elevated nature; the liberation of France satisfied her, her friends were near her, and the world crowded about her. This was the time when death claimed her, at the age of fifty.* The last work on which she was engaged, and which she had not completed, was published after her death; this has made her thoroughly known to us.† This work not only paints the times in which she lived, but gives a clear and exact idea of the century which gave her birth—which alone could have developed her, and of which she is not one of the least results.

I occasionally heard Bonaparte speak of Mme. de Staël. The hatred he bore her was unquestionably founded in some degree upon that jealousy with which he was inspired by any superiority which he could not control; and his words were often characterized by a bitterness which elevated her in spite of himself, and lowered him in the estimation of those who, in the full possession of their reasoning faculties, listened to him.

While Mme. de Staël could complain with so much justice of the persecution to which she was subjected, there was another woman, much her inferior and far less celebrated,

* In 1817.

† "Considérations sur la Révolution Française."—P. R.

who had had reason to rejoice in the protection accorded to her by the Emperor. This was Mme. de Genlis. He never found in her either talents or opinions in opposition to his own. She had loved and glorified the Revolution, and well understood how to profit by all its liberties. In her old age she became both a prude and a *dévote.* She attached herself to order and discipline, and for this reason, or under this pretext, manifested a profound admiration for Bonaparte, by which he was much flattered; he bestowed a pension upon her, and instituted a sort of correspondence with her, in the course of which she kept him informed of all that she felt would be useful to him, and taught him much regarding the ancient *régime* which he wished to know. She loved and protected M. Fiévée, then a very young writer; she drew him into this correspondence, and it was in this way that between himself and Bonaparte were established those relations of which Fiévée subsequently boasted so much. Although flattered by the admiration of Mme. de Genlis, Bonaparte understood her thoroughly. He once expressed himself openly in my presence in regard to her. He was speaking of that prudery which permeates all her works. "When Mme. de Genlis," he said, "wishes to define virtue, she speaks of it as of a discovery!"

The Restoration did not reëstablish relations between Mme. de Genlis and the house of Orleans. The Duke of Orleans did not choose to see her more than once, but contented himself with continuing the pension allowed her by the Emperor.

These two women were not the only ones who wrote and published their works under Bonaparte's rule. Of the others I will mention only a few, at the head of whom I will place Mme. Cottin, so distinguished for the warmth of an impassioned imagination which communicated itself to her style, and Mme. de Flahault, who married at the beginning of this century M. de Souza, then Ambassador from Portugal, and who wrote some very pretty novels. There were others still

whose names are to be found in the newspapers of that day. Novels have multiplied greatly in France in the last thirty years, and merely by reading these one has a very clear idea of the progress of the French mind since the Revolution. The disorder of the first years of this Revolution turned the mind from all those pleasures which only interest when in repose. Young people generally were but half educated; the differences of parties destroyed public opinion. At the time when that great regulator had entirely disappeared, mediocrity could show itself without fear. All sorts of attempts were made in literature, and imaginative works, always easiest when most fantastic, were published with impunity. People, with their minds heated by the rapidity of events, yielded to a kind of excitement and enthusiasm which found a field in the invention of fables and in the style of our romances. Liberty alone, which men did not enjoy, can develop with grandeur those emotions which our great political storms had aroused. But in all times and under all governments women can write and talk of love, and works of this kind met with general approval. There was little or none of Mme. de la Fayette's elegance, nor of Mme. Riccoboni's delicate, refined wit; nor did they amuse themselves by describing the usages of courts, the habits of a state of society now nearly passed away; but they represented powerful scenes of passion and human nature in trying positions. The heart was often unveiled in these animated fables, and some men even, in order to give variety to their sensations, engaged in this style of composition.

After all, there is some truth and nature in the tone of the works published since the epoch of which we speak. Even in the romances, the enthusiasm is rather too strong than too affected, and, generally speaking, they are not perverted by a false taste. The wild errors of our Revolution upheaved French society, and later this society was unable to recreate itself on the same erroneous foundation. Each of the individuals who composed it was not only displaced, but

was even entirely changed. Merely conventional customs have by degrees disappeared, and in all the relations of life the difference has been felt. Discourses written and spoken are no longer the same, nor are pictures. We have come to seek stronger sensations and emotions that are more real, because sorrow has developed the habit of keener feeling. Bonaparte caused nothing to move backward, but he restrained everything. The return of order to the Government brought back also what M. de Fontanes called *les bonnes lettres.* It now began to be felt that good taste, discretion, and moderation should count for something in the works of talent. If the good genius of France had permitted Bonaparte to bestow upon us some shadow of liberty at the same time that he brought us repose, it is probable that the recollections of a stormy period, combined with the comfort of a more settled state of things, would have led to more important productions. But the Emperor, desiring that all should turn to his advantage alone, while at the same time making enormous efforts to attach to his reign all celebrities, so hampered their minds and marked them with the seal of his despotism that he virtually interdicted all hearty efforts. The greater number of writers exhausted their inventive genius in varying the prescribed and well-recompensed praise. No political works were sanctioned, and in all imaginary creations every doubtful application was avoided with the utmost care. Comedy dared not depict the manners of the day. Tragedy only ventured to represent certain heroes. There was so much in the Emperor that could honestly be praised, that conscience was appeased; but true invention, repressed, soon becomes extinct.

Meanwhile time and progress, combined with the habitual good taste of France, which had such examples in the past, all had their effect. All that was produced had a certain amount of elegance, and those who engaged in authorship wrote more or less well. A prudent mediocrity was the order of the day. The first quality of genius is strength of

thought, and when thought is restrained one limits one's self to the perfecting of one's diction. One can only conscientiously do the best that is permitted. And this explains the sameness of the works of the beginning of this century. But nowadays the liberty we have gained extends in all directions, and we have bequeathed to our children the habit of perfecting the details of execution, with the hope that they will enrich these details by their genius.

I have previously said that, while strength of expression was forbidden us, we were at least allowed to be natural; and this quality certainly makes itself felt in the greater number of the literary productions of our time. The stage, which was afraid to present the vices and the follies of each class, because all classes were recreated by Bonaparte, and it was necessary to respect his work, disembarrassed itself of the affectation and cant which preceded the Revolution. At the head of our comic authors Picard must be placed—Picard, who has so often, with so much originality and gayety, given us an idea of the manners and customs of Paris under the government of the Directory. After his name come those of Duval and several authors of comic opera.

We have seen the birth and death of many distinguished poets: Legouvé, who was made known to us by "La Mort d'Abel," which he followed by "La Mort d'Henri IV.," and who wrote fine fugitive poems; Arnault, author of "Marius à Minturnes"; Raynouard, who made a great success in "Les Templières"; Lemercier, who appeared before the public first with his "Agamemnon," the best of his works; Chénier, whose talents bore too revolutionary an imprint, but who had a strong perception of the tragic. Then follow a whole crowd of poets,* all more or less pupils of M. Delille, and who, having acquired from him the art of rhyming elegantly, celebrated the charms of the country and simple pleasures and repose to the sound of Bonaparte's cannon echoing all

* Such as Esménard, Parseval-Grandmaison, Luce de Lancival, Campenon, Michaud, etc.

through Europe. I will not enter on this long list, which may be found anywhere. There were excellent translations made. Very little history was written; the time had come when it was necessary to use a forcible pen in writing it, and no one was prepared to use such a pen.

Every one had fortunately become disgusted with the light and mocking tone of the philosophy of the last century, which, overthrowing all belief by the aid of ridicule, blighted and tarnished all that was best in life, and made of irreligion a jest and an intolerant dogma. Sorrowful experience had begun to teach the value of religious faith. Men were insensibly drawn into a better path, and followed it, though slowly.*

* This is what my father thought in regard to this chapter of literary history: "The opinions of my mother on literature and art may seem to be a little incoherent. It is just on these points that the lingering *prejudices* (if I may venture to use this word) imparted by her education still appear. She had a strong admiration for Louis XIV., with political aspirations which would have been senseless if the government of Louis XIV. had been a model government. She herself preferred the cold, dispassionate literature of that reign, and thought she saw little beauty in any other style. At the same time, when her classic conscience was not aroused, it was the natural and unexpected that she enjoyed. She had when young preferred Rousseau to all others. As soon as the horizon of politics opened before her, she became enthusiastic over Mme. de Staël. The novelty of Chateaubriand's style enchanted her. She watched the dawn of the Romantic epoch. She was carried away by Walter Scott's romances, by Byron's 'Childe Harold' and 'Parisina,' and by Schiller's tragedies. In spite of all this, she always seemed to think that the literature of the Revolution was irregular, and rejoiced at the return under the Empire of a correct style and careful composition, and maintained, moreover, that she had done her part toward the restoration of a higher standard for literature and art.

"What she has said of Chateaubriand is a little hard. She does not say enough of the strong admiration she felt for his talent. It is true that the part he played and his writings from 1815 to 1820 displeased her greatly; and, as his character had never been agreeable to her, she allowed herself to judge him with some severity. She had at intervals invited him to her house during the Empire, and wished that he should seem to appreciate her. It is nevertheless true that his hard, dry manner did not please her, and this manner he never laid aside except to adopt a certain mocking *laisser-aller*—a Voltairean indifferent way of talking. This style he never adopted in her presence. It was under this last unceremonious aspect that many persons knew him, however, and par-

Art, which stands not in so much need of liberty as letters, had not stood altogether still. It had made some progress, but at the same time it had suffered from the general restraint. Among our most famous painters was David, who most unfortunately marred his reputation by abandoning himself to the most disgusting errors of the Revolutionary madness. After refusing in 1792 to paint Louis XVI., because he said he did not choose that his brush should delineate a tyrant's features, he submitted with a very good grace to Bonaparte, and represented him in all ways. Then came Gérard, who painted so many historical portraits, an immortal "Battle of Austerlitz," and not long since an "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," which stirred every French heart; Girodet, so admirable for the purity of his drawing and the boldness of his conceptions; Gros, an eminently dramatic artist; Guérin, whose brush stirs the souls of all who can feel; Isabey, so clever and so delicate in his miniatures; and a crowd of others of all kinds. The Emperor patronized and protected all. Everything was reproduced by the brush and the palette and money was lavished

ticularly Molé, who was to a certain extent intimate with him. In that circle which may be called the society of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Chateaubriand was judged very severely.

"My mother had lived entirely out of Mme. de Staël's circle, and felt against her all the prejudices which were the natural result of her education and social position. She heard people speak of her, more especially M. de Talleyrand, who laughed at her, than which nothing could have done her more harm. As our impressions are much less independent of our opinions than we could wish, those of my mother at first prevented her from feeling with sufficient force all Mme. de Staël's wit and talent. It was not so much that she did not like 'Corinne' and 'Delphine,' but she was afraid to like them; and it was only with many scruples and restrictions that she allowed herself to admire in her youth those works which betrayed the influence of philosophy or of the Revolution. All this was changed in 1818; but there are nevertheless marked traces of the past in the manner in which my mother sat in judgment on the person of Mme. de Staël, as well as on her literary works. I can not restrain a smile when I see her speak of *repose* as one of the conditions of talent. This was an idea of the seventeenth century, or rather of the manner in which the *rhéteurs* of those times compelled us to judge the seventeenth century."—P. R.

on these artists. The Revolution had placed them in society, where they occupied an agreeable and often very useful position. They guided the development of luxury, and at the same time drew largely on the poetic and picturesque incidents of our Revolution and of the Imperial reign. Bonaparte was able indeed to chill the expression of strong thoughts; but he kindled men's imaginations, and that is enough for most poets and for all painters.

The progress of science was not interrupted, for it was useful to the Government and awakened no distrust. The Institute of France numbers many distinguished men. Bonaparte courted them all, and enriched some. He even bestowed some of his new dignities upon them. He summoned them to his Senate. It seems to me that this was an honor to that body, and that the idea was not without grandeur. *Savants* under his rule have been more independent than any other classes. Lagrange, whom Bonaparte made Senator, held himself aloof; but Laplace, Lacépède, Monge, Berthollet, Cuvier, and some others accepted his favors eagerly, and repaid them with unfailing admiration.

I can not conscientiously close this chapter without mentioning the great number of musicians who did honor to their profession. Music has attained to high perfection in France. Bonaparte had an especial liking for the Italian school. The expenditures he made in transplanting it to France were very useful to us, although he allowed his own caprices to govern him in the distribution of his favors. For example, he always repelled Cherubini, because that composer, displeased on one occasion by a criticism made by Bonaparte when he was only a general, had answered him somewhat rudely that "a man might be skillful enough on a battle-field and yet know nothing of harmony." He took a fancy to Lesueur,* and lost his temper at the time of the award of the decennial prizes because the Institute did not proclaim this musician worthy of the prize. But as a general thing

* Author of the operas of "Les Bardes" and "Trajan."

he did his best to advance this art. I saw him receive at Malmaison old M. Grétry, and treat him with remarkable distinction. Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Lesueur, Spontini, and others still were distinguished under the Empire, and received recompenses for their works.*

In like manner actors met with great favor. All that I have said of the tendency of our authors may apply with equal truth to the drama. The natural has acquired a great influence on our stage since the Revolution. Good taste has proscribed pompous gravity in tragedy and affectation in comedy. Talma and Mlle. Mars have done much toward strengthening the alliance between art and nature. Ease united to vigor has been introduced in dancing. In short, it may be said that simplicity, elegance, and harmony now characterize French taste, and that all the shams of phantasy and conventionality have disappeared.

* It is much to be regretted that my grandmother, who was a good musician and composed some pretty songs, did not more fully express her judgment of the musicians of her day. As to the Emperor, I find in his correspondence several interesting letters on this subject. Here they are:

"BOLOGNA, *June* 23, 1805.

"M. FOUCHÉ: I beg that you will let me know what this piece is, called 'Don Juan,' that they wish to give at the Opéra, and for which I am asked to authorize the expense. I wish to know your opinion on this piece as regards the view the public are likely to take of it."

"LUDWIGSBURG, *October* 4, 1805.

"MY BROTHER: I leave to-night. Events will soon become daily more interesting. You must at once put in the 'Moniteur' that the Emperor is well, and that on the 4th of October he was still at Ludwigsburg, and that the junction of the army with the Bavarians is accomplished. I yesterday heard at the theatre of this court the German opera of 'Don Juan.' I imagine that the music of this opera is the same as that given in Paris. It strikes me as being very good."

The same day he wrote to the Minister of the Interior:

"M. CHAMPAGNY: I am here at the Court of Würtemberg, and, in spite of the fact that the war is going on, I heard yesterday some excellent music. German singing seems to me a trifle odd. Is the reserve on the march? Where is the conscription of 1805?"—P. R.

CHAPTER XX.

(1806.)

Senatus-Consultum of the 30th of March—Foundation of Monarchies and Duchies —Queen Hortense.

On the suggestion of M. Portalis, the Minister of Public Worship, the Emperor issued a decree appointing his birthday to be kept on the Feast of the Assumption, the 15th of August, which was also the anniversary of the conclusion of the Concordat. The first Sunday of each December was also set apart as a holiday, in commemoration of Austerlitz.

On the 30th of March there was an important session of the Senate, which gave rise to much and various comment. The Emperor communicated to the Senators a long list of decrees, which were destined to affect Europe from one end to the other. It will not be amiss to give some details of these, as well as an extract from the speech of Cambacérès, the Arch-Chancellor, which affords an example of the obsequious skill with which the sudden resolves of a master who kept all things, even men's minds, in unceasing ferment, could be clothed in specious phrases.

"Gentlemen," said Cambacérès, "at the time when France, animated by the same spirit as ourselves, secured alike her happiness and her glory by an oath of obedience to our august sovereign, you foresaw in your wisdom the necessity of coördinating the system of hereditary government in all its parts, and likewise of strengthening it by institutions analogous to its nature.

"Your wishes have been partly fulfilled; they will be still further accomplished by the various enactments which his Majesty the Emperor and King orders me to lay before you. You will receive with gratitude these fresh proofs of his confidence in the Senate, and his love for the people, and you will hasten, in conformity with his Majesty's intention, to inscribe them on your registers.

"The first of these decrees is a statute to regulate all things relating to the civil status of the Imperial family, and it also defines the duties of the princes and princesses toward the Emperor.

"The second decree unites the states of Venice to the kingdom of Italy.

"The third confers the throne of Naples on Prince Joseph." (Here follows an elaborate panegyric of the virtues of the new King, and of the measure, by which he retains the title of Grand Dignitary of the Empire.)

"The fourth contains the cession of the duchy of Cleves and the duchy of Berg to Prince Murat." (Similar panegyric.)

"The fifth bestows the principality of Guastalla on the Princess Borghese and her husband." (Praises of both.)

"The sixth transfers to Marshal Berthier the principality of Neufchâtel." * (He is complimented like the rest. This touching proof of the solicitude of the Emperor for his companion in arms, for his brave and intelligent fellow soldier,

* In the following terms, alike familiar and unkind, the Emperor informs Marshal Berthier of the new favors he bestowed on him: "MALMAISON, *April* 1, 1806.—I send you the 'Moniteur.' You will see what I am doing for you. I make but one condition: it is that you should marry; and this must also be a condition of my friendship for you. Your infatuation has lasted long enough; it has become absurd; and I have the right to expect that you, whom I have called my *companion in arms*, and whom posterity will always place at my side, shall no longer remain enslaved by such a weakness. You must therefore marry, or I will see you no more. You are fifty; but you come of a family who live to eighty, and these thirty years are precisely those in which the comforts of home life will be most necessary to you."—P. R.

will not fail to touch every loyal heart, and to gladden every loyal spirit.)

"The seventh erects in the states of Parma and Piacenza three great titles, which will be suitably supported by considerable sums to be raised in those states by order of his Majesty.

"By similar provisions, contained in decrees relating to the states of Venice, the kingdom of Naples, and the principality of Lucca, his Majesty has created rewards worthy of himself for several of his subjects who have performed great services in war, or who, in the discharge of important functions, have contributed in a signal manner to the welfare of the state. These dignities and titles become the property of those invested with them, and will descend in the male line to their legitimate heirs. This grand conception, while it proclaims to Europe the price attached by his Majesty to acts of valor in his soldiers, and to faithfulness in those employed by him in important affairs, is also of political advantage. The brilliant position of eminent men gives to their example and their counsels an influence with the people which a monarch may sometimes substitute, with advantage, for the authority of public officials. At the same time, such men are intercessors between the people and the throne."

It must be admitted that a good deal of progress had been made since the still recent time when the decrees of the Government were dated "Year 14 of the Republic."

"It is, therefore, on these bases that the Emperor wishes to build the great political system with the idea of which Providence has inspired him, and by which he increases the love and admiration for his person which you share with all the French nation."

After this speech, the various decrees were read aloud. The following are the most important articles:

By the decree regulating the civil status of the Imperial family, the princes and princesses could not marry without the consent of the Emperor. Children born of a marriage

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contracted without his consent would have no claim to the privileges which in certain countries attach to morganatic marriages.

Divorce was forbidden to the Imperial family, but separation, if authorized by the Emperor, was allowed.

The guardians of Imperial children were to be named by him.

Members of the Imperial family could not adopt children without his permission.

The Arch-Chancellor of the Empire was to fulfill toward the Imperial family all the functions assigned by law to the officers of the civil status. A Secretary for the status of the Imperial family was to be chosen among the Ministers or from among the State councilors.*

The ceremonial for marriages and births was arranged.

The Arch-Chancellor was to receive the will of the Emperor, as dictated by him to the Secretary of the Imperial Family, in presence of two witnesses. The will was to be placed in the keeping of the Senate.

The Emperor was to regulate everything concerning the education of the princes and princesses of his family, appointing or removing those who had it in charge. All princes born in the order of succession were to be brought up together in a palace not more than twenty leagues from the residence of the Emperor.

The education of the princes was to begin at the age of seven, and end at that of sixteen. Children of certain persons distinguished by their services might be admitted by the Emperor to share in the advantages of this education.

If a prince in the order of succession should ascend a foreign throne, he would be bound, on his sons attaining the age of seven, to send them to the aforesaid palace.

The princes and princesses could not leave France, nor remove beyond a radius of thirty leagues, without permission of the Emperor.

* This was State Councilor Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely.

If a member of the Imperial family were to misconduct himself, forgetting his high position and his duties, the Emperor might, for a space of time not exceeding one year, place him under arrest, forbid him his presence, or send him into exile. He might forbid any intercourse between members of his family and persons who seemed to him of doubtful character. In serious cases, he might order two years' seclusion in a state prison. This was to be done in the presence of the Arch-Chancellor and of a family council presided over by himself; the Secretary of the Imperial Family to be in attendance.

The great dignitaries and the dukes of the Empire were subject to the provisions of these latter articles.

After this first decree came the following:

"We have established and we establish as duchies and great fiefs of our Empire the provinces hereinafter to be named:

Dalmatia,	Tréviso,
Istria,	Feltre,
Friuli,	Bassano,
Cadore,	Vicenza,
Belluno,	Padua,
Conegliano,	Rovigo.

"We reserve to ourselves the investiture of the said fiefs, to descend in succession to male issue. In the event of extinction, the said fiefs shall revert to the Imperial Crown.

"It is our intention that a fifteenth part of the revenue that our kingdom of Italy draws, or may draw, from the said provinces shall be an appanage to the said fiefs, and be possessed by those whom we shall have invested with them. We reserve to ourselves for the same purpose the disposal of thirty millions of francs from national property situate in the said provinces. *Le Mont Napoléon* * shall be charged with twelve hundred thousand francs as Government annuities, in

* *Le Mont Napoléon* was a creation of Government stock for Italy.

favor of those generals, officers, and soldiers who have done good service to the country and to our Crown, but on the express condition that they shall not alienate the same within ten years, without our permission.

"Until the kingdom of Italy shall have an army, we grant to the said kingdom a French contingent, to be maintained by our Imperial Treasury. To this end, our Royal Treasury of Italy shall pay monthly to our Imperial Treasury the sum of two million five hundred thousand francs during the time that our army shall sojourn in Italy, that is, during six years. The heir presumptive of Italy shall be entitled Prince of Venice.

"The tranquillity of Europe requires that we should secure the safety of the peoples of Naples and Sicily, who have fallen into our power by the right of conquest, and who are part of the Grand Empire; we therefore declare our brother Joseph Napoleon, Grand Elector of France, King of Naples and Sicily. The crown shall be hereditary in the male line; failing this, we appoint it to our own legitimate children in the male line, and failing these, to the children of our brother Louis Napoleon;* reserving to ourselves, in the event of our brother Joseph's dying without male children, the right of naming as successor to the said crown a prince of our own family, or an adopted son, according as we may deem it desirable in the interests of our people, and of that great system which Divine Providence has destined us to found.

"Six great fiefs are established in the said kingdom, with the title of duchy, and the same prerogatives as the others, to be in perpetuity appointed by us and our successors.

"We reserve to ourselves a revenue of one million on the kingdom of Naples, for distribution among the generals, officers, and privates of our army, on the same conditions as those set forth in the case of *le Mont Napoléon*.

* Bonaparte had made all his brothers take the name of Napoleon.

"The King of Naples shall be in perpetuity a grand dignitary of the Empire, we reserving to ourselves the right of creating him a Prince instead of Grand Elector.

"We declare that the crown of Naples, which we place on the head of Prince Joseph and his heirs, shall in no way bar their right to the succession to the throne of France.* But it is our will also that the crowns of France, Italy, and Naples and Sicily shall never be united on the same head.

"We give the duchies of Cleves and of Berg to our brother-in-law Prince Joachim, and to his heirs male; failing whom, they shall devolve on our brother Joseph, and if he have no male issue, on our brother Louis; but they are never to be united to the crown of France. The Duke of Cleves and Berg will continue to be Grand Admiral, and we shall have power to create a Vice-Admiral."

Lastly, the principality of Guastalla was bestowed on Princess Borghese. The Prince was to bear the title of Prince of Guastalla. Should they have no issue, the Emperor was to dispose of the principality at his pleasure. The same conditions were to hold good in the case of the principality of Neufchâtel.†

The principality of Lucca was augmented by the addition of some lands detached from the kingdom of Italy, and in return was to pay an annual sum of two hundred thousand francs,‡ which was likewise destined for military rewards. A portion of the national property situate in the duchies of Parma and Piacenza was reserved for the same object.

I have deemed it well to give almost the entire text of the different decrees which seem to me to call for comment. This act of Bonaparte's revealed to some extent the preponderance which he intended to give the French Empire over

* Joseph Bonaparte had insisted on the insertion of this article.

† Oudinot took possession of Neufchâtel, at the head of his grenadiers, and began by confiscating all English merchandise.

‡ All these annual revenues were comprised, together with the levies made in war time, in what was called the Extraordinary Estate.

the conquered states of Europe, and also that which he reserved to himself personally. It may easily be conceived that these decrees excited such disquiet throughout Europe as forbade us to cherish the hope of a long peace. It is also plain from them that Italy, which had been eager to seize on the independence which unity of government seemed to promise her, soon found her hopes betrayed by the secondary position in which she was placed by the bonds which subjected her to the Emperor.

No matter how careful Prince Eugène was, or how mild and just his government, the Italians soon perceived that conquest had placed them in the power of a master, who made use of the resources of their beautiful land for his own advantage only. They maintained on their territory, and at their cost, a foreign army. The largest part of their revenue served to enrich Frenchmen. In everything that was exacted of them, much less regard was paid to their interests than to the advantage of the Grand Empire, and this soon became synonymous with the ambitious projects of one man, who did not hesitate to claim from Italy sacrifices he would scarcely have dared to ask of France. The Viceroy endeavored to obtain some alleviation for the Italians, but in vain. They learned, however, to do justice to the character of Eugène, and to distinguish between him and the rigorous measures which he was forced to carry out; they were grateful to him for what he tried to do, and for his good intentions. This, however, did not last; the too much oppressed people lost the power of being just, and included all Frenchmen, Prince Eugène at their head, in the hatred they bore to the Emperor.

The Viceroy himself, who was a faithful servant to Bonaparte, though he was under no delusion regarding him, told his mother in my presence that the Emperor, jealous of the affection Eugène had won, had imposed useless and oppressive measures upon him, in order to alienate the good will of the Italians.

The Vice-Queen contributed also, at first, to the popular-

ity of her husband. She was beautiful, very kind-hearted, pious, and benevolent, and she charmed every one who approached her. Toward Bonaparte her manner was dignified and cold. He disliked to hear her praised. She never passed much time in Paris.

Several of the articles of these decrees were never carried out. Change of circumstances led to change of purpose; new passions brought forth new fancies, or sudden suspicion altered former resolves. In many respects the government of Bonaparte resembled the Palace of the Legislature, in which the Chamber of Deputies is now installed. The former building remains unaltered; but, in order to render it more imposing, a façade has been erected, which seen from the river-side is undoubtedly a grand object, but, if we walk round the building, we find that it does not harmonize with the architecture of the front. Bonaparte frequently erected façades only, political, legislative, or administrative.

After the reception of these messages the Senate passed a vote of thanks to the Emperor, and deputations were sent to the new Queen of Naples, who received them with her usual simple grace, and to the two princesses. Murat had already departed to take possession of his duchy. The newspapers assured us he was received with acclamations, and gave a similar account of the delight of the Neapolitans; but from private letters we learned that the war was to be continued, and that Calabria would make a stout resistance. Joseph has a mild disposition, and in no place has he made himself personally disliked; but he is wanting in tact, and he has always shown himself unequal to the position in which he was placed. To tell the truth, the business of kingship, as established by Bonaparte, has been a difficult one.

Having settled these important points, the Emperor turned to occupations of a lighter kind. On the 7th of April the betrothal of the young couple of whom I have already spoken in a preceding chapter took place at the Tuileries. The ceremony was performed in the Diana Gallery in the even-

ing; there was a numerous and brilliant Court. The bride elect wore a silver-embroidered gown ornamented with roses. The witnesses on her side were MM. de Talleyrand, de Champagny, and de Ségur; and for the bridegroom, the Hereditary Prince of Bavaria, the Grand Chamberlain of the Elector of Baden, and Baron Dalberg, Minister Plenipotentiary of Baden.*

On the following evening the marriage was celebrated in state. The Tuileries were illuminated; fireworks were exhibited on the Place Louis XV., then called Place de la Concorde.

The Court displayed a special splendor for the occasion, even beyond its usual extravagant luxury. The Empress wore a gown entirely covered with gold embroidery of different shades, and wore, besides the Imperial crown, pearls in her hair to the value of a million francs. Princess Borghese shone with all the Borghese diamonds added to her own, which were priceless; Mme. Murat wore rubies; Mme. Louis was almost covered with turquoises set in brilliants; the new Queen of Naples, slight and delicate-looking, seemed to bend beneath the weight of precious stones. I remember that I had a Court dress made for the occasion,† although I was not usually among the most brilliantly dressed ladies of the Court. It was of pink crape, spangled with silver, and looped up with wreaths of jasmine; on my hair was a crown of jasmine and diamond wheat-ears. My jewels were worth from forty thousand to fifty thousand francs—far less than those of most of our Court ladies.

Princess Stéphanie had received magnificent gifts from her husband, and still more splendid ones from the Emperor. She wore a circlet of diamonds surmounted with orange-blossom. Her court dress was of white tulle, with silver stars and sprays of orange-blossom. She approached the altar with much gracefulness, and made her deep courtesies

* Nephew to the Prince Primate, Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire.

† It cost me sixty louis.

so as to charm the Emperor and every one else. Her father, who stood among the Senators, was moved to tears. His position in this ceremony was curious, and his feelings must have been rather complex. The Order of Baden was conferred on him.

The Cardinal Legate, Caprara, solemnized the marriage. At the conclusion of the ceremony, we returned from the chapel to the state apartments in the same order as that in which we had come down: the princes and princesses heading the procession, the Empress followed by all her ladies, with the Prince of Baden at her side, and the Emperor leading the bride. He wore his state costume. I have already said that it became him well. Nothing was wanting to the pageantry of the procession but a more deliberate step; but Bonaparte always would walk fast, and he hurried us more than was dignified or desirable.

The trains of the princesses and queens and that of the Empress were borne by pages. As for the rest of us, although letting our trains fall would have greatly improved our appearance, we were obliged to carry them over one arm, because their excessive length would have caused far too much delay for the Emperor's quick pace.

It frequently happened in state ceremonials, and rendered them less imposing, that the chamberlains preceding him would repeat in a low tone, as they trod on our heels, "Now then, ladies, please to get on." The Countess d'Arberg, who had been at the Court of the Archduchess in the Netherlands, and was accustomed to German etiquette, was always so visibly annoyed by this intimation, that we who were used to it could not but laugh at her. She used to say, with some humor, that we ought to be called "postillions-in-waiting," and that we had better have had short skirts given to us than the long train, which was of no use.

M. de Talleyrand also was much annoyed by this habit, as, in his capacity of Grand Chamberlain, he had to precede the Emperor, and he, on account of a weakness of the lower

limbs, found even slow walking difficult. The aides-de-camp used to be amused at his vexation. As for the Empress, this was one of the points on which she would not yield to her husband. She had a very graceful manner of walking, and was averse to hiding any of her accomplishments; therefore nothing could induce her to hurry. The pressure began among those who were following her.

When we were starting for the chapel, I recollect that the Emperor, who was little used to giving his hand to ladies, was puzzled, not knowing whether to offer his right or his left hand to the bride. It was she who had to make the decision.

A great reception was held that day in the state apartments; there was a concert, then a ballet and supper, as I have before described. The Queen of Naples having passed next after the Empress, Bonaparte placed his adopted daughter at his right hand, above his mother. On that evening again Mme. Murat had to endure the great mortification of passing through the doorways after the young Princess of Baden.

The Court removed next day to Malmaison, and shortly afterward to Saint Cloud. I have already related what occurred there. On the 20th we came back to Paris, to be present at a splendid fête given in honor of the marriage.

The Emperor, wishing to display his Court to the Parisians, allowed a considerable number of invitations to be sent to men and women of every class. The state apartments were filled by an immense crowd.* Two quadrilles were danced. One, in which I took part, was Mme. Louis Bonaparte's, and was performed with dance-steps in the Salle des Maréchaux. Sixteen ladies, in groups of four, dressed in white, their heads wreathed with flowers of different colors, their dresses ornamented with flowers, and with diamond wheat-ears in their hair, danced with sixteen gentlemen wear-

* There were 2,500 persons at this ball. Supper was served in the State-Council room.

ing white satin coats, and scarfs corresponding in color to their partners' flowers. When our dance was concluded, the Empress and the Imperial family entered the Diana Gallery, where Mme. Murat was at the head of another quadrille—the persons composing it being costumed as Spaniards, with hats and feathers.

After this, every one was allowed to dance—city and Court together. Ices and refreshments were distributed in profusion. The Emperor returned to Saint Cloud, having remained about an hour, and spoken to a great number of persons; that is to say, having asked each one his or her name. Dancing was kept up after his departure until morning.

Perhaps I have lingered too long on these details, but they are a relief from the serious narrative I have undertaken, and of which my woman's pen becomes at times a little weary.

While making and unmaking kings, according to the expression of M. de Fontanes,* while giving his adopted daughter in marriage, and joining in the festivities of which I have spoken, the Emperor assiduously attended the state councils, hastened on their work, and forwarded daily a great number of laws to the Legislature. State Councilor Treilhard was the bearer of the code of procedure, completed during this year; many regulations were agreed to concerning trade, and the session was closed by a statement which conveyed grand ideas of the flourishing state of our finances. Not an extra sou was demanded from the nation; public works had been accomplished, and others were in contemplation; there was a formidable army, as was well known, and only a fixed debt of 48,000,000; a civil list of 35,000,000 against 8,000,000 of revenue.

Meanwhile the Emperor's resentment against the English Government was growing deeper. The Cabinet, which, however changed in its individual members, had not changed

* Speech of the President of the Corps Législatif, this year.

in its policy toward us, declared war on the King of Prussia, to punish him for his neutrality in the last war, and for his conquest of Hanover, which he had just taken.

A long article on European politics appeared in the "Moniteur." The author tried to prove that by this rupture England would accelerate the policy which must close the northern ports against her (the ports of the south being already closed), and that she would strengthen the union between France and the Continent. The position of Holland was next fully discussed. The Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck had, it was reported, become blind. What would be the course taken by the Dutch? It was known that the Emperor had not directly authorized the recent changes in the organization of that country, and that he had said on the occasion that "the prosperity and liberty of nations could only be assured by one of two systems of government—a constitutional monarchy or a republic, constituted according to the principles of liberty. In Holland the Grand Pensionary exercises an important influence on the elections of the representatives of the legislative body; this is a radical vice in the Constitution. Nevertheless all nations can not with impunity leave the choice of their representatives to the public, and, when there is danger to be apprehended from assembling the people, recourse must be had to the principles of a good and wise monarchy. This, perhaps, is what will occur to the Dutch. It is for them to appreciate their situation, and to choose between the two systems that one which is most likely to establish public prosperity and public liberty on a solid basis." These words were sufficiently indicative of what was in store for Holland. The writer next pointed out the advantages which must result to France from the duchies of Cleves and Berg being occupied by a Frenchman, inasmuch as our relations with Holland would be better, and that all the countries on the right bank of the Rhine would be occupied by allies of the Imperial family.

The Prince of Neufchâtel was about to close Switzerland

against English traders.* The Emperor of Austria was said to be engaged in tending his wounds, and resolved on a long peace. The Russians, still agitated by English policy, had had fresh contests in Dalmatia, being unwilling to give up the country situated near the mouth of the Cattaro, which was in their occupation; but the presence of the Grand Army, whose return had been suspended, had compelled them at length to fulfill the conditions of the last treaty.

The Pope was dismissing from Rome all persons, whether English, Russians, or Sardinians, suspected of intriguing, and whose presence gave umbrage to the French Government.

The kingdom of Naples was almost entirely subjugated; Sicily was defended by a mere handful of English. France was in close alliance with the Porte; the Turkish Government was less mercenary and less ignorant than had been supposed, and understood that the presence of the French in Dalmatia might be most useful in protecting Turkey from Russian invasion. Lastly, our army was more formidable than ever, and well able to resist the attacks of a fourth coalition, to form which, after all, Europe was not disposed.

This sketch of our position with regard to Europe could only be reassuring to those who took plausible phrases emanating from the highest quarter in their literal sense. It was easy enough for any one who read them without absolute credulity to perceive that the populations were not so docile as we tried to make out; that we were beginning to sacrifice their interests to our own policy; that England, angered by failure, was bent on raising up new enemies for us; that the King of Prussia was selling us his friendship; and that Russia was still threatening us. Men no longer believed in the pacific intentions which the Emperor announced in all his speeches. But there was something so impressive in his plans, his military talent was so abundantly proved, he be-

* The town of Basel, alarmed by the threats of the French Government, declined all commerce with England. The Queen of Etruria, who was but ill established on her throne, did the same.

stowed such greatness on France, that, duped by her own glory, forced as she was to bend beneath the yoke, she consented also to be beguiled by the enchanter. Moreover, the internal prosperity of the country had apparently increased; there was no augmentation of taxes; everything contributed to dazzle us, and not one of us, acted upon as we were by the impulsion which Bonaparte had given us all, had either the leisure or the will for serious reflection. The Emperor used to say, "Luxury and glory have never failed to turn the heads of the French."

Shortly after, we were told that a great council had been held at the Hague by the representatives of the Batavian people, at which affairs of the highest importance had been discussed; and a rumor was allowed to spread that a new Dutch monarchy was about to be founded.

Meanwhile, the English newspapers were full of criticisms on the progress which the Imperial power was making in Europe. "If Bonaparte," they said, "succeeds in accomplishing his system of a Federal Empire, France will become the sovereign arbiter of almost the whole continent." He was delighted at this prediction, and resolutely strove to realize it.

M. de Talleyrand, at that time in great repute, used his influence in Europe to gain over the foreign Ministers. He asked for and obtained from the sovereigns exactly those ambassadors whom he knew he could make amenable. For instance, he obtained from Prussia the Marquis de Lucchesini,* who subsequently acted in the French interest, against his own master. He was a clever man, of a somewhat scheming disposition. He was born at Lucca, but a taste for trav-

* It might be inferred from this passage that Lucchesini was ambassador at Paris only from this period; he had, however, filled that post at the time of the Peace of Amiens. But he had not always supported the interests of France, and, although he was in personal relations with M. de Talleyrand, he belonged rather to the English party, as we shall describe in chapter xxi., and his reports aroused a hostile feeling in Prussia against us.—P. R.

eling took him in his youth to Berlin, where he was received by Frederick the Great, who, liking his conversation and his philosophical principles, kept him near his own person, gave him a place at Court, and founded his fortunes. He was subsequently intrusted with Prussian affairs, became a person of importance, and had sufficient luck and ability to remain long in high repute. He married a Prussian lady, and both he and his wife, when they came to France, devoted themselves to M. de Talleyrand, who made use of them to further his own ends. It was long before the King of Prussia found out that his ambassador had joined in the plots against him, and Lucchesini did not fall into disgrace until some years later. The Marquis then repaired to Italy, and found a fresh field for his ambition in the influence he obtained over the sovereign of Lucca, who had become Grand Duchess of Tuscany. The events of 1814 caused his downfall to follow on that of his mistress. The Marchesa de Lucchesini, who was rather addicted to coquetry, was while in Paris one of the most obsequious of Madame de Talleyrand's friends.

On the 5th of June the Emperor received an Ambassador Extraordinary from the Porte, with messages of congratulation and friendship from the Sultan. These messages were accompanied by magnificent presents of diamonds, a pearl necklace worth eighty thousand francs, perfumes, innumerable shawls, and Arab horses, with housings adorned with precious stones. The Emperor gave the necklace to his wife, and distributed the diamonds and the shawls among the ladies-in-waiting. Some were given also to the wives of ministers and marshals, and to a few others. The Empress reserved the finest for herself, and there yet remained enough to be used afterward for the decoration of a boudoir at Compiègne, which Josephine had arranged for herself with special care, but which was never used except by the Empress Marie Louise.

On the same day the Envoy from Holland came to announce that it had been decided at the Hague, upon mature

deliberation, that a constitutional monarchy was the only form of government that would thenceforth be suitable for Holland, because such a monarchy would harmonize with the principles now spreading in Europe; and that, in order to consolidate it, they solicited Louis Napoleon, the Emperor's brother, to become their first King.

Bonaparte replied that such a monarchy would doubtless be profitable to the general policy of Europe, and that, by removing anxieties of his own, it would enable him to deliver important places into the hands of the Dutch, which hitherto he had felt it his duty to retain. Then, turning toward his brother, he enjoined him to have a care of the people intrusted to him.

This scene was well acted. Louis made a fitting reply. On the audience coming to an end, the doors were flung open, as on the occasion when Louis XIV. accepted the succession to Spain, and the new King of Holland was announced to the assembled Court.

Immediately on this, the Arch-Chancellor carried to the Senate, according to custom, the new Imperial message, and made the usual speech.

The Emperor guaranteed to his brother the integrity of his states, and that his children should succeed him; but the crowns of France and of Holland were never to be united on one head.

In the case of a minority, the Queen was to be regent, and failing her, the Emperor of the French, in right of his position as perpetual head of the Imperial family, was to appoint a regent, whom he was to select from among the princes of the royal family or among the Dutch nation.

The King of Holland was to remain Constable of the Empire, a Vice-Constable to be created at the Emperor's pleasure.

The message also contained an announcement to the Senate that the Arch-Chancellor of the German Empire had asked of the Pope that Cardinal Fesch might be designated

as his coadjutor and successor; and that His Holiness had informed the Emperor of this request, who had approved of it.

"Lastly, the duchies of Benevento and of Ponte Corvo being a subject of litigation between the Courts of Naples and Rome, in order to put an end to these difficulties, and reserving to ourselves the indemnification of these Courts, we erect them," says the decree, "into duchies and fiefs of the Empire, and we bestow them on our Grand Chamberlain Talleyrand, and on our cousin Marshal Bernadotte, to reward them for services rendered to the country. They will bear the titles of these duchies, they will take an oath to serve us as faithful and loyal subjects, and, if their issue should fail, we reserve to ourselves the right of disposing of those principalities." Bonaparte had no great liking for Marshal Bernadotte; he probably felt bound to promote him because he had married the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife, and it seemed fitting that the sister of a Queen should be at least a Princess.

It is unnecessary for me to add that the Senate approved of all these proceedings.

On the day following the ceremonial which introduced another King into Bonaparte's family circle, we were at breakfast with the Empress, when her husband entered the room, looking extremely pleased, and holding little Napoleon by the hand. He addressed us all in these terms: "Mesdames, here is a little boy who is going to recite to you one of La Fontaine's fables. I made him learn it this morning, and you shall hear how well he knows it." On this the child began to repeat the fable of the frogs who asked for a king, and the Emperor laughed loudly at each allusion that seemed applicable to the circumstances. He stood behind Mme. Louis's arm-chair—she was seated at table opposite her mother—and pinched her ears as he asked her over and over again, "What do you say to that, Hortense?" No one said much in reply. I was smiling to myself as I ate my break-

fast, and the Emperor, in high good humor, said to me, laughing also, "I see that Mme. de Rémusat thinks I am giving Napoleon a good education."

Louis's acquisition of a kingdom revealed to his brother the deplorable state of his domestic affairs. Mme. Louis could not contemplate her accession to a throne without bitter weeping. The ungenial climate to which she was about to remove, which must needs aggravate the wretched state of her health; the dread she felt of living alone with her tyrannical husband; his increasing dislike of her, which did not lessen his jealousy, although it deprived it of rational excuse—all these things made her resolve to open her heart to the Emperor. She confided her sorrows to him, and prepared him for the fresh troubles that no doubt awaited her. She entreated his protection in the future, and exacted from him a promise never to judge her unheard. She went so far as to tell him that, foreseeing the persecution she would have to endure in the isolation to which she would be subjected, her mind was made up that when she should have endured up to a certain point she would leave the world and retire to a convent, relinquishing a crown of which she could already feel the thorns.

The Emperor entreated her to have courage and patience; he promised to protect her, and directed her to advise with him before taking any decisive step.

I can bear witness that this unhappy lady ascended the throne in the spirit of a victim resigning herself to sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXI.

(1806.)

I go to Cauterets—The King of Holland—Factitious Tranquillity of France—M. de Metternich—The New Catechism—The Germanic Confederation—Poland—Death of Mr. Fox—War is declared—Departure of the Emperor—M. Pasquier and M. Molé—Session of the Senate—The Opening of Hostilities—The Court—Reception of Cardinal Maury.

In the June of this year I went to take the waters at Cauterets, and remained away three months. I was in very delicate health, and needed a respite from Court life and from the daily anxieties which were wearing alike to mind and body. My family—that is to say, my husband, my mother, and my children—were settled at Auteuil, whence M. de Rémusat could easily get to Saint Cloud, and there they passed a happy and peaceful summer. Our Court was then in solitude; the sovereigns of Holland had taken their departure, and the members of Bonaparte's family had separate establishments. The Emperor was engrossed by the gathering clouds in Europe, and was constantly at work; his wife employed her leisure in beautifying her estate of Malmaison.

The "Moniteur" contained glowing accounts of the triumphal entries of the princes created by Bonaparte into their respective states. Enthusiasm was said to be at the highest at Naples, at Berg, at Baden, and in Holland, and the populace was delighted everywhere. The speeches of the new kings or princes, in which they treated their subjects to a pompous panegyric of the great man whose envoys they

were, were published for our edification. It is certain that, at first, Louis Bonaparte found favor with the Dutch. His wife shared his popularity in it, and displayed such affability that very soon, as I heard from some French people who accompanied them, her strange husband became jealous of the affection she inspired.

Like his brother, Louis was intolerant of the least independence in others. After exacting that the Queen should hold a brilliant Court, he suddenly changed his mind, and reduced her by degrees to a very solitary life, thus isolating her from the people over whom she too had been appointed to reign. If I may believe the accounts I have received from persons who could have had no motive for inventing them, he resumed his distrustful jealousy and his system of spying, and the Queen was constantly subjected to insult. The poor young creature, in a state of chronic ill health and profound melancholy, perceived that it was not her husband's pleasure that she should share the affection he hoped to inspire in his Dutch subjects. Sorrow had made her indifferent to such things; she withdrew into the solitude of her palace, where she lived almost as a prisoner, devoting herself to the arts she loved, and indulging her excessive affection for her eldest boy. The child, who was forward for his age, greatly loved his mother, to the extreme jealousy of Louis. The latter would sometimes try to obtain his preference by indulgence carried to excess; sometimes he would alarm him by outbreaks of passion, and the boy clung the more to her, who always loved and never frightened him. Men were found—and such as are always to be found in courts—who, for hire, undertook to watch the Queen and report her every action. The letters she wrote were opened, lest they might contain any allusion to events in her husband's dominions. She has assured me that more than once she found her desk open and her papers upset, and that, if she had chosen, she might have detected the King's spies in the act of carrying out his instructions. It was soon perceived at the Dutch Court that

to appear to be influenced in any way by the Queen was to lose one's own chances of favor, and on this she was immediately forsaken. Any unfortunate person addressing himself to her, in order to solicit a favor, would be immediately suspected; any minister conversing with her on the most trifling matter would fall under the King's displeasure. The damp climate of Holland aggravated her ailments; she fell into a state of atrophy perceptible to every one, but which the King did not choose at first to notice. She has told me that her life at this time was so hard and seemed so hopeless, that frequently, when residing at one of her country-houses not far from the sea, and gazing at the ocean stretched out before her, and English vessels blockading the harbors, she ardently wished that some chance would bring one of them to the coast, and that some partial invasion might be attempted, in which she would have been made a prisoner. At last her physicians ordered her to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the King himself, who was out of health, resolved on taking the waters there with her.

From this time Holland began to suffer from the prohibitive system which the Emperor imposed on everything appertaining to the Empire. It must be conceded to Louis Bonaparte that he promptly defended the interests of the people confided to him, and opposed the tyrannical measures forced on him by the Imperial policy as strongly as was in his power. He bore with firmness the Emperor's reproaches on the subject, and resisted him in such a manner as to gain the affection of the Dutch. In this they did him justice.

Switzerland also was compelled to decline all trade with England, and English goods were seized everywhere. These measures served to strengthen the party in London who were anxious to force France into fresh European wars at any price. Mr. Fox, who was then Prime Minister, seemed, however, to lean toward peace, and to be willing to receive overtures of negotiation. During the summer he was attacked by the illness which subsequently proved fatal to him,

and his influence declined. The Russians were still contending with our troops for the possession of certain parts of Dalmatia. The Grand Army showed no sign of returning to France; the promised fêtes were constantly deferred.

The King of Prussia was inclined to peace, but his young and lovely consort, as well as Prince Louis of Prussia and a part of the Court, did all they could to incite him to war. They pointed out to him that the future had in store the liberation of Poland, the aggrandizement of Saxony, the danger of the Confederation of the Rhine being organized; and it must be admitted that the Emperor's line of conduct was a justification for the disquiet of Europe.

English policy was by degrees regaining its influence over the Emperor of Russia. Count Woronzoff had been sent to London, and he fell so completely under the influence exerted over him that the Continent was again disturbed. The Czar had sent Baron d'Oubril to Paris, to negotiate with us, and a treaty of peace was in fact signed by him and M. de Talleyrand on the 20th of July, but, as will be seen hereafter, it was never ratified at St. Petersburg.

About this time General Junot was made Governor of Paris.

France was in a state of profound tranquillity. Day by day the Emperor met with less opposition. A firm, equable, and strict administration, which was just, inasmuch as it was equal for all, regulated both the exercise of authority and the mode of supporting it. Conscription was rigorously enforced, but as yet the murmurs of the people were but faint; the French had not then exhaused the sentiment of glory, as they have done since that time, and, moreover, the brilliant possibilities of a military career fascinated the youth of France, and they all espoused the cause of Bonaparte. Even in the families of the nobility, who were, on principle or from habit, in opposition, the political creed of the fathers was less firmly held by the children, and parents were perhaps, in their secret heart, not sorry to relax somewhat of

their severity on the plea of paternal concession. Nor was any opportunity overlooked of indicating that the nation had returned to the natural course and order of things.

The feast of the 15th of August having become that of St. Napoleon, the Minister of the Interior wrote a circular letter to all the prefects, recommending them to combine in the solemnization of the fête rejoicings for both the birthday of the Emperor and the reëstablishment of religion. "No holiday," said the letter, "can inspire deeper feelings than that in which a great people, in the pride of victory and the consciousness of happiness, celebrates the birthday of the sovereign to whom all its felicity and glory are to be ascribed."

It ought to be constantly repeated, as well for the sake of nations to come as for the sake of those who are called to reign over them, that both peoples and kings who allow themselves to be deceived by an appearance of calm, after the storm of a revolution, are in the wrong. If this time of peace has not called into existence an order of things indicated by national needs, then it is fallacious calm, a respite resulting from circumstances—of which a clever man will indeed avail himself, but which he will not really utilize unless he prudently regulates the advance of those who have trusted him. Far from so acting, Bonaparte, powerful and headstrong, opened, as it were, a long parenthesis in the French Revolution. He always had a conviction that this parenthesis would be closed at his death, which to him seemed the only possible limit to his fortune.

He seized the reins of France when Frenchmen were wandering bewildered in every direction, and were fearful that they should never reach the goal to which they aspired. Their energies, which were vague because they no longer ventured to undertake any kind of enterprise boldly, were then turned into military ardor, which is the most dangerous of any, because the most opposed to the true citizen spirit. For a long while Bonaparte reaped the advantage of this,

but he did not foresee that, in order to rule after his fashion a nation which for a time had become distrustful of its own strength, and which yet felt the need of a great restoration, it was imperative that victory should always follow on war, and that reverses must inevitably make man reflect in a direction dangerous for himself.

He was, I believe, hurried along by the force of circumstances, resulting from the events of every day. But he was determined to check the growth of liberty at any cost, and to this end he directed all his efforts. It has been frequently said, both during the Empire and after his fall, that he understood the science of governing better than any other man. This is the case, doubtless, if it be only understood as the knowledge of means whereby to enforce obedience; but if the word "science" includes "the clear and certain knowledge of a thing, founded on principles either self-evident or proved to demonstration," * then it is certain that in Bonaparte's system of government there was no place for those elements which manifest the esteem of the sovereign for his subjects. He by no means recognized the concession of certain rights which every man who intends to rule other men for any length of time must begin by making to them, lest, weary of their mental inaction, they should one day claim these rights for themselves. He did not know how to stir generous passion, or to appreciate and evoke moral virtues, and thus to elevate himself in proportion as he aggrandized human nature.

Singular in every respect, he believed himself to be vastly superior to the rest of the world, and nevertheless he was afraid of superiority in others. Is there one among those who knew him well who has not heard him say that he preferred men of second-rate abilities? Is there one who has not remarked that when he made use of a man of talent, of whatever kind, he would, before he felt he could trust him, find out his weak point, and in most cases hasten to divulge

* This definition is given in the Encyclopædia.

it? Did he not always depreciate, and often falsely, those whose services he employed? The truth is, Bonaparte's gifts, whether to the world, to nations, or to individuals, were all bargains. These bargains, which were enforced rather than offered, flattered the vanity of human nature, and thus for a long time beguiled men's minds, so that it is now hard to reduce them to bounds of possibility and reason. Such a policy as this may certainly avail to purchase service of every kind, but it follows that it must be based on unvarying success. Are we to conclude from this that the French were unpardonably guilty, because they fell into the power of such a man? Will posterity condemn them for their imprudent trust in him? I think not.

Bonaparte, who employed good or evil things indifferently, according as they served his purpose, understood thoroughly that no secure foundations can be laid in times of trouble. He therefore began by restoring order, and it was thus he won us, poor tired wayfarers that we were, battered by many a storm! That which he created for his own profit only we accepted gratefully; the social order which was restored by him, that it might become the groundwork of his despotic sway, we regarded as the greatest of his gifts, and as the pledge of other benefits. We believed that the man who reëstablished public morality, religion, and civilization, who patronized art and literature, and who undertook to reduce society to order, must have a soul capable of true greatness; and perhaps, after all, our error, which was deplorable because it served his purposes so long, proves the generosity of our sentiments rather than our imprudence.

Until Prussia declared war, no event of any importance took place. In the course of the summer Count Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, arrived in Paris. He occupied an important position in Europe, took part in events of the highest importance, and finally made an enormous fortune; but his abilities did not rise above the schemes of a second-rate policy. At the period of which I am speaking he was

young, good-looking, and popular with women. A little later he formed an attachment to Mme. Murat, and he retained a feeling toward her which for a long time aided to keep her husband on the throne of Naples, and which probably is still of service to her in her retirement.*

In the month of August a decree which settled the new catechism of the Gallican Church was promulgated. It was entitled "Bossuet's Catechism," and it contained, together with doctrines taken from the works of the Bishop of Meaux, some remarkable utterances on the duties of French people toward their Emperor.

Page 55: "*Question.* What are the duties of Christians toward their rulers; and what, in particular, are our duties toward Napoleon I., our Emperor?

"*Answer.* Christians owe to the princes who govern them, and we, in particular, owe to Napoleon I., our Emperor, love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, and the tributes ordained for the preservation and defense of the Empire and of his throne. To honor and serve our Emperor is, therefore, to honor and to serve God.

"*Q.* Are there any special reasons which should more strongly attach us to our Emperor Napoleon I.?

"*A.* Yes; for it is he whom God raised up in difficult circumstances to restore the public profession of the holy religion of our forefathers, and to be its protector. He has restored public order by his profound and active wisdom; he defends the state by his powerful arm, and he has become the anointed of the Lord through the consecration of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Head of the Universal Church.

"*Q.* What ought we to think of such persons as may fail in their duties toward our Emperor?

"*A.* According to the Apostle St. Paul, they would

* At the present date (1819) she is living in the states of the Emperor of Austria. (She died at Florence on the 18th of May, 1839.—P. R.)

thereby be resisting the orders of God Himself, and would become worthy of eternal damnation." *

During Mr. Fox's tenure of office, Bonaparte, either from private information, or because he perceived the policy of the Prime Minister to be opposed to that of his predecessor, flattered himself that he should be able to conclude a treaty of peace with England. Besides the advantages to be gained from this, his pride was always singularly mortified that the English Government did not acknowledge him as a sovereign. The title of "General," which the English newspapers gave him, always annoyed him extremely. Notwithstanding his greatness, he had some of the weaknesses of a *parvenu.* When Fox fell ill, the "Moniteur" announced that there was reason to fear that the gravity of his malady might throw English policy back once more into its ordinary complications.

Meanwhile, the design of the Confederation of the Rhine was suddenly disclosed. In the Emperor's grand feudal plan this was comprised: it would increase the number of the feudatories of the French Empire, and spread the European revolution. But if it be true that the old institutions of the Continent have reached a point at which their decrepitude gives irresistible warning of the necessity of their fall, it is also true that the time has come when their fall is not to be for the advantage of despotism. Bonaparte never ceased trying to make a counter-revolution, solely in his own interests, against those ideas which emerged into the light of day thirty years ago. Such an undertaking is, happily, beyond the power of man; and we owe it to him, at least, that his failure to accomplish that reaction settled for ever this important question.

* "Were we then to believe," asks Mme. de Staël, "that Bonaparte could award hell in the next world, because he gave the idea of it in this?" There is some exaggeration in this remark; but the following seems to me to be extremely accurate: "Nations have sincere piety only in those countries where one may love God and the Christian religion with one's whole soul without losing, and especially without obtaining, any worldly advantage by the manifestation of that sentiment."

The grand duchies of Germany were therefore separated from the Germanic Empire, and the Emperor of France was declared to be their protector. The contracting parties—that is to say, the Empire and the confederated states—engaged to take up arms in the case of war being declared on one or the other. The contingent of the Confederation was named at 63,000 men, that of France at 200,000. The Elector Arch-Chancellor of the Germanic Empire became Prince Primate of the Confederation; on his death the Emperor was to nominate his successor. Moreover, the Emperor renewed the declaration by which he bound himself not to extend the frontiers of France above the Rhine; but, at the same time, he declared that he would use every means to procure the freedom of the seas. This appeared in the "Moniteur" of the 25th of July.

M. de Talleyrand had a large share in the honor of forming this Confederation. He was in very high repute at this time. He seemed destined to reduce the wide and ambitious projects of the Emperor to a definite system; but, at the same time, he did not neglect the increase to his own fortune which was to be got out of them. The German princes paid, as a matter of course, for slight advantages obtained by them in the arrangement; and the name of M. de Talleyrand, being always connected with such important negotiations, became more and more renowned throughout Europe.

One of his favorite theories, and it is one which has always seemed just and reasonable, is that the policy of France ought to tend to the release of Poland from a foreign yoke, and to the use of that country as a barrier against Russia and a counterpoise to Austria. He always exerted his influence in this direction. I have often heard him say that the repose of all Europe depended on Poland. It would appear that the Emperor was of the same opinion, but that he did not persevere sufficiently in endeavoring to realize this project. Accidental circumstances also interfered with it. He often complained of the passionate, yet shallow, character of the

Poles. "It was impossible," he said, "to guide them on any system." They required special and exclusive attention, and Bonaparte could only think of Poland occasionally. Moreover, as it was the Emperor Alexander's interest to obstruct French policy in this particular, he would not have remained a quiet spectator of efforts in any such direction; and so it happened that only a half-hearted course was taken with respect to Poland, and all the advantages that might have been gained were lost. However, after some slight differences between the Russians and ourselves about the cession of the mouths of the Cattaro, the two Emperors apparently came to terms, and Baron d'Oubril was sent to Paris from St. Petersburg to sign a treaty of peace.

Although the return of our army was constantly announced to us, yet it did not take place, either because Bonaparte had already become aware of the difficulty of keeping so large a number of soldiers in France, a burden upon the citizens, or that he foresaw fresh disturbances in Europe, and that the peace would be of no long duration. A kind of bazaar for the exhibition of French industrial produce was opened on the Place des Invalides; but the fêtes promised to the Grand Army were no longer spoken of. This exhibition took place, and profitably occupied the minds of the people.

In the beginning of September Jérôme Bonaparte arrived in Paris. Every attempt which had been made on the colonies had failed, and the Emperor gave up naval enterprise for ever. He began to plan a marriage for his young brother with one of the European princesses, having insisted that his first marriage should be regarded as null and void.

On creating the Confederation of the Rhine, Bonaparte had declared that the Hanseatic towns should retain their liberty; but, whenever there was a question of liberty, it was natural enough to believe that the Emperor's gift of it was in reality but a temporary loan, and his resolutions on the

subject caused great agitation in Prussian politics. The Queen and the nobility urged the King of Prussia to war. Consequently, during the campaign which was very shortly begun, the former was made an object of vituperation in the bulletins, frequently of a coarse kind. At first she was compared to Armida, who, torch in hand, tried to raise up enemies against us. As a contrast to this poetical comparison, a few lines farther on we find a phrase in an utterly different style: "What a pity! for they say that the King of Prussia is a very well-meaning man."* Bonaparte frequently said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; this is true, both of actions and words, when true art is neglected, and it must be owned that he made little account of it.

Mr. Fox died in September, and the war party resumed power. The Russian Ministry was changed; a national movement was set on foot among the Russian nobility; the people were beginning to respond; the storm was gathering, and it suddenly burst when the Czar refused to ratify the treaty signed in Paris by his plenipotentiary, Baron d'Oubril. From that moment war was inevitable. No official intimation was made, but the matter was openly discussed.

At the beginning of the month I returned from Cauterets, and I was enjoying the happiness of my home circle when M. de Rémusat received a sudden order to proceed to Mayence, whither the Emperor was going a few days later. I was deeply grieved by this fresh separation. As I enjoyed

* The Emperor often expresses this opinion in letters written during the campaign. Thus, he writes to his wife on the 13th of October: "To-day I am at Gera; all is going on well, and according to my hopes. With the help of God, in a few days the state of things will be terrible for the poor King of Prussia, whom personally I pity, for he is a good man. The Queen is with him at Erfurt. She will have the cruel pleasure of seeing a battle, if she wishes it. I am in perfect health, and have already grown stouter since I left Paris; yet every day I cover twenty to twenty-five leagues of ground, riding, driving—in every kind of way, in fact. I lie down at eight, and, when I get up again at midnight, I remember that you have not yet retired for the night. Ever yours."—P. R.

none of those honors which offer compensation to some women even for the sufferings of a soldier's wife, I found it hard to resign myself to these constantly recurring separations. I remember the Emperor asking me, after M. de Rémusat was gone, why I looked so sad, and, when I answered that it was because my husband had left me, he laughed at me. "Sire," I added, "I know nothing of the delights of heroism, and I always meant to take out my share of glory in happiness." He laughed again. "Happiness?" he said. "Ah, yes! much we think of happiness in this age."

Before the departure for Mayence I again met M. de Talleyrand, who was very friendly. He assured me that nothing could be better for our prospects than that M. de Rémusat should be in attendance on the Emperor in all his journeys; but, as he saw tears in my eyes, he spoke seriously, and I was grateful to him for not jesting on a subject which to me only was a real grief, but which certainly must have appeared of slight consequence to the many wives and mothers whose husbands and sons were leaving them for real scenes of danger. M. de Talleyrand's natural tact and his admirable good taste lead him to adapt his tone perfectly to those whom he addresses; this is one of his most attractive characteristics.

The Emperor went away suddenly on the 25th of September, without sending any message to the Senate in explanation of his absence.* The Empress, who always parted

* These journeys and long absences of the Emperor were more frequent than we can now realize. Never has a sovereign dwelt less in his own capital. There is a curious work entitled "Itinéraire général de Napoléon, Chronologie du Consulat et de l'Empire, indiquant jour par jour pendant toute sa vie, le lieu où était Napoléon ce qu'il y a fait, et les Événements les plus remarquables qui s'attachent à son Histoire, etc., par A. M. Perrot. Paris, Bistor, 1845." From this book, which is very correct, especially with regard to the period of Imperial grandeur, we learn that from the time of his accession to the throne until his abdication in 1814, Napoleon spent only 955 days in Paris, i. e., less than three years, during a reign of ten. He was traveling, if not out of France, yet at a considerable distance from Paris, and from his palaces of Saint Cloud, Mal-

with him unwillingly, had not been able at first to obtain permission to accompany him, though she hoped to rejoin him later. She, however, used such persuasion, during the last day of his stay at Saint Cloud, that toward midnight he yielded, and she entered his traveling carriage with him and only one attendant. The Imperial suite did not join her until a few days later. I was no longer included in these journeys; my health forbade. I may affirm that the Empress, who had become accustomed to the gratification to her vanity afforded her by ladies of a higher rank than mine seeking to join her Court, had returned in her heart to her former friendship, and now felt real regret at my absence. As for the Emperor, I counted for little in his eyes, and he was right. At his Court a woman was nothing, and a woman in ill health less than nothing.

Mme. Bonaparte told me that her husband entered upon this Prussian campaign with some reluctance. Luxury and ease had had their natural effect upon him, and the hardships of camp-life now affected his imagination unpleasantly. Nor was he devoid of solicitude. The Prussian troops were renowned; their cavalry was recognized as first-rate, while ours as yet inspired no confidence, and our military men expected a formidable resistance.

The prompt and unparalleled result of the battle of Jena is one of those miracles which upset all human calculations. That victory astonished and confounded all Europe, proved the good fortune as well as the genius of Bonaparte, and bore witness to French valor.

He did not remain long at Mayence; the Prussians had marched into Saxony, and it was imperative to follow them. At the opening of this campaign the Emperor formed two new companies of gendarmes; the command of one was given to the Vicomte de Montmorency. This was an appeal

maison, Compiègne, Rambouillet, and Fontainebleau, for more than 1,600 days, that is, for more than four years, and was frequently absent for six months at a time.—P. R.

to the nobility to take their share of glory, to nibble at the bait of a semblance of privilege; and, in fact, a few gentlemen did join that regiment.

During the preparations for the important coming events, it was decided that the Empress, with those members of the Court who had accompanied her, should remain at Mayence. M. de Rémusat was in waiting, having the superintendence of her entire household, and M. de Talleyrand was also to remain until further orders.

Just before the Emperor's departure, my husband was present at a scene which made a great impression on him. M. de Talleyrand was in the Emperor's cabinet, where M. de Rémusat was receiving final instructions; it was evening, and the traveling-carriages were waiting. The Emperor sent my husband to summon the Empress; he returned with her in a few moments. She was weeping. Agitated by her tears, the Emperor held her for a long time in his arms, and seemed almost unable to bid her farewell. He was strongly moved, and M. de Talleyrand was also much affected. The Emperor, still holding his wife to his heart, approached M. de Talleyrand with outstretched hand; then, throwing his arms round both at once, he said to M. de Rémusat, "It is very hard to leave the two persons one loves best." As he uttered these words, he was overcome by a sort of nervous emotion, which increased to such a degree that he wept uncontrollably, and almost immediately an attack of convulsions ensued, which brought on vomiting. He was placed in a chair, and drank some orange-flower water, but continued to weep for fully a quarter of an hour. At length he mastered himself, and, rising suddenly, shook M. de Talleyrand by the hand, gave a last embrace to his wife, and said to M. de Rémusat: "Are the carriages ready? Call the suite, and let us go."

When, on his return, my husband described this scene to me, it made me feel glad. The fact that natural feeling had got the mastery over Bonaparte always seemed to me a vic-

tory in which we were all interested. He left Mayence on the 22d of October, at 9 P. M.

No announcement had as yet been made to the Senate, but every one expected a formidable war. It was a national war on the part of the Prussians, for in declaring it the King had yielded to the ardent desire of all the nobility and a majority of the people.

Moreover, the rumors regarding the foundation of a kingdom of Poland were disquieting to reigning sovereigns. A Northern League was in contemplation, which was to embrace all the states not comprised in the Confederation of the Rhine.

The young Queen had much influence with her husband, and great confidence in Prince Louis of Prussia, who longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself. He was brave, amiable, had great taste for the fine arts, and had fired the youthful nobility with his own ardor. The Prussian army, full of life and spirit, inspired complete confidence in the new coalition; its cavalry was considered the finest in Europe. When we remember how easily all this was dispersed, we must believe that the leaders were very incompetent, and that the old Prince of Brunswick must once more have misdirected the courageous soldiers confided to him.

Even at the opening of this campaign, it was easy to see that France was weary of the uncertainty which war brought into both public and private affairs. Discontent was visible in the expression of men's countenances, and it was evident that the Emperor must indeed do wonders to rekindle feelings that were beginning to chill. In vain did the newspapers contain articles describing the zeal with which the new conscripts came to be enrolled in all the departments; no one was deceived by these accounts—no one even tried to appear to be deceived. Paris fell into the gloomy condition which war always produces in capital cities while it lasts. The progress of our industrial pursuits was admired at the Exhibition of which I have spoken, but curiosity

alone will not stir the heart of a nation; and, when citizens may not take the least part in their own government, they regard the improvements in civilization which are due to that government merely as a spectacle. We began to feel in France that there was something mysterious in Bonaparte's conduct toward us. We perceived that it was not for us that he lived and acted; that what he wanted from us was an appearance of prosperity, brilliant rather than solid, which should surround him with fresh luster. I recollect writing to my husband during the campaign in the following terms: "The situation is greatly changed; so are men's minds: the military miracles of this year do not produce half the effect of former ones. The enthusiasm excited by the battle of Austerlitz is not to be aroused now." * The Emperor him-

* My grandmother's correspondence bears witness to the great change which had taken place in public opinion on the subject of the military success of the Emperor. I believe the publication of these letters would be of interest, even though they did not contain any political revelations. I intend shortly to publish them, but I could quote numerous passages in support of what is here stated, or has been stated in previous chapters, notwithstanding the reserve made necessary by the insecurity of the post-office. For instance, during this Prussian campaign, two months after the battle of Jena, and before that of Eylau, Madame de Rémusat writes on the 12th of December, 1806: "We ought to be very cautious in our correspondence, and, if I may say so, I think you are imprudent, and there are sometimes philosophic phrases in your letters which might be taken in bad part. It is an additional trial that we may not even write freely when separated by so great a distance; but we must resign ourselves to every sacrifice, and hope that by this one we may obtain a long peace. Peace! People scarcely hope for it here. Depression and discontent prevail everywhere; there are both suffering and open complaint. This campaign does not produce one quarter of the effect of the last. There is no admiration, and even no astonishment; we have become used to miracles. The bulletins are all received without applause at the theatres; in fact, a generally painful feeling prevails. This feeling is, no doubt, unjust; for, after all, there are cases in which even men of the strongest mind are carried along by circumstances farther than they wish, and I can not believe that a great mind will seek for glory in war. Add to this the conscription, and the new decrees respecting commerce. Enmity makes use of everything, and is not guided by reason. People pretend that these measures are passed from motives of anger only. I am far from passing judgment on them, for, in spite of all I hear, I must admire and trust

self perceived it; for, when he had returned to Paris after the treaty of Tilsit, he said: "Military glory soon palls upon modern nations. Fifty battles produce little more sensation than five or six. To the French I shall always be the man of Marengo, rather than of Jena or Friedland."

As the Emperor's designs on Europe increased in magnitude, it became more and more needful for him to centralize his administration, in order that his commands, all emanating from the same point, might be rapidly transmitted to the proper quarters. The submission of the Senate might be taken for granted; the importance of the Corps Législatif was lessening every day. Bonaparte had doubtless resolved on seizing the first pretext for ridding himself of the Tribunate, and he extended the powers of the Council of State, which consisted of men of ability, on whom he exercised a direct pressure. By a new decree he now appointed a Committee for Petitions in the Council of State, which consisted of councilors, masters of requests, and auditors. They met three times a week, and reported to Bonaparte. MM. Molé and Pasquier, both of them "Masters of Requests," were members of this committee. They had entered public life at the same period; both, although widely differing in age,* bore names well known in the magistracy; they had the same social connections, equal zeal, and similar ambition, and they were beginning to make themselves felt in the new Government. Meanwhile, the Emperor already displayed a

the power which rules the fate of all I hold dear." This letter, evidently, was not intrusted to the post, but conveyed by some friendly hand. But, even in their correspondence carried on by the ordinary means, the writers expressed their feelings, their distrust, almost amounting to horror, of the then state of things. Prudence, however, sometimes had the upper hand; and in a letter preceding this one my grandmother excuses herself for not forwarding to her husband a letter from her son Charles, then a boy of nine years old, on the ground of its lack of prudence. The young scholar, in quoting the line from Phædrus, *Humiles laborant ubi potentes dissident*, had ventured to express the following sentiment: "I dislike Philip because he has too much ambition."—P. R.

* M. Molé was then twenty-six years of age, and M. Pasquier about forty.

preference for M. Molé. He exercised an ascendancy over this young man, who, although naturally of a grave disposition, was yet capable of enthusiasm. He thought he could mold his opinions in his own way, and he partly succeeded, while he made use of the parliamentary tendencies of M. Pasquier. "I use one," he said sometimes, "but I *create* the other." I quote these words of his to show how he was accustomed to analyze his own conduct toward every one.

Horse-races, which had been decreed by the Emperor himself when he was as yet only First Consul, took place in Paris in the autumn of this year. In fact, France had come to resemble a great audience at a theatre, before whom performances of all kinds were given on the sole condition that hands should be raised only to applaud.

On the 4th of October the Senate was convoked. The Arch-Chancellor, as he had done in the past, and as he was to do in the future, announced the war in an insignificant and pompous speech. After this, he read a letter from the Emperor, dated from headquarters, in which he stated that the King of Prussia was the aggressor, and deplored the evil influence that constantly disturbed the repose of France, while he announced that the invasion of Saxony had obliged him to march rapidly forward. This letter was accompanied by the official report of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He could discover no valid cause for war; he expressed surprise that the freedom granted to the Hanseatic towns could have given umbrage to the Prussian Government, and quoted a note from M. de Knobelsdorff, the new envoy from Prussia.

A rumor arose that, some time previously, M. de Lucchesini, who was devoted, it was said, to England, had alarmed the Court by *unfounded* reports of a universal monarchy planned by the French Government. On being informed of this, the Emperor had requested that M. de Lucchesini should be recalled. M. de Knobelsdorff succeeded him, but no good result ensued. The coolness between the two Cabinets increased. The Emperor departed.

The Prussian Minister received a final note from his sovereign, demanding the immediate evacuation of the whole of Germany by the French troops, and requiring that the ratification of this demand should be sent to the King of Prussia's headquarters by the 8th of October. M. de Knobelsdorff dispatched this note to M. de Talleyrand, then at Mayence, and it was forwarded by him to the Emperor, who had already reached Bamberg.

The first bulletin on the opening of the campaign gives the following account of what had taken place: "On the 7th the Emperor received dispatches from Mayence, consisting of M. de Knobelsdorff's note and a letter from the King of Prussia, twenty pages long—a pamphlet, in fact, in the style of those written to order for the English Government, by authors hired for £500 a year. The Emperor did not read it through, and remarked to the persons about him: 'I am sorry for my brother, the King of Prussia; he does not understand French. He has certainly not read this rhapsody.' Then he turned to Marshal Berthier: 'Marshal, they give us a rendezvous for the 8th; never has a Frenchman failed to keep such an appointment. But, as it seems that a lovely Queen wishes to be a spectator at our contest, let us be courteous, and march without delay toward Saxony.'"

And, in fact, hostilities began on the 8th of October, 1806.

The Emperor's proclamation to his soldiers was, like the former ones, in a style peculiar to himself and belonging to no particular epoch.

"Let us march," he said, "since our moderation has failed to cure them of their astounding folly. Let the Prussian army meet the same fate as that which befell it fourteen years ago. Let them learn that if it is easy to acquire an increase of territory and of power by means of the friendship of a great nation, so its enmity, which can only be incurred by forsaking all wisdom and reason, is more terrible than the storms of ocean."

At the same time, the King of Holland returned to the

Hague, in order to assemble the States, and to ask them to pass a law enacting the payment in advance of one year's land-tax. Having obtained this, he moved his headquarters to the frontier. Thus, the Dutch, to whom a long continuation of prosperity, in return for the surrender of their liberty, had been promised, were from the very first threatened with war, and had to endure a double taxation and a blockade of the continent, which destroyed their trade.

Mme. Louis Bonaparte joined her brother at Mayence, and seemed to breathe freely when once more among her own people. The young Princess of Baden also came to Mayence; there was still, at this time, a great coolness between her husband and herself. The Empress received a visit from the Prince Primate and from some of the sovereigns belonging to the Confederation. Her life at Mayence was very bright and stirring; many distinguished personages came thither to pay their respects to her. She would have preferred to follow the Emperor, but, when she wrote asking leave to join him, he answered: "I am not able to send for you here. I am the slave of the nature of things and the force of circumstances; we must wait until they decide." *

The Empress, who was very anxious now that her husband was about to incur fresh risks, had no friend among

* This letter is not included in Napoleon's general correspondence published under the Second Empire; but the letters belonging to this period which are comprised in this publication are very similar both in style and matter. Moreover, this was the usual subject of the Emperor's letters to Josephine in all his campaigns. He writes to her from Warsaw a few months later, on the 23d of January, 1807: "I have your letter of January 15th. I could not allow ladies to undertake such a journey as this; bad roads, unsafe and dirty. Go back to Paris, be bright and gay; perhaps I shall be there soon. I was amused at your saying you took a husband in order to have him with you; I fancied in my ignorance that the wife was made for the husband, and the husband for the country, the family, and glory. Forgive my ignorance; there is always something to be learned from beautiful women. Farewell, my dearest. Believe me, it costs me something not to send for you. Say to yourself, It is a proof how precious I am to him."—P. R.

her court circle to sympathize affectionately with her. In her suite were several ladies who belonged by their very names to memories which they claimed a right to retain at the new Court; and they took leave to disapprove of the war, and especially to express an interest which was natural enough in the beautiful Queen. She soon became an object of attack in each successive bulletin. The death of Prince Louis of Prussia, with whom some of the ladies-in-waiting during the time of their emigration had been acquainted, was also much lamented by them, and a sort of disdainful opposition formed itself around our Empress, of which Mme. de la Rochefoucauld took the lead.

M. de Rémusat, who had the superintendence of this miniature Court, became the recipient of the complaints of the Empress, who, having nothing serious to occupy her, was annoyed by foolish and vain speeches which she ought to have despised. He advised her to pay no attention to these vexations, and by no means to mention them to the Emperor, who would make them of more importance than was at all desirable. Mme. Bonaparte, however, wrote all the history to her husband, and subsequently M. de Talleyrand, who was present during these little storms which might have been so easily dispersed, thought to amuse the Emperor with a description of them. Bonaparte did not regard the matter in a harmless light. I have dwelt on this in order, later on, to explain what came of it to ourselves personally.

Meanwhile, a life so trivial and so empty was wearisome to my husband. He amused himself by learning German, in order, as he wrote to me, "at least to occupy a portion of each day usefully." He took increasing pleasure in the society of M. de Talleyrand, who treated him with confidence and warm friendship. Whenever the slightest appearance of feeling is attributed to M. de Talleyrand, one is obliged to put the statement with strong affirmation, because it will inevitably be received with doubt. The world judges him with severity, or at least too sweepingly. I know him to be

capable of affection, and I venture to say that, had he been altogether deceitful, I could not have become so sincerely attached to him.

During this time I was living very quietly in Paris with my mother, my sister, and my children. Some distinguished people came to my house; also a number of literary men, who were attracted thither by my husband's authority over the theatres. Princess Caroline only (Duchess of Berg) required any court to be paid to her. She lived at the Elysée with a certain amount of state; people waited on her as they did on the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès. Occasional visits had to be paid to the ministers, but the remainder of one's time was one's own. News from the seat of war was received without enthusiasm, but not without interest, because every family was more or less connected with the army.

The knowledge that every drawing-room was watched by the police prevented all serious conversation; every one was engrossed by secret anxieties, and a sort of isolation, which was just what the Emperor wished, was the result.

Nevertheless, a little incident happened during the campaign which amused all Paris for several weeks. On the 23d of October Cardinal Maury was chosen—by that class of the Institute which has received the name of the French Academy—to succeed M. Target. When the day for his reception drew near, some one raised the question whether he should be addressed as *Monseigneur*, and a great commotion ensued. Before the Revolution a similar discussion had occurred on the same subject. D'Alembert and the three members of the Academy had pleaded for the rights of equality in the sanctuary of letters; but the Academy, having in 1806 become "the Right," was disposed to grant the title of *Monseigneur*, in opposition to the party headed by Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, his brother-in-law Arnault, Chénier, etc. The discussion ran so high, the Cardinal declared so positively that he would not present himself unless he were to be addressed according to his rank, the difficulty

of arriving with due freedom at any decision was so great, that it was determined to refer the matter to the Emperor himself, and this foolish dispute was actually brought before him on the battle-field. Meanwhile, whenever the Cardinal met any of the members of the Institute who were hostile to him, he attacked them. On one occasion he met M. Regnault dining at Mme. Murat's, and an amusing passage-at-arms, at which I was present, took place between them. Almost at the very beginning of the conversation, the Cardinal requested M. Regnault to go into another room, to which M. Regnault consented, provided that some of the other guests would accompany him. The Cardinal, who was annoyed, began to get excited.* "You do not recollect, then, sir," he said, "that at the Constituent Assembly I called you *little boy*." "That is no reason," replied M. Regnault, "why we should give you a token of respect at the present day." "If my name were Montmorency," returned the Cardinal, "I could afford to laugh at you; but I owe to my abilities only my elevation to the Academy, and, if I yielded the point of *Monseigneur*, the next day you would treat me as an equal." M. Regnault reminded us that once only had the French Academy consented to use the title of *Monseigneur*, and that then it was in favor of Cardinal Dubois, who was received by Fontenelle. "But," he added, "times are greatly changed." I must own that, looking at Cardinal Maury, I ventured to think men were not so much altered. Finally the discussion became hot; it was reported to the Emperor, who sent orders to the academicians to address the Cardinal as *Monseigneur*. On this everybody immediately submitted, and we heard no more about it.

* He was a very hot-tempered man.

CHAPTER XXII.

(1806–1807.)

Death of Prince Louis of Prussia—Battle of Jena—The Queen of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander—The Emperor and the Revolution—Court Life at Mayence—Life in Paris—Marshal Brune—Taking of Lubeck—The Princess of Hatzfeld—The Auditors of the State Council—Sufferings of the Army—The King of Saxony—Battle of Eylau.

The Emperor had left Bamberg, and was hastening to the assistance of the King of Saxony. Our armies, which had been gathered together with the surprising rapidity that always defeated the plans of the enemy, were marching onward. The first skirmishes took place at Saalfeld, between Marshal Lannes and the vanguard of Prince Hohenlohe, commanded by Prince Louis of Prussia. The latter, who was brave to rashness, fought in the ranks until, coming to a hand-to-hand conflict with a quartermaster and refusing to surrender, he fell covered with wounds. His death disheartened the Prussians, while it increased the ardor of our troops. "If," says the Imperial bulletin, "his last moments were those of a bad citizen, his death was glorious and deserving of regret. He died as every good soldier must wish to die." *

I am ignorant whether, in Prussia, Prince Louis was con-

* It appears certain that he lost his life in endeavoring to save that of a friend. Those who were intimate with him say he had but one fault—a jealousy of any kind of success in others. This is a weakness very common among princes: the very abilities which are devoted to their service seem to require their forgiveness. Prince Louis was nephew to the King of Prussia.

sidered to have preferred his own glory to the interests of his country by promoting the war. It may have been imprudent to commence it when he did; doubtless the right moment for declaring would have been at the formation of the coalition in the preceding year; yet the feelings of the Prince were, even at this time, shared by a great number of his countrymen.

For some days the bulletins gave accounts of several partial engagements which were but the prelude to the great battle of the 14th of October. The Prussian Court was described as being in great confusion, and despotic advice was given to those princes who are led into hesitation by consulting the multitude on great political interests above its comprehension! As if nations, having reached their present degree of enlightenment, could continue to intrust the money taken from their coffers, and the men levied from among their ranks, to their rulers, without ascertaining the uses to which the gold and the soldiers are to be put!

On the 14th of October the two armies met at Jena, and and in a few hours this important battle decided the fate of the King of Prussia. The renowned Prussian cavalry could not resist our infantry; confused orders caused confusion in the ranks; a great number of Prussians were killed or taken prisoners;* several general officers lay dead on the field of battle; the Prince of Brunswick was severely wounded, and the King was forced to fly. In fact, the rout was complete. Our bulletins were full of the praises of Marshal Davoust, who had in truth greatly contributed to the success of the

* The Emperor gives the following account of Jena in a letter to the Empress, written on the battle-field on the 15th of October, 1806: "My dearest, I have had great success against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. They numbered a hundred and fifty thousand men. I have taken twenty thousand prisoners, a hundred of their guns, and some flags. I was very near the King of Prussia, and only just missed taking him, as well as the Queen. I have been bivouacking the last two days. I am in capital health. Adieu, my dearest; keep yourself well, and think of me. If Hortense is at Mayence, kiss her for me, as well as Napoleon and the little fellow."—P. R.

day, and the Emperor willingly acknowledged this. He was not usually so ready to render justice to his generals. When the Empress questioned him on his return about the eulogiums he had allowed to be lavished on Davoust on this occasion, he answered her, laughing: "I can heap upon him as much glory as I please; he will never be strong enough to carry it."

On the evening of the battle a whimsical adventure happened to M. Eugène de Montesquiou.* He was an orderly officer, and was sent by the Emperor to the King of Prussia with a letter, to which I shall presently allude. He was detained all day at the Prussian headquarters, where the defeat of the French was considered certain, and they wished him to witness it. He remained, therefore, an agitated but inactive spectator of the course of events. The generals, and Blücher † in particular, affected to give alarming orders in his presence. Toward evening the young man, involved in the flight of the Prussians, was endeavoring to rejoin our camp. On his way he met with two Frenchmen, who joined him, and the three together contrived to get hold of eighteen disbanded Prussians, whom they brought in triumph to the Emperor. This capture greatly diverted him.

The battle of Jena was followed by one of the rapid marches which Bonaparte was wont to impose on his army in the hour of victory. No one ever knew better how to profit by victory than he; he bewildered the enemy, leaving him not a moment's repose.

The town of Erfurt capitulated on the 16th. The King of Saxony was slightly reprimanded for having yielded to the King of Prussia, by giving him the entry of his states and taking part in the beginning of the war, but his prisoners were restored to him. General Clarke was made Governor of Erfurt.

* The eldest son of the Chamberlain. He was afterward killed in Spain.

† Whom, twice since then, we have seen entering Paris at the head of his army.

The bulletins of this period are especially remarkable. Bonaparte was angry at having been deceived by the Emperor Alexander. He had calculated on the unchanging neutrality of Prussia; he was mortified at English influence on the Continent; and his ill humor was perceptible in every word dictated by him. He attacked in turn the English Government, the Prussian nobility, whom he wished to denounce to the people, the young Queen, women, etc. Grand and noble expressions, often of a poetical nature, were strangely contrasted with abusive terms. He gratified his resentment and anger, but he lowered himself by giving such expression to his own feelings, and, above all, he sinned against Parisian good taste. We were beginning to grow accustomed to military wonders, and the form in which intelligence of them was transmitted to us was freely criticised. After all, the attention that nations pay to the words of kings is not so foolish as it may appear. The words of sovereigns, even more than their actions, reveal their dispositions, and the disposition of their ruler is of primary importance to subjects. The King of Prussia, who was now pushed to extremity, asked for an armistice: it was refused, and Leipsic was taken.

The French marched across the battle-field of Rossbach, and the column erected there in commemoration of our former defeat was removed and sent to Paris.

On the 22d of October M. de Lucchesini came to our headquarters. He brought a letter from the King of Prussia, the publication of which, said the "Moniteur," * was forbidden by the secrecy necessary in diplomatic affairs. "But," it continued, "the Emperor's reply was considered so admirable that a few copies of it have been made; we have procured one, and we hasten to lay the letter before our readers."

Every determination taken by the Emperor, from the

* "Moniteur" of the 30th. Putting aside the more or less imperative circumstances which determined the King of Prussia to declare war, Bonaparte's letter is remarkable.

greatest to the least, seems partly founded on the lion's reason in La Fontaine's fable—"*Because my name is Lion.*"

"The Prussians are surprised at the briskness of our pursuit; they are probably accustomed to the manœuvres of the Seven Years' War." And when they asked for three days' truce, in order to bury their dead—"Think of the living," replied the Emperor, "and leave to us the care of burying the dead. That needs no truce." *

The Emperor reached Potsdam on the 24th of October. As may be supposed, he visited Sans-Souci, and reminiscences of Frederick the Great are to be found in the bulletins. "The handsome Emperor (the Czar) and the lovely Queen" † received fresh insults in these documents, from which we gathered that a war with Russia would follow the Prussian war. Paris was thrown into consternation; the news from the seat of war was read publicly at the theatres, but the only applause that greeted it was hired. "War, nothing but war, is all that is left to us." Such words as these, uttered with more or less of wrath or grief, struck ominously on the ear of the adherents of the Emperor, yet they could not contradict them.

On the same day, the 25th of October, the fortress of Spandau capitulated.

To all these accounts of the war was added a letter supposed to be written by a private soldier from a town in the duchy of Brunswick. It contained enthusiastic praise of

* M. Daru, Intendant of the Emperor's household, was at this period made Intendant of the army. His severity in raising the war contributions is remembered to this day in Prussia. He left a terrible reputation behind him, and yet those who knew him well will attest that he was a man of moderate opinions, with a taste for literature, and liked by his friends. But at that time obedience was the first duty. The Emperor required it, both in manner and matter. The qualities or the vices of masters are reflected in those who serve them.

† Bulletin of the 17th of October: "The Queen is a handsome woman, but she has little intelligence," etc. And later: "It is said in Berlin, 'The Queen was so good, so gentle!' But since that fatal interview with the handsome Emperor, how changed she is!"

French valor, which it attributed to the military system adopted in our army. "It is also certain," continues the writer, "that any soldier who can say to himself, 'It is not impossible for me to become a Marshal of the Empire, a Prince, or a Duke, as it has happened to others,' must be greatly encouraged by that thought. It was quite another thing at Rossbach. The French army was commanded then by gentlemen who owed their military rank only to their birth, or to the patronage of a Pompadour; and the troops were of so-called soldiers, on whose track, after their defeat, were found nothing but pigtails and powdering-bags."

When the Emperor made his entry into Berlin on the 26th of October, in the midst of acclamations, he vented his displeasure on those among the Prussian nobles who were presented to him. "My brother the King of Prussia," he said, "ceased to be King from the day on which he failed to have Prince Louis hanged, when he dared to go and break his Minister's windows." * And to Count Nesch he said roughly, "I will bring the nobles of this Court down so low that they shall be obliged to beg their bread."

By violent speeches of this kind, which were published, the Emperor not only gratified his anger against the instigators of the war, but imagined that he fulfilled obligations toward our Revolution. Although he was a determined counter-revolutionist, he was obliged from time to time to render some homage to the ideas which, by a fatal deviation, had produced his own accession. A mistaken longing for equality, a noble desire for liberty, were the causes of our civil discord; but in his thirst for power he gave us no encouragement toward that freedom which, if we succeed in obtaining it, will be the most glorious conquest of our times, but limited himself, in his bargain with the age, to advancing equality only. The love of liberty is an unselfish sentiment, which a generous ruler ought at the present day to foster in

* The young Prince had perpetrated this garrison prank on M. Haugwitz's windows, when the latter, having returned from France, was advising peace.

his people; but Bonaparte only sought to aggrandize his own power. Sometimes, with entire forgetfulness of his own origin, he spoke and acted as if he were a king by the grace of God, and then every word of his became, as it were, feudal; while at other times he affected a sort of Jacobinism, and then he would abuse legitimate royalty, treat our old memories with disdain, and denounce the nobility to the plebeians of every country. Never did he seek to establish the true rights of nations; and the unostentatious aristocracy of letters and of a noble civilization was far more displeasing to him, in reality, than that of titles and privileges, which he could make use of as he pleased.

On the 29th of October M. de Talleyrand left Mayence to join the Emperor, who had sent for him. M. de Rémusat felt much regret at his departure. He had found his society a great resource; the somewhat solemn idleness of court life made them necessary to each other. M. de Talleyrand, having recognized both the trustworthiness and the superior abilities of my husband, would throw aside his habitual reserve in his company, and would confide to him his views on passing events and his opinion of their common master. An aristocrat by taste, by conviction, and by birth, M. de Talleyrand approved of Bonaparte's repression of what he regarded as the excesses of the Revolution; but he would have wished that a headstrong temper and a determined will had not led the Emperor aside from a course in which his own prudent counsels might have guided him aright. He was thoroughly conversant with the European political situation, and better versed in the law of nations than in their true rights, and he propounded with accuracy the diplomatic course that he would have had the Emperor follow. He was alarmed at the possible preponderance of Russia in Europe, and was in favor of founding an independent power between us and the Russians. For this reason he encouraged the ardent, though vague, desires of the Poles. "A kingdom of Poland," he used to say, "ought to be established. It would

be the bulwark of our independence; but it ought not to be done by halves." With his head full of this plan, he started to join the Emperor, resolved on advising him to turn his brilliant success to good account.

After M. de Talleyrand's departure, M. de Rémusat wrote me that the dullness of his life was extreme. The Court at Mayence was monotonously regular. There, as elsewhere and in all places, the Empress was gentle, quiet, idle, and averse to take anything on herself, because, whether far or near, she dreaded the displeasure of her husband. Her daughter, who was delighted to escape from her wretched home, spent her time in diversions of a nature somewhat too childish for her rank and position.* Hortense rejoiced with her mother over the promising qualities of her little son, then full of life and beauty, and very forward for his years.

The German princes came to pay their court at Mayence; great banquets were given; elegant costumes were worn; there was much walking and driving about, and great eagerness for news. The Court wanted to return to Paris; the Empress wanted to go to Berlin; and there, as elsewhere, all was dependent on the will of one man.

In Paris life was dull, but tranquil. The absence of the Emperor was always a relief: if people did not speak more freely, they seemed better able to breathe, and this sense of alleviation was especially to be observed in persons connected with his Government. The impression produced by the Emperor's victories became weaker every day; and a tangible proof was thus afforded to the world that lasting national enthusiasm could no longer be kindled by success in war.

Prince Eugène's army was marching onward in Albania,

* It is evident that Queen Hortense and her Court amused themselves like school-girls. This was a result of their intimacy while at Mme. Campan's school. Napoleon III. seemed to have inherited his mother's tastes in this respect. Even when long past youth, he liked children's games, blind-man's-buff and others. Only on these occasions did he clear his brow and seem happy, and even amiable; which was by no means the case in his intercourse with the world, social or political, for his manner was extremely cold.—P. R.

and Marshal Marmont was holding in check the Russians, who were moving on that side. A fresh proclamation was issued by the Emperor to his soldiers: it announced a rupture with Russia and an onward march, promised fresh triumphs, and alluded to the "love" of Bonaparte for his army. Marshal Brune,* commanding the reserves stationed at Boulogne, issued on this occasion a curious order of the day, which was published by command in the "Moniteur":

"SOLDIERS: You will read at mess, every day for a fortnight, the sublime proclamation of his Majesty the Emperor and King to the Grand Army. You will learn it by heart; each one of you will shed tears of courage, and will be filled with the irresistible enthusiasm inspired by heroism."

In Paris, no one was moved to tears, and the prolongation of the war filled us with dismay.

Meanwhile, the Emperor remained at Berlin, where he had established his headquarters. He announced in his bulletins that the great Prussian army had vanished like an autumnal mist, and he ordered his lieutenants to complete the conquest of all the Prussian states. At the same time a war-tax of one hundred and fifty millions was raised; the towns surrendered one by one—Küstrin and Stettin first, Magdeburg a little later. Lübeck, which had offered resistance, was stormed and horribly pillaged; there was fighting in every street; and I remember that Prince Borghese, who took part in the assault, gave us some particulars of the cruelty practiced by the soldiers in that unfortunate town. "What I then saw," he told us, "gave me an idea of the bloodthirsty intoxication which resistance at first, and victory afterward, can produce in soldiers." He added: "At such a moment every officer is a mere soldier. I was beyond all self-control; I felt, like everybody else, a sort of passionate

* He was massacred at Avignon in 1815. [In M. Jules Clarctie's "Camille Desmoulins," an interesting account of the early career of Brune is to be found. It is to his pencil that we owe the only existing portrait of Camille's wife, Lucille.—TRANSLATORS.]

longing to exert my strength against people and things. I should be ashamed to recall some absurdly horrible acts which I committed. In the midst of imminent danger, when one must cut one's way with the sword, with everything around in flames, when the thunder of cannon or the rattle of musketry mingles with the cries of a dense crowd, in which are people pressing in every direction, either seeking others or trying to escape from them, and all this in the narrow space of a street, then a man loses his head completely. There is no act of atrocity or of folly that he will not commit. He will wantonly destroy without profit to anybody, and will give himself up to an uncontrollable delirium of evil passions."

After the fall of Lübeck, Marshal Bernadotte remained there some time as governor of the town, and it was then that he began to lay the foundation of his future greatness. He behaved with perfect equity, and did his best to assuage the evils that had been caused by war. Strict discipline was maintained among his troops; the gentleness of his bearing attracted and consoled, and he won the admiration and sincere affection of the people.

During the Emperor's stay at Berlin, the Prince of Hatzfeld, who had remained there, and who, said the bulletins, "had accepted the post of governor," kept up a secret correspondence with the King of Prussia, in which he gave full accounts of the movements of our army. One of his letters was intercepted, and the Emperor gave orders for his arrest and trial before a military court. His wife, who was with child, was in despair; she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and threw herself at his feet. He showed her the Prince's letter, and when the poor young wife gave way to her sorrow, the Emperor, moved with pity, bade her rise, and said to her: "You have the original document, on which your husband may be condemned, in your own hand. Take my advice; profit by this moment to burn it, and then there will be no evidence to condemn him." The Princess,

without a moment's delay, threw the paper into the fire, and bathed the Emperor's hands with her tears. This anecdote made a greater impression on Paris than all our victories.*

Our Senate sent a deputation to Berlin with congratulations on so triumphant a campaign. The Emperor intrusted the envoys, on their return to Paris, with the sword of Frederick the Great, the ribbon of the Black Eagle worn by him, and several flags, among which, says the "Moniteur," "there are several embroidered by the hands of that fair Queen whose beauty has been as fatal to the people of Prussia as was the beauty of Helen to the Trojans."

Every day our generals invaded some new district. The King of Holland had advanced into Hanover, which was again being attacked by us; but all at once we heard that he had returned to his own states, either because he disliked acting merely as one of his brother's lieutenants, or because Bonaparte preferred that his conquests should be made by his own generals. Marshal Mortier took possession of the

* The Emperor describes this scene to the Empress in the following terms: "I have received your letter. You seem vexed at my speaking ill of women. It is true that I hate a scheming woman beyond everything. I am accustomed to good, gentle, and conciliating women; and such women I love. If I am spoiled by them, it is not my fault, but yours. But you will see I have been very kind to one good and kindly woman—Mme. de Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she said, sobbing and with deep feeling, but so innocently, 'Oh, yes, that is indeed his handwriting!' As she read it the tone of her voice went to my heart. I felt sorry for her, and I said, 'Well, madame, throw the letter in the fire, and I shall not be able to punish your husband.' She burned the letter and seemed very happy. Since then her husband has kept himself quiet. Two hours later, and he was a lost man. So, you see, I like women who are kind and simple and gentle, but it is because they only are like you.—Berlin, November 6, 1806, 9 P. M." These stories concide. It was said, however, at the time, that the Emperor, who had made up his mind to be severely just, perceived that the incriminating letter was of an anterior date to that at which, according to the usages of war, it could have been considered as an act of espial, and that the whole scene was then arranged for dramatic effect. Another account was that Mme. de Hatzfeld herself, on glancing over the letter, pointed out the date to the Emperor, who immediately exclaimed, "Oh, then burn it!"—P. R.

city of Hamburg on the 19th of November, and an enormous quantity of English merchandise was confiscated. A number of auditors belonging to the Council of State were sent from Paris; among them were M. d'Houdetot and M. de Tournon.* These auditors were made Intendants of Berlin, Bayreuth, and other towns. By these young and active proconsuls the conquered states were governed in the interests of the conqueror, and victory was immediately followed by an administration which turned it to the best advantage.

The Emperor gained the affections of the young of every rank, by giving them opportunities for action, for self-assertion, and for exercising an absolute authority. Thus, he often said, "There is no conquest I could not undertake, for with the help of my soldiers and my auditors I could conquer and rule the whole world." We may suppose that the habits and the despotic notions that these young men brought back into their own country were rather perilous when the government of French provinces was confided to them. Most of them found it difficult not to rule those provinces like a conquered country. These young men, who were raised early in life to such important posts, are at the present time idle and without prospects, owing to the straitening of our territory. They fret under their enforced idleness, and form one of the most serious difficulties with which the King's Government is confronted.

The conquest of Prussia was completed, and our troops marched into Poland. The season was far advanced; they had not seen the Russians, but it was known that they were approaching; a severe and difficult campaign was anticipated. The cold was not severe, but the march of our soldiers was impeded by the marshy soil, in which men, guns, and carriages were continually sinking. The accounts of the sufferings endured by the army are terrible. Whole

* M. d'Houdetot became a peer of France under the Restoration, and M. de Tournon Prefect of the Gironde.—P. R.

squadrons often sank up to the middle of the men's bodies in the marsh, and it was impossible to save them from a lingering death. Although the Emperor was determined to make the most of his victories, he felt the necessity of giving some repose to his troops, and he eagerly accepted the King of Prussia's offer of a suspension of hostilities, during which he was to remain on one bank of the Vistula, and the Prussians on the other. But it is probable that the conditions he annexed to this armistice were too severe, or perhaps it was only proposed by Prussia in order to gain time and effect a junction with the Russians; for the negotiations dragged slowly along, and the Emperor, on learning the movements of the Russian general, Benningsen, suddenly left Berlin on the 25th of November. He announced fresh danger and fresh success to his troops by the following spirited words, with which he closed his proclamation: "How should the Russians overthrow such designs? Are not they and we alike the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

A famous decree, dated from Berlin and preceded by a lengthy preamble, appeared at the same time, in which sundry grievances were set forth. This decree proclaimed the British Isles to be in a state of blockade, and it was only a reprisal on the usage of England, who, when she enters upon a war, declares a universal blockade, and in virtue thereof authorizes her ships to take possession of all other vessels in whatsoever seas. The Berlin decree divided the empire of the world in two, opposing the power of the Continent to the power of the seas. Every Englishman who should be found either in France or in any state occupied by us, or under our influence, was to become a prisoner of war, and this hard enactment was notified to all our sovereign allies. Thenceforth it was manifest that the struggle which was beginning, between despotic power in all its ramifications and the strength of such a constitution as that which rules and vivifies the English nation, could end only by the complete destruction of one of the assailants. Despotism has

fallen, and, notwithstanding the terrible cost to ourselves, we ought to be grateful to Providence for the salvation of nations and the lessons taught to posterity.

On the 28th of November Murat made his entry into Warsaw. The French were enthusiastically received by those among the Poles who hoped that the liberty of their country would result from our conquests. In the bulletin which announced the entry these words occur: "Will the kingdom of Poland be restored? God alone, who holds in His hand the direction of events, can be the arbiter of this great political problem." Thenceforth Bonaparte's family began to covet the throne of Poland. His brother Jérôme had some hopes of obtaining it. Murat, who had displayed brilliant valor throughout all the campaign, was the first to be sent to Warsaw, and made his appearance there in the theatrical costume that he affected—plumed bonnet, colored boots, and richly laced cloak. His dress resembled that of the Polish nobles, and he flattered himself that one day that great country would be committed to his rule. His wife received many congratulations in Paris, and this, perhaps, made the Emperor, who disliked to be forestalled on any point, change his mind. I know that the Empress also had hopes of the Polish crown for her son. When the Emperor, at a later date, became father of a natural son, of whose fate I am at present uninformed, the Poles fixed their hopes on that child.

Writers better acquainted with the secrets of diplomacy than I may explain why Bonaparte did not carry out, but merely sketched, his plans for Poland, notwithstanding his own personal proclivities and M. de Talleyrand's influence and opinions on the subject. It may be that events succeeded each other with such rapidity, and clashed so rudely, that due care could not be bestowed on the projected enterprise. Subsequently to the Prussian campaign and the treaty of Tilsit, the Emperor often regretted that he had not pushed his innovations in Europe to the extent of changing every

existing dynasty. "There is nothing to be gained," he used to say, "by leaving any power in the hands of people whom we have made discontented. There is no use in half measures; old works will not drive new machines. I ought to have made all other kings accessory to my own greatness, and, so that they should owe everything to me, they ought not to have had any greatness in the past to point to. Not that in my eyes this was of much value—certainly not of value equal to that of founding a new race; but nevertheless it has a certain influence over mankind. My sympathy with certain sovereigns, my compassion toward suffering nations, my fear, I know not why, of causing an utter overthrow of all things, withheld me. I have been greatly in the wrong, and perhaps I may have to pay for it dearly."

When the Emperor spoke in this sense, he took pains to dwell on the necessity imposed by the Revolution of the renewal of all things. But, as I have already said, he in his secret heart thought he had done enough for the Revolution in changing the frontiers of states and the sovereigns who ruled them. A citizen King, chosen either from among his own kinsfolk, or from the ranks of the army, ought, he considered, to satisfy all the citizen classes of modern society by his sudden elevation; and, provided the depotism of the new sovereign could be turned to the advantage of his own projects, he should not be interfered with. It must be owned, however, that if "the spirit of the age," as Bonaparte called it, had resulted only in nations being governed by men whom a lucky chance had drawn from their native obscurity, it was scarcely worth while to make such a fuss about it. If we are to be ruled by a despot, surely the despot who can point to the greatness of his ancestors, and who exercises his authority in virtue of ancient rights made sacred by ancient glory, or even in virtue of rights whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, is the least mortifying to human pride.

At the close of the war Poland found that she was free only in that portion of the country which had been seized

by Prussia. His treaties with the Emperor of Russia, the temporary need of repose, the fear of displeasing Austria by interfering with her possessions, cramped Bonaparte's plans. It may be that they could not have been carried out; but, being only half attempted, they bore within them the elements of their own destruction.

The advantages and disadvantages of the continental policy with regard to the English nation have often been discussed. I am not competent either to state the objections raised to this system or the reasons for which many disinterested persons approve of it; still less would I venture to draw hasty conclusions. The system in question imposed conditions on the allies of France which were too much in opposition to their interests to be long endured by them; for, although it encouraged continental industry, it interfered with the luxuries of life, and with some few of its daily necessaries. It was also felt to be an act of tyranny. Moreover, it caused every Englishman to share the aversion of the British Government toward Bonaparte, because an attack upon trade is an attack on the fountain-head of every Englishman's existence. Thus the war with us became a national one for our enemies, and from that time was vigorously carried on by the English.

Meanwhile I have heard it said by well-informed persons that the consequence of this rigorous policy would in the end strike a fatal blow at the English Constitution, and that on this account especially it was advantageous to pursue it. The English Government was obliged, in order to act with the same rapidity as the enemy, to encroach little by little on the rights of the people. The people made no opposition, because they felt the necessity of resistance. Parliament, less jealous of its liberties, would not venture on any opposition; and by degrees the English were becoming a military people. The national debt was increased, in order to afford supplies to the coalition and the army; the executive was becoming accustomed to encroachments which had been tol-

erated in the beginning, and it would willingly have maintained them as an acquired right. Thus, the strained situation into which every Government was forced by the Emperor was changing the Constitution of Great Britain, and possibly, had the continental system lasted for a length of time, the English could only have recovered their liberties through violence or sedition. This was the Emperor's secret hope. He fomented rebellion in Ireland; supported as he was by every absolute sovereign on the Continent, he helped and protected the Opposition in England by all the means in his power, while the London newspapers in his pay stirred up the people to claim their liberties.

At a later period I heard M. de Talleyrand, who was greatly alarmed at this contest, express himself with more warmth than he usually displays in stating his opinions. "Tremble, foolish people that you are," said he, "at the Emperor's success over the English; for, if the English Constitution is destroyed, understand clearly that the civilization of the world will be shaken to its very foundations."

Before leaving Berlin the Emperor issued several decrees, dated thence, showing that, although he was at the camp, he had both leisure and will to attend to other pursuits besides those of war. Such were the appointment of certain prefects, a decree for the organization of the Naval Office, and one designating the site of the Madeleine, on the Boulevard, for the monument to be erected to the glory of the French army. Competition for designs for this monument was invited by circulars from the Minister of the Interior, which were distributed in every direction. Numerous promotions were made in the army, and there was a general distribution of crosses.

On the 25th of November the Emperor departed for Posen. The bad state of the roads obliged him to exchange his traveling-carriage for a country wagon. The Grand Marshal of the Palace was overturned in his *calèche*, and dislocated his collar bone. The same accident happened to M. de

Talleyrand's carriage, but he escaped without hurt; on account of his lameness, he had to remain four and twenty hours on the road in his overturned carriage, until means could be found to enable him to continue his journey. About this time he took occasion to answer a letter I had written to him. "I reply to your letter," he writes, "in the midst of the mud of Poland; next year, perhaps, I may address you from the sandy deserts of I know not what country. I beg you to remember me in your prayers." The Emperor was only too much inclined to despise the obstacles that destroyed part of his army. Moreover, it was imperative to march onward. The Russians were advancing, and he did not choose to await them in Prussia.

On the 2d of December the Senate was convoked in Paris. The Arch-Chancellor read a letter from the Emperor, giving an account of his victories, promising others in the future, and requesting a *senatus consultum* which should order an immediate levy of the conscripts of 1807. This levy, in ordinary times, was made in September only. A commission was appointed for form's sake. This commission sat in consultation upon the request for one morning only, and the next day but one—that is, on the 4th—the *senatus consultum* was reported.

It was also about this epoch that the dispute between the Academy and Cardinal Maury was settled. The Emperor decided the question, and a long article appeared anonymously in the "Moniteur," which ended with these words: "The Academy, doubtless, has no wish to deprive a man, whose great abilities were conspicuous during a time of civil discord, of a right which custom confers upon him. His admission to the Academy was another step toward the entire oblivion of past events which can alone insure the duration of the tranquillity that has been restored to us. This is a long article on a subject which is apparently of very small importance; nevertheless, the light in which some persons have endeavored to place it gives rise to serious considera-

tion. We perceive to what fluctuations we should once more be exposed, into what uncertainty we should again be thrown, only that fortunately for us the helm of the state is in the hands of a pilot whose arm is strong, whose steering is steady, and who has but one aim in view—the happiness of the country." *

While Bonaparte forced his soldiers to endure terrible hardships of all kinds in the prosecution of the war, he lost no opportunity of proving that nothing interfered with the interest he, in the midst of camps, took in the progress of civilization.

An order of the day, dated from headquarters of the Grand Army, is as follows: "In the name of the Emperor. The University of Jena, its professors, teachers, and students, its possessions, revenues, and other prerogatives whatsoever, are placed under the special protection of the commanders of the French and allied troops. The course of study will be continued. Students are consequently authorized to return to Jena, and it is the Emperor's intention to favor that town as much as possible."

The King of Saxony, subdued by the power of the conqueror, broke off his alliance with Prussia and concluded a treaty with the Emperor. During a long reign this prince had enjoyed the blessings of peace and order. Venerated by his subjects, and occupied solely with their welfare, nothing but the hurricane of Bonaparte's success could have brought the horrors of war among the peaceful valleys of his kingdom. He was too weak to resist the shock; he submitted, and tried to save his people by accepting the victor's terms. But his fidelity to treaties could not save him, because Saxony subsequently became of necessity the battle-

* I was under the impression that the grave dispute between Cardinal Maury and the Institute was finally decided against the claims of the former. At any rate, many years later, M. de Salvandy, in receiving the Bishop of Orleans into the Academy, addressed him as *Monsieur*. He was guided probably by precedent, and no question was raised on the subject.—P. R.

field on which the neighboring sovereigns contended more than once for victory.

Meanwhile, Paris and its inhabitants became every day more gloomy. The bulletins contained only vague accounts of bloody conflicts, with small results. It was easy to infer, from occasional allusions to the severity of the season and the ruggedness of the country, that our soldiers had great obstacles to surmount and much suffering to bear. Private letters, although cautiously written, or they would not have reached their destination, betrayed general anxiety and distress. The least movements of our army were represented as victories, but the Emperor's very triumphs involved him in difficulty.

The distinct advantage with which the campaign had opened made the Parisians hard to please as the war went on. Much trouble was taken to keep up the enthusiasm. The bulletins were solemnly read at the theatres; guns were fired from the Invalides immediately on receipt of news from the army; poets were paid for hastily written odes, chants of victory, and interludes, which were splendidly represented at the Opera,* and on the following day articles written to order commented on the heartiness of the applause.†

* The Emperor frequently rebukes the haste of those who were commissioned to sound his praises at the Paris theatres. He writes to Cambacérès from Berlin, on the 21st of November, 1806: "If the army tries its best to do honor to the nation, it must be owned that literary men do much to discredit it. I read yesterday the wretched verses that were sung at the Opera. Really they are quite a mockery. How can you allow impromptus to be sung at the Opera? They are only fit for vaudevilles. Express my displeaaure to M. de Luçay. He and the Minister of the Interior could surely get something passable composed; but, to insure this, it must not be represented earlier than three months after it is ordered. People complain that we have no literature; that is the fault of the Minister of the Interior. It is absurd to order an eclogue as you might order a gown." He meant, apparently, that the victories of Jena and Eylau should have been foreseen three months beforehand. M. de Luçay, a Chamberlain, had charge of the theatres in the absence of the superintendent, the First Chamberlain, who was detained, as we have seen, at Mayence.—P. R.

† Quotation from the "Moniteur": "Last night the following words were read at the Opera House: 'The Emperor is in the enjoyment of perfect health.' It is impossible to conceive the enthusiasm produced by these words."

The Empress, who was restless, idle, and tired of Mayence, wrote continually, begging to be allowed to go to Berlin. The Emperor was on the point of yielding to her, and I learned from M. de Rémusat with fresh sorrow that in all probability his absence would be prolonged. But the arrival of the Russians, and the obligation he was under of marching into Poland, made Bonaparte change his mind. Moreover, he was informed that Paris was dull, and that the tradespeople were complaining of the harm done them by the general uneasiness. He sent orders to his wife to return to the Tuileries, there to keep up the accustomed splendor of her Court, and we all received commands to amuse ourselves ostentatiously.*

Meanwhile, after a few partial engagements, the Emperor determined on going into winter quarters; but the Russians, who were better used to the severity of the climate and the rudeness of the country, would not allow of this, and after measuring their strength in some bloody encounters, where our success was dearly bought, the two armies met face to face near the village of Preussisch Eylau, which has given its name to a sanguinary battle. One shudders even now at the description of that terrible day. The cold was piercing, and the snow falling fast; but the opposition of the elements only increased the ferocity of both armies. For twelve hours they fought, without either side being able to claim the victory. The loss of men was immense. Toward evening the Russians retreated in good order, leaving a considerable number of their wounded on the field of battle. Both sovereigns, Russian and French, ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung. The fact is, this horrible butchery was to no purpose, and the Emperor afterward said that, if the Russian army had attacked him on the following day, it is probable he would have been beaten. But this was an additional reason for him to exult over the victory loudly. He wrote to the bish-

* On this occasion M. de Talleyrand said: "Ladies, this is no laughing matter; the Emperor insists on your amusing yourselves."

ops, informed the Senate of his alleged success, contradicted in his own journals the foreign versions of the event, and concealed as much as possible the losses that we had sustained. It is said that he visited the battle-field, and that the awful spectacle made a great impression on him. This would seem to be true, because the bulletin in which the fact is stated is written in a very simple style, unlike that of the others, in which he generally figures in a theatrical attitude.

On his return, he ordered a very fine painting from Gros the artist, in which he is represented among the dead and dying, lifting his eyes to heaven, as if praying for resignation. The expression given to him by the painter is extremely beautiful. I have often gazed at the picture with emotion, hoping with all my heart—for it still desired to cling to him—that such had really been the expression of his countenance on that occasion.*

M. Denon, Director of the Museum, and one of the most obsequious servants of the Emperor, always followed him in his campaigns, in order to select objects of value in every conquered city, to add to the treasures of that magnificent collection. He fulfilled his task with exactness, which, people said, resembled rapacity, and he was accused of appropriating a share of the plunder. Our soldiers knew him only by the name of "The Auctioneer." After the battle of Eylau, and while at Warsaw, he received orders to have a monument erected in commemoration of the day. The more doubtful it was, the more the Emperor insisted on its being held to be a victory. Denon sent to Paris a poetical account of the Emperor's visit to the wounded. Many persons have declared that the painting by Gros represented a fiction, like that of the visit to the pest-stricken at Jaffa. But why should it be denied that Bonaparte could sometimes feel?

* In a bulletin of the time we read as follows: "Such a spectacle is calculated to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war."

The subject was open to competition among our principal painters. A considerable number of sketches were sent in. Gros obtained every vote, and the choice fell upon him.

The battle of Eylau was fought on the 10th of February, 1807.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(1807.)

The Return of the Empress to Paris—The Imperial Family—Junot—Fouché—The Queen of Holland—Levy of the Conscripts of 1808—Theatricals at Court—Letter from the Emperor—Siège of Dantzic—Death of the Empress of Austria—Death of Queen Hortense's Son—M. Decazes—The Emperor's Want of Feeling.

After the battle of Eylau, both armies were forced to come to a halt, in consequence of the confusion produced by a thaw, and both went into winter quarters. Our troops were in cantonments near Marienwerder, and the Emperor established himself in a country-house near Osterode.*

The Empress had returned to Paris at the end of January. She was out of spirits, vaguely anxious, and not overpleased with those members of the Court who had accompanied her to Mayence. Besides this, she was in a state of nervousness, as she always was during the Emperor's absence, for she dreaded his disapproval of her actions. She was most gracious, and showed all her former friendship for me. It was said by some members of the Court that her low spirits were partly caused by tender feelings which she entertained toward a certain young equerry, then absent with the Emperor. I never inquired into the truth of this story, nor did she ever mention it to me; but, on the contrary, she was distressed by the stories she was told by some Polish ladies then in Paris, concerning the Emperor and a young countrywoman

* The Emperor took up his residence at Osterode, or in the neighborhood, on the 22d of February, 1807.—P. R.

of theirs. Her affection for her husband was always dashed with the dread of divorce; and, of all her feelings, this was, I believe, the strongest. She would occasionally introduce a few words on the subject in her letters to Bonaparte, but he never made the least reply to them.*

She tried to conform to the Emperor's wishes. She gave and accepted invitations, and could at any time find relief from her cares in the delight of displaying a magnificent dress. She behaved to her sisters-in-law coldly, but with prudence; she received a great number of persons, and always graciously, and she never said a word that was not studiously insignificant.

I once suggested to her that she might divert her mind by going to the theatre; but she told me that she did not derive enough amusement from the plays to go *incognito*, and that she could not venture to go publicly. "Why, madame?" I asked her. "I think the applause you would receive would be pleasing to the Emperor." "You do not know him, then," was her reply. "If I was received with much cordiality, I am sure he would be jealous of any little triumph which he would not have shared. When I am applauded he likes to take part in my success; and I should only mortify him by seeking any when he can not be present."

The uneasiness of the Empress Josephine was increased by any appearance of mutual understanding between several persons about her; she always imagined they were conspiring to injure her. Bonaparte had infected her with his habitual suspicion. She felt no fear of Mme. Joseph Bonaparte,

* The Emperor's Correspondence, published in the reign of Napoleon III., reveals some replies which Josephine did not confide to her friend. For instance, in a letter of the 31st of December, 1806, he says: "I laughed heartily over your last letters. Polish ladies are not so lovely as you imagine. I received your letter in a wretched barn, in the midst of storm and wind, and where straw was my only bed." A few days later he writes from Warsaw, January 19, 1807: "My dearest, I am grieved at the tone of your letters, and at what I hear about you. I forbid tears, sadness, and anxiety; you must be gay, bright, and happy."—P. R.

who, although at that time Queen of Naples, was residing quietly at the Luxembourg Palace, being reluctant to exchange her peaceful life for that of a sovereign. The two Princes—one the Arch-Chancellor, the other the Arch-Treasurer of the Empire—were timorous and reserved; they paid her an assiduous court, and inspired her with no distrust.

Princess Borghese, who combined constant ill health with a life of intrigue, joined in no political schemes, excepting such as were common to the whole family. But the Grand Duchess of Berg caused her sister-in-law constant jealousy and apprehension. She lived in great splendor at the Elysée-Bourbon Palace. Her beauty was set off by the most exquisite dress; her pretensions were great, her manners affable when she thought it prudent, and more than affable to men whom she wished to fascinate. She was unscrupulous when intent on injuring, and she hated the Empress, yet never lost her self-control. Of such a woman Josephine might well be afraid. At this time, as I have said, Caroline was desirous of obtaining the crown of Poland, and she endeavored to make friends among the influential members of the Government who might be useful to her. General Junot, Governor of Paris, became one of her ardent admirers, and, either from a reciprocal feeling or from interested motives, she contrived to make his tender sentiments serve her purpose; so that the Governor of Paris, in his reports to the Emperor—a certain branch of police being in his charge—always gave favorable accounts of the Grand Duchess of Berg.

Another intimacy, in which there was no question of love, but which was of great use to her, was that between Fouché and herself. Fouché was on bad terms with M. de Talleyrand, who was no favorite of Mme. Murat's. She wanted to secure her present position, and especially to elevate her husband in spite of himself. She hinted to the Minister of Police that M. de Talleyrand would contrive to have him removed, and she tried to gain his affection by a number of other little confidential communications. This intimacy gave

daily recurring distress to the poor frightened Empress, who narrowly watched all her words and actions. Parisian society concerned itself little with these Court secrets, and took no interest in the members of the Court circle. We had the appearance of being, and we were in fact, merely a living puppet-show, set up to surround the Emperor with what seemed to him necessary state. The conviction that no one had any influence over him led people to concern themselves little with his surroundings. Every one knew beforehand that his will only would finally determine all things.

Meanwhile, the sovereigns who were either related or allied to the Emperor sent deputations to Poland, to congratulate him on his victories. From Naples, Amsterdam, and Milan came envoys to Warsaw, offering homage from the various states. The kingdom of Naples was disquieted by disturbances in Calabria only, but this was enough to keep it in agitation. The new King, a lover of pleasure, did not carry out with sufficient firmness the plan which the Emperor had laid down for the kingdoms he had called into existence. The Emperor also found fault with his brother Louis; but those reproaches did honor to the latter.

Louis's domestic affairs became every day more deplorable. Mme. Louis, who had enjoyed some liberty at Mayence, no doubt found it hard to return to the dreary bondage in which she was held by her husband; and the depression, which she did not sufficiently conceal, embittered him, perhaps, still more. The division between them increased until they lived apart in the palace—she in retirement with two or three of her ladies, and he immersed in affairs, and making no secret of his dissatisfaction with his wife. He would not allow the Dutch to impute all the blame of the notorious domestic troubles to him. Who can say to what such a position of affairs might have led, but for the common misfortune which shortly fell upon the unhappy pair, and which drew them together in a common sorrow?

Toward the end of the winter an order from the Em-

peror reached Paris, to the effect that the newspapers were to remind persons distinguished either in art or science that the decree, dated from Aix-la-Chapelle, 24th Fructidor, year 12,* concerning the decennial prizes, was to come into effect at the expiration of one year and eight months from the then date. This decree promised considerable rewards to every author of an important work, of any kind whatsoever. The prizes were to be assigned at intervals of ten years, dating from the 18th Brumaire, and the jury which was to allot them was to consist of members of the Institute. This project has real greatness in it; we shall see, hereafter, how it fell to pieces in consequence of a fit of ill humor on the part of the Emperor.

In March the Vice-Queen of Italy gave birth to a daughter, and the Empress was much pleased at being grandmother to a little princess related to all the greatest powers in Europe.

During the suspension of war on both sides, from the inclemency of the season, the Emperor took every means to insure that in the spring his army should be more formidable than ever. The kingdoms of Italy and Naples had to furnish further contingents. Men born under the smiling skies of those beautiful lands were suddenly transported to the wild banks of the Vistula; and they might wonder at the change, until others were seen marching from Cadiz, to perish beneath the walls of Moscow, thus affording a proof of the courage and strength of which men are capable, and also of what can be done by the strength of the human will. The army was reorganized; our newspapers were filled with columns of promotions, and it is curious, among these military decrees, to come upon one dated, like the rest, from Osterode, appointing bishops to vacant sees both in France and in Italy.

But, notwithstanding our victories, or perhaps because of them, our army had suffered considerable loss. The extreme humidity of the climate caused sickness among the troops.

* September 11, 1804.—P. R.

Russia was evidently about to make an immense effort. The Emperor felt that this campaign must be decisive; and, not feeling satisfied that the numerous troops furnished to him were sufficient to insure victory, he put his own power and our submission to the test. After having, at the end of December, 1806, levied the conscription for 1807, he demanded from the Senate in April the levy for 1808. The Prince of Neufchâtel's report, which was published in the "Moniteur," announced that during the year the army had been augmented by one hundred and sixty thousand men, levied by the conscriptions of 1806 and 1807; sixteen thousand men were non-combatants either from sickness or superannuation, and, without troubling himself with calculations, which it was too certain no one would venture to make, because it was our system to conceal our losses, he put down the "casualties" of the campaign at fourteen thousand men. As our army had been increased by only a hundred and thirty thousand efficient soldiers, prudence required that the eighty thousand men of the conscription of 1808 should be raised, and drilled, each in his own department. "Were this delayed," said the report, "the men would have to march at once to the seat of war; but, by making the levy six months in advance, they will acquire strength and knowledge, and will be better able to defend themselves."

State Councilor Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, who was the bearer of the Imperial message to the Senate, paused when he came to this portion of the report, and called the attention of the Senators to the paternal goodness of the Emperor, who would not allow the new conscripts to brave the dangers of war without some previous preparation. The Emperor's letter announced that the whole of Europe was again in arms—that two hundred thousand recruits had been raised in England; and declared his own desire for peace, on condition that the English were not prompted by passion to seek their own prosperity in our abasement.

The Senate passed the required decree, and voted an ad-

dress of congratulation and thanks to the Emperor. He must have smiled on receiving it.

The minds of men who wield absolute power need to be very generous, in order to resist the temptation to despise the human species—a temptation which is only too well justified by the submission that is accorded to them. When Bonaparte beheld a whole nation giving him its life-blood and its treasure in order to satisfy his insatiable ambition, when educated men of that nation consented to veil his acts of invasion on the human will in plausible phrases, how could he fail to regard the whole world as a vast field, open to the first person who would undertake to occupy and till it? Heroic greatness of soul alone could have discerned that the adulatory words and the blind obedience of the citizens who were isolated by the tyranny of his institutions, and then decimated at his command, were dictated by constraint only.

And yet, although Bonaparte had none of those generous feelings, reasonable observation might have shown him that the alert obedience with which the French marched to the battle-field was but a misdirection of that national spirit which a great Revolution had aroused in a great people. The cry of liberty had awakened generous enthusiasm, but the confusion that ensued had rendered men afraid to complete their work. The Emperor skillfully seized on this moment of hesitation, and turned it to his own advantage. For the last thirty years the French character has been so developed that the bulk of our citizens of every class have been possessed by the desire to live, or, if to live were impossible, by the desire to die, for some particular object. Bonaparte did not, however, invariably mistake the bent of the genius of the people whom he had undertaken to rule, but he felt within himself the strength to control it, and he directed it, or rather misdirected it, to his own advantage.

It was becoming hard to serve him; feelings which seemed instinctively to warn us of what was to come were not to be repressed. Many were the sad reflections of my

husband and myself—I remember them well—in the midst of the splendor and luxury of a position for which we were no doubt envied. As I have said, our means were small when we joined the First Consul's Court. His gifts, which were sold rather than freely bestowed, had surrounded us with luxury on which he insisted. I was still young, and I found myself enabled to gratify the tastes of youth and to enjoy the pleasures of a brilliant position. I had a beautiful house; I had fine diamonds; every day I might vary my elegant dress; a chosen circle of friends dined at my table; every theatre was open to me; there was no fête given in Paris to which I was not invited; and yet even then an inexplicable cloud hung over me. Often on our return from a splendid entertainment at the Tuileries, and while still wearing our garb of state—or shall I say, of servitude?—my husband and I would seriously discuss all that was passing around us. A secret anxiety as to the future, an ever-growing distrust of our master, oppressed us both. Without distinctly knowing what we dreaded, we were aware that there was something to dread. "I am unfitted," my husband used to say, "for the narrow and idle life of a Court." "I can not admire," I would say to him, "that which costs so much blood and misery." We were weary of military glory, and shocked at the fierce severity it often inspires in those who have gained it; and perhaps the repugnance we felt for it was a presentiment of the price which Bonaparte was to make France pay for the greatness that he forced upon her.

To these painful feelings was added the fear of being unable to feel any affection for him whom we must still continue to serve. This was one of my secret troubles. I clung with the enthusiasm of youth and imagination to the admiration for the Emperor that I desired to retain; I sincerely tried to deceive myself with regard to him; I eagerly recalled cases when he had acted up to my hopes. The struggle was painful and vain, but I suffered more after I had relinquished it. In 1814 numbers of people wondered at my

ardent desire for the fall of the founder of our fortune, and for the return of those who would ruin it; they accused us of ingratitude in so promptly forsaking the cause of the Emperor, and honored us with their surprise because of the patience with which we endured our heavy loss. They were unable to read our hearts; they were ignorant of the impressions that had been made on us long before. The return of the King ruined us, but it set our hearts and minds at liberty. It promised a future in which our child might freely yield to the noble inspirations of his youth. "My son," said his father, "will perhaps be poor, but he will not be shackled and hampered as we have been." It is not sufficiently known in the world—that is, in the regulated and factitious society of a great city—that there is happiness in a position which allows of the complete development of one's feelings and of freedom in all one's thoughts.

On the feast of St. Joseph,* Princess Borghese and Princess Caroline † gave a little fête in honor of the Empress. A large party was invited. A comedy or vaudeville was acted, full of verses in honor of the Emperor and in praise of Josephine. The two Princesses represented shepherdesses, and looked exquisitely lovely. General Junot took the part of a soldier just returned from the army, and in love with one of the young girls. The position seemed to suit them perfectly, whether on the stage or elsewhere. But Bonaparte's two sisters, although Princesses, sang out of tune; and, as each could detect this in the other, she ridiculed her sister's performance. Both my sister and I took part in the piece. I was greatly amused at the rehearsals by the mutual spitefulness of the two sisters, who had little love for each other, and the vexation of the author and the composer. Both thought a good deal of the production; they were annoyed at hearing their verses and songs badly rendered; they dared not complain, and, when they ventured on timid remonstrance, every one hastened to silence them.

* March 19, 1807.—P. R. † Mme. Murat, Grand Duchess of Berg.

The play was ill performed. The Empress cared little for the insincere homage of her sisters-in-law, and remembered that on this same stage, a few years before, she had seen her own children, young, gay, and loving, touch even Bonaparte's heart by offering him flowers. She told me that during the whole evening this recollection had been present with her. She was now away from her husband, anxious about him, uneasy about herself, far from her son and daughter. Ever since the day she ascended the throne she had regretted her happier past.

On the occasion of her fête-day the Emperor wrote affectionately to her: "I dislike very much being so far away from you. The chill of the climate seems to lay hold of my heart. We are all longing for Paris, that Paris which one regrets in every place, and for whose sake we are always in pursuit of glory, and after all, Josephine, only that we may be applauded on our return by the crowd at the Opera. When spring comes, I hope to beat the Russians thoroughly, and then, mesdames, we will go home, and you shall crown us with laurel."

During the winter the siege of Dantzic was begun. Bonaparte took it into his head to give some glory (as he called it) to Savary. The military reputation of the latter did not stand very high with the army; but he was useful to the Emperor in other ways, and covetous of reward. The Emperor foresaw that some day he would be obliged to give him a decoration, in order to be able to use him as occasion might arise; so he chose to say that Savary had obtained an advantage of some kind over the Russians, and bestowed on him the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. Military men disapproved, but Bonaparte cared as little for them as for others, and to bestow reward independently of merit or desert was a favorite exercise of his independence.

He seldom left his headquarters at Osterode,* except for the purpose of inspecting the various cantonments. He

* He resided in Finckestein Castle, near Osterode.

issued decrees on a great number of subjects. He wrote * a letter to M. de Champagny, the Minister of the Interior, which was mentioned in the "Moniteur," ordering him to announce to the Institute that a statue would be presented to it in honor of D'Alembert, the French mathematician, who, more than any other, had contributed to the advancement of science.†

The bulletins contained statements of the position of the army only, and of the Emperor's health, which continued to be excellent. He often rode forty leagues in a day. He continued to make numerous promotions in his army, which were published in the "Moniteur" indiscriminately, and under the same date with the appointment of certain bishops.

The Empress of Austria's death occurred at this time. She was only thirty-four years of age. She left four sons and five daughters. The Princes of Bavaria and Baden, and some others belonging to the Confederation of the Rhine, were staying with the army and paying court to the Emperor. When the day's work was over, he attended concerts, given for him by Paër the musician, whom he had met at Berlin, and whom he engaged in his service and brought back with him to Paris. M. de Talleyrand's society was no doubt a great resource to the Emperor, but he frequently left him, in order to pass some days in great state at Warsaw, where he conversed with the nobles, and kept up the hopes which it was thought desirable they should not abandon. It

* That is, a letter was written by his orders. Bonaparte writes very badly; he never takes the trouble to form even one letter in a word correctly.

† This is the Emperor's letter:

"M. CHAMPAGNY: Being desirous of placing in the Salle des Séances of the Institute the statue of D'Alembert, as that of the French mathematician who, in the last century, contributed most to the advancement of this, the chief of all sciences, we request you to make our decision known to the first class of the Institute. We thus convey to it a proof of our esteem, and of our constant intention to grant reward and encouragement to the labors of that society, which is so important to the prosperity and the welfare of our people.

"Osterode, 18th March, 1807."—P. R.

was at Warsaw that M. de Talleyrand negotiated on the Emperor's behalf with ambassadors from the Porte and from Persia. Bonaparte permitted them to witness some manœuvres by a part of his army. At Warsaw also a suspension of arms between France and Sweden was signed.

The difficulty about the *Monseigneur* having been settled, Cardinal Maury was admitted to the Institute, and delivered a panegyric on the Abbé de Radovilliers as the usual reception speech. An immense crowd was present, but the Cardinal disappointed public expectation. His discourse was long and tedious, and it was justly inferred that his abilities were absolutely worn out. His pastorals and some Lenten sermons which he preached subsequently confirm that impression.

The death of her little grandson, Napoleon, on the 5th of May, was a severe blow to the Empress. The child, after a few days' illness, died of croup. The despair of the Queen of Holland surpassed description. She clung to the body of her son, and had to be removed by force. Louis Bonaparte, who was terrified as well as grieved at the state of his wife, treated her with great tenderness, and their loss brought about a sincere, though only temporary, reconciliation between them. At intervals the Queen became completely delirious, shrieking, calling on her son, and invoking death; and she was unable to recognize those who approached her. When reason partly returned, she remained buried in profound silence, and was indifferent to all around. At times, however, she would gently thank her husband for his care, in a manner which showed her deep regret that such a misfortune had been needed to change their mutual feelings. On one of these occasions, Louis, true to his strange and jealous temper, while standing beside his wife's bed, and promising her that in future he would do all he could to make her happy, insisted on her confessing the faults he imagined she had committed. "Confide your errors to me," he said; "I will forgive them all. We are about to begin a new life

which will for ever efface the past." With all the solemnity of grief, and in the hope of death, the Queen assured him that, ready as she was to appear before the throne of God, she had not even the semblance of a guilty thought of which to accuse herself. The King, still unconvinced, asked her to swear this; but, even after she had taken an oath of her truth, he could not believe her, but recommenced his importunities, until his wife, exhausted by her grief, by the answers she had made, and by this dreadful persecution, felt herself about to faint, and said: "Leave me in peace; I shall not escape from you. We will resume the subject to-morrow." And with these words she again lost consciousness.*

When the young Prince's death was made known in Paris, a courier was dispatched to the Emperor, Mme. Murat started for the Hague, and a few days later the Empress went to Brussels, whither Louis himself brought his wife and their surviving little son, in order to place them under the care of the Empress. He seemed to be in great grief, and to be very anxious about Queen Hortense, who remained in a state approaching delirium. It was settled that, after a few days' repose at Malmaison, she was to pass several months in the Pyrenees, where her husband would subsequently join her. After staying one day at the palace of Lacken, near Brussels, the King returned to Holland, and the Empress, her daughter, the latter's second son, thenceforth of necessity called Napoleon, and the Grand Duchess of Berg, who was ill calculated to console two persons whom she so greatly disliked, came back to Paris. M. de Rémusat, who was in attendance on the Empress on this melancholy journey, told me on his return of the attention with which Louis had treated his wife, and that he had observed that Mme. Murat was displeased by it.

Mme. Louis Bonaparte remained at Malmaison for a fortnight in profound retirement and deep dejection. Toward the end of May she left for Cauterets. She was indifferent

* It is from the Queen herself that I heard these facts.

to all things, tearless, sleepless, speechless. She would press the hand of any one who spoke to her, and every day, at the hour of her son's death, she had a violent hysterical attack. I never beheld grief so painful to witness. She was pale, motionless, her eyes rigidly fixed — one could not but weep on approaching her; then she would utter these few words: "Why do you weep? He is dead—I know it well; but I do not suffer. I assure you I feel nothing." *

During her journey to the south, a tremendous storm roused her from this state of lethargy. There had been a storm on the day that her son died. When the thunder roared this time, she listened to it attentively; as it increased in violence, she was seized with a terrible nervous attack,

* This description of Hortense's despair is by no means exaggerated. My grandfather writes as follows to his wife, from Brussels, whither he had accompanied the Empress: "May 16, 1807. The King and Queen arrived here yesterday. The interview with the Empress was painful to her only, and how could it be otherwise? Picture to yourself that the Queen, whose health in other respects is fairly good, is exactly in the state in which Nina is represented on the stage. She has but one idea—that of her loss; she speaks but on one subject —it is of *him*. Not a single tear, calm and cold, her eyes almost fixed, an almost absolute silence, which she only breaks to rend the heart of her hearers. If she meets any one whom she had formerly seen with her son, she looks at him with kindness and interest, and says in a very low voice, 'You know he is dead.' When she saw her mother, she said to her: 'He was here with me not long ago; I held him on my knee.' Perceiving me a few moments afterward, she beckoned to me to draw near. 'You recollect Mayence? He acted there with us.' When ten o'clock struck, she turned to one of her ladies. 'You know,' she said, 'that it was ten o'clock when he died.' In this manner only she breaks her almost continual silence. Withal she is kind, sensible, and reasonable. She is perfectly aware of her state; she even speaks of it. She is fortunate, she says, 'in being unable to feel. She would have suffered too much otherwise.' She was asked whether seeing her mother had not caused her emotion. 'No,' she answered; 'but I am very glad to have seen her.' On being told how much Josephine was hurt by the little feeling she evinced on seeing her again, 'Oh, she must not vex herself,' she answered; 'that is my nature.' To everything addressed to her on other subjects, she answers: 'I do not care; let it be as you like.' She imagines she wants to be alone with her grief; she will not, however, visit spots which recall the memory of her son."—P. R.

followed by a flood of tears; and from that instant she regained the power of feeling and of suffering, and gave herself up to a profound grief which never completely subsided. Although I can not continue her history without anticipating dates, I will nevertheless conclude this episode in her life at once. She took up her abode among the mountains with a small suite, and tried to escape from herself by continually walking, so as to exhaust her strength. In a state of constant painful excitement, she wandered through the valleys of the Pyrenees, or climbed the rocks, attempting the most difficult ascents, and seemed, I have been told by others, as if only bent on wearing herself out.

At Cauterets she met by chance with M. Decazes, who was then young, unknown to fame, and, like the Queen, in deep grief. He had lost his young wife,* and was in bad health. These two met and understood each other's grief. It is extremely probable that Mme. Louis, who was too unhappy to restrict herself to the conventionalities of her rank, and refused to receive unsympathetic persons, was more accessible to a man suffering from a sorrow like her own. M. Decazes was young and handsome; the idle sojourners at a watering-place and the inconsiderate tongue of scandal pretended there was something more than friendship in this. The Queen was too much absorbed in her sorrow to take notice of anything that was going on around her. Her only companions were young friends devoted to her, anxious about her health, and eager to procure her the least alleviation. Meanwhile letters were written to Paris full of gossip about the Queen and M. Decazes.

At the end of the summer King Louis rejoined his wife in the south of France. It would seem that the sight of the sorrowing mother and of his only surviving son softened his heart. The interview was affectionate on both sides, and the married pair, who for long had lived in estrangement,

* A daughter of M. Marrois, President of the Court of Cassation.

were once more reconciled.* Had Louis returned immediately to the Hague, it is probable that the reconciliation would have been lasting; but he accompanied his wife to Paris, and their domestic union displeased Mme. Murat. I was told by the Empress that at first, on their return to Paris, her daughter was deeply touched by the grief of her husband, and said that, through suffering, a new bond had been formed between them, and that she felt she could forgive the past. But Mme. Murat—or so the Empress believed on what appeared to be good grounds—began once more to disturb her brother's mind. She related to him, without appearing to believe them herself, the stories told of the Queen's meetings with M. Decazes. Less than this would have sufficed to rekindle Louis's jealousy and suspicion.† I can not now remember whether he had himself met M. Decazes in the Pyrenees, or whether he had merely heard him spoken of by his wife; for, as she attached not the least importance to her acquaintance with him, she often said, before other persons, how much she had been touched by the similarity of their sorrows, and how deeply she felt, in her own grief, for the desolation of the bereaved husband.

The Empress, who was alarmed at the emaciated condition of her daughter, and who feared for her the fatigue of another journey, as well as the climate of Holland, entreated the Emperor, who had then returned to Paris, to persuade Louis to allow his wife to remain in Paris for her confinement. The Emperor obtained permission for her by commanding Louis to grant it. The latter, who was angry, embittered, and no doubt ill pleased at being forced to return alone to the gloomy mists of his kingdom, and who was beset

* Their third son, afterward Napoleon III., was born on the 3d of April, 1808.

† Louis Bonaparte himself procured for M. Decazes an unimportant post in the household of Mme. Bonaparte, his mother. He never appeared at Court nor in society. Who would have believed then that, a few years later, he would be a peer of France and the favorite of Louis XVIII. ?

by his own bad temper, resumed his suspicions and his ill humor, and once more vented both on his wife. At first she could hardly believe him to be in earnest; but, when she found herself again insulted, when she began to understand that even in her sorrow she was not respected, and that she had been thought capable of an intrigue at a time when she had been only longing for death, she fell into a state of utter dejection. Indifferent to the present, to the future, to every tie, she felt contempt for her husband, which perhaps she allowed to be too plainly perceptible, and she thought only of how she might contrive to live apart from him. All this took place in the autumn of 1807. When I shall have reached that date, I may have more to say about this unhappy woman.

The Empress shed many tears over the death of her grandson. Besides the ardent affection she had cherished for this child, who was of a lovable disposition, her own position was, she felt, endangered by his death. She had hoped that Louis's children would make up to the Emperor for her lack of offspring, and the terrible divorce, which cost her so often such agonizing dread, seemed after this sad loss once more to threaten her. She spoke to me at the time of her secret fears, and I had much difficulty in soothing her.

Even at the present day the impression produced by M. de Fontanes's fine speech on this misfortune, into which he contrived to introduce a remarkable description of Bonaparte's prosperity, is not yet forgotten. The Emperor had ordered that the colors taken from the enemy in this last campaign and the sword of Frederick the Great should be borne in state to the Invalides. A *Te Deum* was to be sung, and an oration delivered in the presence of the great dignitaries, the Ministers, the Senate, and the pensioners themselves. The ceremony, which took place on the 17th of May, 1807, was very imposing, and the speech of M. de Fontanes will perpetuate for us the remembrance of those sacred spoils, which have since been restored to their former owners.

The orator was admired for aggrandizing his hero, and yet for refraining from insult to the vanquished, and for reserving his praise for what was really heroic. It was added that, strictly speaking, his praise might be taken for advice; and such was the state of submission and fear in those days that M. de Fontanes was held to have displayed remarkable courage.

In his peroration he described his hero surrounded with the pomp of victory, but turning from it to weep over a child.* But the hero did not weep. He was at first pain-

* This incident is alluded to in the Introduction to this work, when the Court of Napoleon is mentioned. I have allowed the repetition to stand, as the further details given here are interesting. I add to these, in order better to depict the family life of the King and Queen of Holland, the following letter, written to the King by his brother, and dated Finckestein, April 4, 1807, about a month before the child's death: "Your quarrels with the Queen are becoming public property. Do show in your own home the paternal and effeminate character that you show in your government, and evince in matters of business the severity you display at home. You manage your young wife as you would a regiment. . . . You have the best and most virtuous of wives, and you make her wretched. Let her dance as much as she likes; it is natural at her age. My wife is forty, but from the battle-field I write, telling her to go to balls. And you want a girl of twenty, who sees her life passing away, who retains all its illusions, to live like a nun, or like a nurse, always washing her baby! You interfere too much in your home, and not enough in your government. I would not tell you all this, only for the interest I bear you. Make the mother of your children happy; there is but one way—it is to show her great esteem and confidence. Unfortunately your wife is too good; were you married to a coquette, she would lead you by the nose. But your wife is proud, and she is shocked and grieved at the mere idea that you can think ill of her. You should have had a wife like some I know of in Paris. She would have played you tricks, and would have tied you to her apron-string. It is not my fault; I have often told your wife so." In this sensible letter, full of the sagacity and vulgarity with which Napoleon looked at the ordinary events of life, the identity of his opinions with those of the author of these Memoirs, as to the cause and character of the conjugal discord of which they are treating, is remarkable. King Louis is too stiff, too austere, too jealous. His wife has tastes natural to youth and to imagination. Her husband misjudges, humbles, depresses, and offends her. Then comes the death of the young Prince, and this affliction, equally felt by both parents, draws them together in a common sorrow, lasting on the part of the Queen, and for a time her one only thought, and not hers only, but her mother's as well. In Napoleon's published letters he appears to be grieved at first, but afterward

fully affected by the boy's death, then shook off the feeling as soon as possible. M. de Talleyrand told me afterward that the very next day after hearing the news the Emperor was conversing freely and just as usual with those around him, and that when he was about to grant an audience to some of the great nobles from the Court of Warsaw, who came to offer their condolence, he (M. de Talleyrand) thought himself obliged to remind him to assume a serious expression, and ventured to offer a remark on his apparent indifference, to which the Emperor replied that "he had no time to amuse himself with feelings and regrets like other men."

weary of their continual sadness. There is a curious mixture of kindness and imperious egotism in his manner of comforting them, or of commanding them to be comforted. I have quoted some of these letters. Here is another, dated Friedland, June 16, 1807: "My daughter, I have received your letter dated from Orleans. I am grieved at your sorrow, but I should like you to be more courageous. To live is to suffer, and a brave man always struggles to be master of himself. I don't like to see you unjust toward little Napoleon Louis and toward all your friends. Your mother and I thought we were dearer to you than it seems we are. I won a great victory on the 14th of June. I am in good health, and send you my love." It will be seen how greatly the Emperor and Josephine's Lady-in-Waiting differ in their estimate of Queen Hortense from the general opinion of her character, which yet does not appear to have been altogether unfounded. It is probable that both were swayed by their unfavorable opinion of the Emperor's brothers. This was certainly deserved, especially by Louis, who had no redeeming quality to atone for his defects.—P. R.

CHAPTER XXIV.

(1807.)

The Duke of Dantzic—Fouché's Police—Battle of Friedland—M. de Lameth—Treaty of Tilsit—Return of the Emperor—M. de Talleyrand—The Ministers—The Bishops.

MEANWHILE the severity of winter gradually lessened in Poland, and everything indicated a renewal of hostilities. The bulletin of the 16th of May informed us that the Emperor of Russia had rejoined his army; and the temperate language in which the sovereigns were spoken of, together with the epithet of "brave soldiers" applied to the Russians, made us understand that a vigorous resistance was expected. The siege of Dantzic was intrusted to Marshal Lefebvre; some skirmishing took place, and finally, on the 24th of May, Dantzic capitulated. The Emperor immediately removed thither. To reward the Marshal, he made him Duke of Dantzic, and, together with the title, granted him a considerable sum of money. This was the first creation of the kind. He pointed out its advantages, in his own way, in a letter which he wrote to the Senate on the occasion; and he endeavored to lay particular stress on those reasons for this step which would be least unwelcome to lovers of equality, whose opinions he was always careful to respect. I have often heard him speak of the motives which led him to create an intermediate caste, as he called it, between himself and the vast democracy of France. His reasons were, the necessity of rewarding important services in a way not onerous to

the state, and of contenting French vanity,* and also that he might have a court about him, like the other sovereigns of Europe. "Liberty," he used to say, "is needed by a small and privileged class, who are gifted by nature with abilities greater than those of the bulk of mankind. It can therefore be restricted with impunity. Equality, on the other hand, delights the multitude. I do not hurt that principle by giving titles to certain men, without respect of birth, which is now an exploded notion. I act monarchically in creating hereditary rank, but I remain within the principles of the Revolution, because my nobility is not exclusive. The titles I bestow are a kind of civic crown; they may be won by good actions. Besides, it is a sign of ability when rulers communicate to those they govern the same impulses they have themselves. Now, I move by ascending, and the nation must rise in the same way."

On one occasion, after laying down this system in his wife's presence and mine, he suddenly paused—he had been walking up and down the room, as was his habit—and said: "It is not that I do not perceive that all these nobles whom I create, and especially the dukes whom I endow with enormous sums of money, will become partially independent of me. Their honors and riches will tempt them to get loose, and they will acquire probably what they will call the *spirit of their class.*" On this he resumed his walk and was silent for a few minutes; then, turning to us abruptly, he added, with a smile of which I can not attempt to analyze the expression, "Ah, but they won't run so fast but that I shall be able to catch them!"

Although Lefebvre's military services were a sufficient reason for the gifts which the Emperor assigned to him from the battle-field, yet the mocking humor of the Parisians, un-

* "You will say, perhaps," said the Emperor, "that I shall be creating a court nobility, but these nobles will have won their rank by their swords." "By their swords?" said my grandmother; "you mean their bayonets." The Empress laughed.—P. R.

affected by even justly won glory, exercised itself upon the dignity of the new Duke. There was something of the barrack-room about him which partly encouraged this, and his wife, who was old and excessively homely in her manners, became the object of general ridicule. She openly expressed her preference for the pecuniary part of the Emperor's gifts, and when she made this admission in the drawing-room at Saint Cloud, and the simplicity of the speech made some of us laugh, she reddened with anger and said to the Empress, "Madame, I beg you to make your young hussies hold their tongues." It may be imagined that such a sally did not lessen our mirth.*

The Emperor would willingly have put a stop to jesting on these points, but that was beyond his power; and, as it was known that he was sensitive on the subject, this was a favorite way of retaliating upon him for his tyranny.

Witty sayings and *calembourgs* were current in Paris, and written off to the army. The Emperor, in his vexation, rebuked the Minister of Police for his carelessness. The latter, affecting a certain disdainful liberality, replied that he thought he might as well leave idle people amusement of this kind. However, on learning that contemptuous or ill-natured remarks had been made in any Paris drawing-room, the Minister would send for the master or mistress of the house, advise them to keep a better watch over their guests, and dismiss them full of an undefined suspicion of their social circle.

Afterward the Emperor contrived to reconcile the old to the new nobility, by offering the former a share in his gifts;

* Certain sayings of the Marshal Duke of Dantzic have a soldier-like ring. He was lamenting to my grandfather the misconduct of a son. "You see," he said, "I am afraid he may not die well." Once, when he was vexed by the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, on meeting him again in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles, and luxury, he answered him: "Well, now, you shall have it all, but at cost price. We will go down into the garden; I will fire at you sixty times, and then, if you are not killed, everything shall be yours."—P. R.

and they, feeling that every concession, however small in itself, was a recognition of their privileges, did not disdain favors which replaced them in their former position.

Meanwhile, the army was strongly reënforced. All our allies contributed to it. Spaniards hurried across France in order to fight against Russians on the Vistula; not a sovereign ventured to disobey the orders he received. The bulletin of the 12th of June announced that hostilities had recommenced; it also contained an account of the efforts that had been made to bring about a peace. M. de Talleyrand anxiously desired this; perhaps the Emperor himself was not averse to it: but the English Government refused to consent; the young Czar flattered himself that Austerlitz would be forgotten; Prussia was weary of us and wishing for the return of her King; Bonaparte, as conqueror, imposed severe conditions, and war broke out again. Some partial engagements were to our advantage, and our usual activity was resumed. The two armies met at Friedland, and we gained another great and hardly contested victory. Yet, notwithstanding our success, the Emperor felt assured that, whenever he should be pitted against the Russians, he must be prepared for a severe struggle, and that on himself and Alexander depended the fate of the Continent.

A considerable number of our general officers were wounded at Friedland. M. de Nansouty, my brother-in-law, behaved most gallantly: in order to support the movements of the army, he endured the enemy's fire for several hours at the head of his division of heavy cavalry, maintaining his men, by his own example, in a state of very trying inaction, which may be said to have been as sanguinary as the thick of the fight. Prince Borghese was sent from the battle-field to Saint Cloud to convey the news of victory to the Empress; he held out at the same time the hope of an early peace, and the rumor, which was soon spread, was no little enhancement of the victory.

The battle of Friedland was followed by a rapid march

of our troops. The Emperor reached the village of Tilsit, on the banks of the Niemen. The river separated the two armies. An armistice was proposed by the Russian commander and accepted by us; negotiations were begun.

While these events were taking place, I had gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, where I was leading a quiet life, and waiting, like the rest of Europe, for the end of this terrible war. I met there M. Alexandre de Lameth, who was Prefect of the department. After taking a conspicuous part at the beginning of the Revolution, he had emigrated, and, after long years in an Austrian prison, had eventually returned to France at the same time as M. de la Fayette. Entering the Emperor's service, he attained the post of Prefect of the department of the Roer, as it was called, and managed it extremely well. The education I had received, the opinions I had heard expressed by my mother and her friends, had prejudiced me strongly against all who had aided the Revolution in 1789. I looked upon M. de Lameth as simply factious and ungrateful toward the Court, and as having thrown himself into opposition as a means of obtaining a celebrity flattering to his ambition. I was still more inclined to hold this opinion, because I found that he was a great admirer of Bonaparte, who certainly did not govern France on a system which emanated from the Constituent Assembly. But it may be that, like the majority of Frenchmen, our anarchy had sickened him of liberty so dearly bought, and that he sincerely welcomed a despotism which restored order to the country.

My acquaintance with him gave me the opportunity of hearing him discourse upon the rights of citizens, the balance of power, and liberty in a restricted sense. M. de Lameth defended the intentions of the Constituent Assembly, and I had no inclination to dispute the point with him; it seemed of little importance at the date we had then reached. He attempted to justify the conduct of the deputies in 1789; and, though I was unequal to arguing with him, I felt con-

fusedly that he was wrong, and that the Constituent Assembly had not fulfilled its mission with due impartiality and conscientiousness. But I was struck with the utility to a nation of less ephemeral institutions, and the ardent words to which I listened, together with the depression produced in me by our endless wars, sowed in my mind the seeds of wholesome and generous thought, which subsequent events have developed in full. But, whatever our ideas may have been at that time, our reason or our instinct was forced to bend before the triumphant fortune which was then raising Napoleon to the zenith of his fame. He could no longer be judged by ordinary rule; fortune was so constantly at his side that, in rushing onward to the most brilliant as well as the most deplorable excesses, he seemed to be obeying destiny.*

* It appears probable, and is indeed made manifest in these pages, that M. de Lameth's conversation contributed to the political and liberal education of their author. It will perhaps be found amusing to contrast the influence these conversations had over her with her prejudices against him, and her somewhat severe judgments when they first met. It must not be forgotten that my grandmother was only twenty-six when she met M. de Lameth at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that she had left her mother's quiet, simple, and saddened home for the Court of the First Consul. It is not surprising that it took some years to form her judgment, and that she did not all at once attain to constitutional truth. The gradual progress of this remarkable mind is precisely one of the charms of her letters and of these Memoirs. She writes to her husband from Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 4th of July, 1807, in the following terms: "The Prefect is very nice, but he is no longer the elegant and distinguished man you describe to me. He does not look young, has an eruption on his face, can only talk about his department, and is always at work at it. He does not know a word of anything out of Aix-la-Chapelle, never opens a book, and only attends to business. He seems popular here, and lives with great simplicity." A few days later, on the 17th of July, she writes: "I could like the Prefect well enough; his manners are fine, but he is too much of a Prefect; he talks of nothing but his department, and seems to think of nothing but his administration. You see that he is not the Lameth of former times, except in certain constituent opinions which he likes to put forward. But it is remarkable that he always leads the conversation to the scenes of the past, and takes pleasure in recalling his connection with the former Court, and the favor in which he was held. When he talks in this way, one can but look at him and say nothing; he does not, however, seem to take one's silence at all amiss. I think the Prefect more agreeable now; he comes

In the mean time the important political circumstances gave rise, at Aix-la-Chapelle as well as in Paris, to rumors of every kind. The kingdom of Poland was to be founded, and given to Jérôme Bonaparte, who was to marry a daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and our Emperor was to carry out the old project of the divorce. The public mind was excited by the gigantic proportions of actual events, and became more and more possessed by that longing for the extraordinary which the Emperor so ably turned to advantage. And, indeed, why should not the country, seeing what was happening, expect that anything might happen? Mme. d'Houdetot, who was then living, said of Bonaparte, "He diminishes history and enlarges imagination."*

After the battle of Friedland the Emperor wrote a really fine letter to the bishops. The following phrase occurs in it: "This victory has commemorated the anniversary of the battle of Marengo—of that day when, still covered with the dust of the battle-field, our first thought, our first care, were for the reëstablishment of order and peace in the Church of

to see me sometimes in the morning, and after a few minutes he contrives to turn the conversation on the outbreak of the Revolution, on the Constituent Assembly, and its ideas of regeneration and hopes of reform. He puts all this after his own fashion, and tells stories which I affect to believe, and which I do not in reality altogether reject, because I partake of the disposition, natural in this age, to excuse a good many of the political errors of the past. Yesterday I made him tell me the whole story of his captivity, and, although I think the King of Prussia did right in arresting this trio, I also think that they were hardly treated. I must say I pitied them, especially poor Mme. Lameth, their mother, who in the later days shared her son's prison, and had to climb six hundred steps to the cell. He tells the story very well. I was particularly struck by the obligation which he imposed upon himself to dance by way of taking exercise. For thirty-nine months, every day at the same hour, he danced to his own singing; and he confessed to me that he often found tears running down his cheeks during the melancholy performance. It was on concluding this solitary dance one day that he determined to cut his throat with a razor, and was prevented by a servant."—P. R.

* At this period M. de Chateaubriand had returned from the journey to the Holy Land, which he had undertaken in order to make studies for the work ("Les Martyrs") which he was then contemplating.

France." In Paris the *Te Deum* was sung and the city was illuminated.

On the 25th of June the two Emperors, having embarked one on each bank of the Niemen, in presence of a portion of the two armies, set foot at the same moment in the pavilion that had been erected for them on a raft in the middle of the river. They embraced on meeting, and remained together for two hours. The Emperor Napoleon was accompanied by Dumas, his Grand Marshal, and Caulaincourt, his Grand Equerry; the Czar, by his brother Constantine and two great personages of his Court. In that interview the peace was definitely settled. Bonaparte consented to restore a portion of his states to the King of Prussia, although his own inclination was toward a complete change of the form of the conquered countries, because an entire transformation would better suit his policy, which had universal dominion for its basis. He was, however, obliged to sacrifice some part of his projects during this final treaty. The Czar might still be a formidable enemy, and Napoleon knew that France was growing weary of the war and demanded his presence. A longer campaign would have led the army into enterprises of which none could foresee the issue. It was, therefore, necessary to postpone a portion of the great plan, and once more to call a halt. The Poles, who had reckoned upon complete liberation, beheld the portion of Poland that had belonged to Prussia turned into the duchy of Warsaw, and given to the King of Saxony as in pledge. Dantzic became a free town, and the King of Prussia undertook to close his ports to the English. The Emperor of Russia offered to mediate with England for peace; and Napoleon imagined that the great importance of the mediator would terminate the quarrel. His vanity was deeply concerned in bringing our insular neighbors to recognize his royalty.*

* When the Emperor learned, shortly afterward, that the English Government refused to make peace, he exclaimed: "Very well, then! The war shall recommence, and it shall be to the death for one of the two states."

He frequently said afterward that he felt at Tilsit that the question of continental empire would one day be decided between the Czar and himself; and that the magnanimity which Alexander displayed,* the young Prince's admiration of him, and the genuine enthusiasm with which he had been inspired in his presence, had captivated him, and led him to desire that, instead of a total rupture, a firm and lasting alliance should take place, which might lead to the division of the continent between two great sovereigns.

On the 26th the King of Prussia joined the illustrious party on the raft, and after the conference the three sovereigns repaired to Tilsit, where they remained while the negotiations lasted, exchanging visits every day, dining together, holding reviews, and appearing to be on the best possible terms. Bonaparte employed all the resources of his mind on this occasion, and kept a close watch over himself. He flattered the young Emperor, and completely captivated him. M. de Talleyrand completed the conquest by the skill and grace with which he sustained and colored his master's policy; so that Alexander conceived a great friendship for him, and trusted him entirely. The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit, and Bonaparte did all he could to efface the impression of his bulletins, by treating her with the utmost attention.† Neither the Queen nor her husband could complain. They, the two dispossessed, were forced to receive what was restored to them of their states with gratitude. These illustrious conquered ones concealed their pain, and the Emperor believed that he had gained them to his cause by reëstablishing them in the parceled-out kingdom from which he was unable to drive them altogether.

* Alexander was then thirty years old, very handsome, and of fine manners.

† The Emperor wrote to the Empress: "Tilsit, June 8, 1807. The Queen of Prussia has been really charming, and full of coquetry toward me. But don't be jealous: I am a waxed cloth off which all that slides. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."—P. R.

He secured to himself in his treaty means of constant supervision, by leaving French garrisons in the states of certain second-rate princes; for instance, in Saxony, Coburg, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin. A portion of his army still remained on the northern coast, because it appeared that the King of Sweden would not enter into the treaty. And, lastly, this war gave birth to a new kingdom, composed of Westphalia and a portion of the Prussian states. Jérôme Bonaparte was adorned with this new kingship, and his marriage with the Princess Catherine was arranged.

M. de Talleyrand and Prince Kourakine signed this treaty on the 9th of July, 1807, and the Emperor, wearing the decoration of the Russian Order of St. Andrew, immediately visited the Czar. He asked to see the Russian soldier who had conducted himself best during the campaign, and gave him the cross of the Legion with his own hand. The two sovereigns embraced anew, and parted, after having promised each other an eternal friendship. Decorations were distributed on both sides. Farewells were exchanged with great pomp between Bonaparte and the King of Prussia, and the Continent was once more pacified.

It was impossible to withhold admiration from glory such as this, but it is certain that the country took much less part in it than formerly. People began to perceive that it was of the nature of a yoke for us, though a brilliant one; and, as they were coming to know and distrust Bonaparte, they feared the consequences of the intoxication which his power might produce in him. Lastly, the predominance of the military element was exciting uneasiness; the foreseen vanities of the sword wounded individual pride. A secret trouble mingled with the general admiration, and the gloom which it produced was chiefly observable among those whose places or whose rank must bring them again into contact with Napoleon. We wondered whether the rude despotism of his manners would not be more than ever apparent in all his daily actions. We were still smaller than before in his

sight, by all the difference of his added greatness, and we foresaw that he would make us feel this. Each of us made his examination of conscience with scrupulous care, seeking to discover on what point our hard master would manifest his displeasure on his return. Wife, family, great dignitaries, Ministers, the whole Court—in fact, everybody suffered from this apprehension; and the Empress, who knew him better than anybody else, expressed her uneasiness in the simplest way, saying, "The Emperor is so lucky that he will be sure to scold a great deal." The magnanimity of kings consists in elevating those around them by pouring out upon them a portion of their own moral greatness; but Bonaparte, who was naturally jealous, always isolated himself, and dreaded anything like sharing. His gifts were immense after this campaign, but it was perceived that he paid for services in order that he might hear no more of them; and his recompenses were so evidently the closing of an account that they excited no gratitude, while they did, on the contrary, revive claims.

While the momentous interviews of Tilsit were taking place, nothing happened at Paris except the removal of the body of the young Napoleon from Saint Leu, in the valley of Montmorency (the residence of Prince Louis), to Notre Dame. The Arch-Chancellor received the coffin at the church, and it was committed to the care of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris (De Belloy) until the termination of the repairs of Saint Denis, when it was to be placed in the ancient abbey. The vaults which had contained the ashes of our kings were then in course of reconstruction. The scattered remains, which had been outraged during the Reign of Terror, were now collected together, and the Emperor had given orders for the erection of expiatory altars in reparation of the sacrilege that had been perpetrated upon the illustrious dead. This fine and princely idea did him great honor, and was fitly extolled by some of the poets of the period.

When the Emperor returned to France, his wife was living at Saint Cloud with all possible precaution and the strictest prudence. His mother was living quietly in Paris; her brother, Cardinal Fesch, resided with her. Mme. Murat inhabited the Elysée, and was skillfully conducting a number of small schemes. The Princess Borghese was leading the only kind of life she understood or cared for. Louis and his wife were in the Pyrenees; they had left their child with the Empress. Joseph Bonaparte was reigning at Naples, benevolently but feebly, disputing Calabria with the rebels, and his ports with the English. Lucien was living at Rome, devoting himself to leisure and the fine arts. Jérôme brought back a crown; Murat, a strong desire to obtain one, and a deeply cherished animosity against M. de Talleyrand, whom he regarded as his enemy. He had formed an intimacy with Maret, the Secretary of State, who was secretly jealous of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he highly approved of his wife's friendship with Fouché. These four persons were well aware that the Emperor had conceived, and was cherishing, the project of a divorce and an illustrious alliance; and they endeavored by every means to destroy the last links which still bound Josephine to Bonaparte, so that they might please the Emperor by aiding him to carry out this idea, and might also foil the Beauharnais and prevent M. de Talleyrand from acquiring a fresh claim to the confidence of his master. They wanted to have the direction of this affair in their own hands only.

M. de Talleyrand had been laboring for several years to acquire a European reputation, which, on the whole, he well deserved. No doubt he had more than once approached the subject of the divorce, but he was especially anxious that this step should lead to the Emperor's contracting a great alliance, of which he (M. de Talleyrand) should have the negotiation. So that, so long as he did not feel certain of succeeding in his objects, he contrived to restrain the Emperor in this matter by representing to him that it was

of the utmost importance to select the fitting moment for action. When he returned from this campaign, the Emperor seemed to place more confidence than ever in M. de Talleyrand, who had been very useful to him in Poland and in each of his treaties. His new dignity gave M. de Talleyrand the right to replace Prince Joseph wherever the rank of Grand Elector called him; but it also obliged him to relinquish the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which was beneath his present rank. He was, however, entirely in Napoleon's confidence with respect to foreign affairs, and was consulted by him in preference to the real Minister. Some would-be wise persons claimed afterward to have foreseen that M. de Talleyrand was exchanging a secure post for a brilliant but precarious position; and Bonaparte himself let it appear sometimes that he had not returned from Tilsit without feeling some displeasure at the preponderance of his Minister in Europe, and that he was annoyed at the generally prevalent belief that M. de Talleyrand was necessary to him. By changing his office, and availing himself of his services in consultation only, he made use of him just as he wished, while reserving the power of setting him aside or of not following his guidance whenever either course should suit him. I remember an anecdote which illustrates this position of affairs. M. de Champagny, a clever but narrow-minded man, was transferred from the Ministry of the Interior to that of Foreign Affairs, and M. de Talleyrand, on presenting to him the various persons who were to be under his authority, said: "Here, sir, are many highly commendable persons. They will give you every satisfaction. You will find them capable, punctual, exact, and trustworthy, but, thanks to my training, not at all zealous." At these words M. de Champagny expressed some surprise. "Yes," continued M. de Talleyrand, affecting the utmost seriousness; "with the exception of a few dispatching clerks, who fold up their covers with undue precipitation, every one here observes the greatest calmness, and all are totally unused to haste. When you

have had to transact the business of the interests of Europe with the Emperor for a little while, you will see how important it is not to be in any hurry to seal and send off his decisions." M. de Talleyrand amused the Emperor by relating this incident, and describing the crestfallen and astonished air with which his successor received the useful hint. It will not be inappropriate to place here a statement of the cumulative income of which M. de Talleyrand was at this time in the receipt:

	Francs.
As Grand Elector	330,000
As Grand Chamberlain	40,000
From the Principality of Benevento	120,000
As Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor	5,000
Total	495,000

Certain endowments were afterward added to this sum. His personal fortune was estimated at three hundred thousand louis per annum; I never knew whether this was correct. The various treaties brought him immense sums of money and presents of enormous value. He lived in great style, and made very handsome allowances to his brothers. He bought the fine estate of Valençay, and furnished the house most luxuriously. At the time of which I am now speaking he had a fancy for books, and his library was superb. That year the Emperor ordered him to make a sumptuous display, and to purchase a house suitable to his dignity as a prince, promising that he himself would pay for it. M. de Talleyrand bought the Hôtel de Monaco, Rue de Varenne, enlarged it, and decorated it extensively. The Emperor, having quarreled with him, did not keep his word, but threw him into considerable embarrassment by obliging him to pay for this palace himself.

In concluding my sketch of the position of the Imperial family, I must add that Prince Eugéne was then governing his fair realm of Italy with wisdom and prudence, happy in

the affection of his wife, and rejoicing in the birth of their little daughter.*

The Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès, who was cautious both by nature and training, remained in Paris, maintaining a certain state assigned to him by the Emperor, and which delighted his childish vanity. With equal prudence he presided over the State Council, conducting the debates with method and discernment, and contriving that the prescribed limits should never be exceeded.† Le Brun, the Arch-Treasurer, interfered little with affairs; he kept up a certain state, and managed his own revenues, giving no cause of offense and exerting no influence.

The Ministers confined themselves to their respective duties, preserving the attitude of attentive and docile clerks, and conducting the affairs with which they were intrusted on a uniform system, which had for its basis the will and the interests of their master.‡ Each one's orders were the same: "*Promptitude* and *submission*." The Minister of Police allowed himself a greater liberty of speech than the others. He was careful to keep on good terms with the Jacobins, for whose good behavior he made himself responsible to the Emperor. On this very account he was a little more independent, for he was at the head of a party. He had the direction of the various branches of police set over France, and was master of the details. Bonaparte and he may have often

* Doubtless the Princess had not followed the advice which the Emperor gave her in a letter written in August, 1806: "My daughter, your letter of the 10th of August gave me great pleasure. I thank you for all your kind expressions. You are right to trust fully to me. Take great care of your health just now, and try not to present us with a girl. I could give you a prescription, but you would not believe in it; it is to take a little pure wine every day."—P. R.

† In his capacity as a great dignitary of state he received a salary of three hundred and thirty thousand francs, or one third of the million which was assigned to a French prince; and the Emperor added to this the six hundred thousand francs which he received as Consul. Le Brun, the Arch-Treasurer, had a salary of five hundred thousand francs.

‡ Generally speaking, the Ministers received salaries of two hundred and ten thousand francs. The Minister of Foreign Affairs received more than this.

told each other falsehoods in their interviews, but probably neither of them was deceived.

M. de Champagny, subsequently Duc de Cadore, who had been Minister of the Interior, was placed at the head of foreign affairs, and was succeeded in his former post by State Councilor Crétet, who had been at first Director-General of Public Works (Ponts et Chaussées). He was not a clever man, but hard-working and assiduous, and that was all that the Emperor required.

Requier, the Chief Judge, subsequently Duc de Massa, of whom I have already spoken, administered justice with persevering mediocrity. The Emperor was anxious that neither the authority nor the independence of the law should increase.

The Prince de Neufchâtel made an able War Minister. General Dejean was at the head of the Commissariat Department. Both were under the personal superintendence of the Emperor.

M. Gaudin, the wise Minister of Finance, observed an order and regularity in the management of taxes and receipts which rendered him valuable to the Emperor. This was his sole employment. Afterward he was created Duc de Gaëta.

The Minister of the Treasury, M. Mollien, subsequently created a count, showed more talent and much financial sagacity.

M. Portalis, the Minister of Public Worship, was a man of talent and ability, and had maintained harmony between the clergy and the Government. It must be stated that the clergy, out of gratitude for the security and consideration which they owed to Bonaparte, submitted to him very willingly, and were partisans of a despotic authority conducive to universal order. When he demanded the levy of the conscripts of 1808, of which I have already spoken, he ordered the bishops, according to his usual custom, to exhort the peasantry to submit to the conscription. Their pastoral letters were very remarkable. In that of the Bishop of Quim-

per were these words: "What French heart will not ardently bless Divine Providence for having bestowed on this magnificent empire, when it was on the point of being for ever crushed beneath blood-stained ruins, the only man who, as Emperor and King, could repair its misfortunes and throw a veil of glory over the period of its dishonor?"

The death of M. Portalis occurred during this year, and he was succeeded by an excellent though less able man, M. Bigot de Préameneu, Councilor of State, who was subsequently made a count.

In conclusion, the Naval Minister had little occupation from the time that Bonaparte, giving up the hope of subduing England at sea, and vexed with the failure of all his maritime undertakings, had ceased to interest himself in naval affairs. M. Décrès, a man of real ability, was altogether pleasing to his master. His manners were rather rough, but he flattered Bonaparte after an unusual fashion. He cared little for public esteem, and was willing to bear the odium of the injustice with which the Emperor treated the French navy, so that it never appeared to emanate from Bonaparte himself. With unfaltering devotion, M. Décrès incurred and endured the resentment of all his former companions and friends. The Emperor afterward made him a duke.*

At the time of which I am writing the Court atmosphere was cold and silent. There, especially, we were all impressed with the conviction that our privileges depended solely on the will of the master; and, as that will was apt to be capricious, the difficulty of providing against it led each individual to avoid taking needless action, and to restrict himself to the more or less narrow circle of the duties of his office. The ladies of the Court were still more cautious, and did not attempt anything beyond winning admiration either by their

* Admiral Décrès was born in 1761, and was murdered in Paris on the 7th of December, 1820. He was Naval Minister from 1801 to 1814, and again during the Hundred Days.—P. R.

beauty or their attire. In Paris itself people were becoming more and more indifferent to the working of a mechanism of which they could see the results and feel the power, but in whose action they knew they could have no share. Social life was not wanting in attractions. French people, if they are but at peace, will immediately seek for pleasure. But credit was restricted, interest in national affairs was languid, and all the higher and nobler sentiments of public life were wellnigh paralyzed. Thoughtful minds were disturbed, and true citizens must have felt that they were leading useless lives. As a sort of compensation, they accepted the pleasures of an agreeable and varied social existence. Civilization was increased by luxury, which, while enervating the mind, makes social relations pleasanter. It procures for people of the world a number of little interests, which are almost always sufficient for them, and with which they do not feel ashamed of being satisfied, when for a length of time they have been suffering from the greater political disorders. The recollection of the latter was still fresh in our memory, and it made us prize this period of brilliant slavery and elegant idleness.

CHAPTER XXV.

(1807.)

Vexations at Court—Friendship with M. de Talleyrand—General Rapp—General Clarke—Session of the Legislative Bodies—The Emperor's Speech—Fêtes of the 15th of August—Marriage of Jérôme Bonaparte—Death of Le Brun—The Abbé Delille—M. de Chateaubriand—Dissolution of the Tribunate—The Court removes to Fontainebleau.

When the Emperor reached Paris on the 27th of July, 1807, I was still at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was beginning to feel anxious as to the temper in which he had returned. I have already said that this was a prevailing uneasiness at Court whenever he was expected. I could make no inquiries, for none dared to write openly to their correspondents; thus it was only when I myself returned that I could learn any particulars.

The Emperor came back elated at his inconceivable good fortune, and it soon became evident that his imagination exaggerated the distance between himself and every other person. He showed, moreover, increased indignation at what he called the "gossip of the Faubourg Saint Germain." The first time that he saw M. de Rémusat, he rebuked him for not having given information respecting the persons in society in Paris, in some letters he wrote to Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace. "You are in a position," said he, "to know what is said in a number of drawing-rooms, and it is your duty to keep me informed. I can not accept the slight excuses on which you have withheld information from me." To this M. de Rémusat replied that there was very

little to withhold, because people were naturally careful as to what they said before him, and that he would have been loath to attach any importance to idle words, which might have caused serious consequences to those who had uttered them, often without any really hostile feeling. On such an answer being made to him, the Emperor would shrug his shoulders, turn on his heel, and say to Duroc or to Savary: "I am very sorry, but Rémusat will not get on; he is not devoted to me as I understand devotion."

It may be thought, at least, that a man of honor, who was determined rather to mar his prospects than to purchase fortune by a sacrifice of his self-respect, would have been placed by that very resolution out of danger of those quarrels which result from what, alike in city and Court, is called tittle-tattle. But such was not the case; Bonaparte liked nobody to be at peace, and he knew admirably well how to compromise or embroil those who most desired to live in quiet.

It will be remembered that, during the stay of the Empress at Mayence, some ladies of the Court, of whom Mme. de la Rochefoucauld was the chief, had ventured to criticise the Prussian war with some severity, and to compassionate Prince Louis, and still more the beautiful and cruelly insulted Queen. The Empress, displeased by their freedom, had written full accounts to her husband of this movement of sympathy, begging him never to let it be known that she had mentioned the matter to him. That she had done so she confided to M. de Rémusat, who expressed his disapproval, but kept her secret. When M. de Talleyrand joined the Emperor, he too related what had been taking place at Mayence, but more with the intention of amusing Napoleon than from any hostility toward the Lady of Honor, whom he neither liked nor disliked. Bonaparte was, however, greatly displeased with her, and the first time they met he reproached her with his usual violence for her opinions and her utterances. Mme. de la Rochefoucauld was taken by surprise,

and, for want of a better excuse, denied everything. The Emperor rejoined by a positive reiteration, and, when she inquired who had made this fine report about her, he instantly named M. de Rémusat. On hearing this, Mme. de la Rochefoucauld was astounded. She was friendly to my husband and to me; and, believing rightly that she might rely on our discretion, she had often confided her most secret thoughts to us. She felt, therefore, extreme surprise and anger, the more so that she herself was a sincere person, and incapable of such baseness as that attributed to my husband.

Being thus prejudiced against him, she avoided any opportunity of explanation, but was cold and constrained in her demeanor. For a long time he could not understand the reason of the estrangement; but, a few months afterward, some circumstances connected with the divorce rendered certain interviews and conversations between Mme. de la Rochefoucauld and ourselves necessary, and she questioned my husband on the matter which I have just related, and then learned the whole truth. She had made an opportunity of speaking freely to the Empress, who did not undeceive her, but allowed suspicion still to rest on M. de Rémusat, adding only that M. de Talleyrand had probably said more than he. Mme. de la Rochefoucauld was an intimate friend of M. de Ségur, Grand Master of Ceremonies, and she confided her feelings to him. For a time this caused a coolness between him and us; it also set him against M. de Talleyrand, the sharpness and occasional bitterness of whose satire leagued all commonplace people together against him, and he amused himself mercilessly at their expense. They took their revenge when and how they could. The Emperor did not confine his reproaches to persons of the Court; he complained likewise of high society in Paris. He rebuked M. Fouché for the imperfection of his supervision; he sent certain ladies into exile, threatened some persons of distinction, and implied that, to avoid the effects of his displeasure, former acts of indiscretion must be repaired by steps which would show

that his authority was recognized. Many persons felt themselves in consequence obliged to be presented at Court; some few made their own safety a pretext for this, and the splendor of his Court was increased.

As he always took care to make his presence felt by disturbing everybody, he did not spare his own family. He severely, though very ineffectually, scolded his sister Pauline for her lightness of conduct, which Prince Borghese beheld with real or affected indifference. Nor did he hide from his sister Caroline that he was aware of her secret and ambitious projects. She bent before the inevitable storm with her usual suppleness, and brought him by degrees to own that, with such blood running in her veins, she was not very guilty in desiring a superior rank, while she took care to make her defense with all her usual charm. When he had thus, to use his own expression, roused up everybody all round, he felt satisfied with the terror he had excited, and, appearing to forget what had passed, resumed his customary way of life.

M. de Talleyrand, whose return occurred a little later, expressed great pleasure at meeting M. de Rémusat. He now took up a habit of frequently coming to see me, and our intimacy became closer. I recollect that, at first, notwithstanding the gratitude with which his kindness inspired me, and the great pleasure I felt in his conversation, I was for a long time ill at ease in his company. M. de Talleyrand was justly reckoned as a very clever man; he was a very important personage; but he was said to be hard to please and of a sarcastic disposition. His manners, although highly polished, seem to place the person whom he is addressing in a relatively inferior position. Nevertheless, as the customs of society in France always accord to women a certain importance and liberty, they could, if they chose, hold their own with M. de Talleyrand, who likes women and is not afraid of them. Yet few of them chose to do so; the desire of pleasing restrained them. They hold themselves in a

sort of bondage to him, and, in fact, to use a common expression, they have *spoiled him.* Lastly, as he is reserved, *blasé* on a multitude of subjects, indifferent on many others, and with feelings difficult to touch, a woman who designs to conquer or retain him, or even only to amuse him, undertakes a hard task.

All that I knew about him, all that I discovered in becoming more intimate with him, made me constrained in his presence. I was gratified by his friendliness, but I did not venture to tell him so; I was afraid of disclosing my habitual thoughts and anxieties, because I imagined they would excite his sarcasm. I asked him no questions either about himself or on public affairs, for fear he might think me curious. My mind was strained in his presence, so that I sometimes experienced actual fatigue. I listened to him with the greatest attention, in order that, even if I could not always reply fittingly, at least I should have procured him the pleasure of an attentive auditor; for I own that pride was flattered by his preference for me. When I think it all over now, I am amused at the mingled distress and pleasure which I experienced when my folding-doors were opened (on both sides) and the Prince of Benevento was announced. Large drops sometimes stood on my forehead from the efforts I made to express myself wittily, and there is no doubt that I was in consequence less agreeable than had I behaved more naturally, when, at any rate, I should have had the advantage of sincerity and of harmony in my whole deportment. Although naturally grave and inclined to deep feeling, I tried to emulate the lightness with which he could pass from one subject to another. I was kind-hearted by nature, and averse to malicious talk, and yet I was always ready to smile at his jests. At the beginning, then, he exerted over me the influence which was customary to him; and, had our intimacy continued on the same footing, I should have seemed to him but one woman the more to swell the ranks of those worshipers who rivaled each

other in applauding his defects and encouraging the worst points of his character. He would probably have ended by breaking with me, for I should have ill sustained a rôle for which I was so little suited. I will presently relate the painful circumstances which made me resume my natural character, and which caused me to conceive a sincere affection for him, which has never wavered.

Our new-formed intimacy was soon remarked at Court, and the Emperor did not at first seem displeased. M. de Talleyrand was not without influence over him; the opinions he pronounced in speaking of M. de Rémusat were of service to us; a few words let us perceive that we were held in increased esteem. The Empress, who found in most things a subject for fear, showed me great kindness, thinking I might serve her cause with M. de Talleyrand. His enemies at Court watched us, but, as he was powerful, we were treated with great consideration. His numerous circle of acquaintance began to look with curious eyes on a quiet, straightforward, and taciturn man, who never flattered and was incapable of intrigue, yet whose abilities were praised, and whose society was courted by M. de Talleyrand. I myself, a little person of twenty-seven years of age, ordinary-looking, cold and reserved, in nowise remarkable, devoted to the duties of a pure and virtuous life, thus distinguished by the notice of so eminent a personage, also became an object of attention! It was probable that M. de Talleyrand, being just then in want of amusement, found something novel and attractive in gaining the affection of two persons completely outside his own sphere of ideas, so that, when wearied by the constraint of his existence, he turned sometimes with relief to a companionship which he knew he could trust; while our attachment to him, openly professed at a time when his disgrace shook our own position, caused a solid friendship to succeed to mutual liking.

It was then that, visiting oftener at his house, which we had not before this been in the habit of frequenting, I be-

came acquainted with a section of society hitherto almost unknown to me. There were always a number of people at M. de Talleyrand's—foreigners who paid him obsequious attention, great nobles of the former order of things, and men of the new, all wondering at finding themselves under the same roof—all remarkable for some reason or other, but whose character was not always equal to their celebrity. Well-known women were there also, of whom it must be said he had in general been rather the lover than the friend, and who were on the kind of terms with him that he preferred.

His wife must be named first among the persons to whom I allude. Her beauty was daily waning on account of her increasing size. She was always handsomely dressed, and occupied by right the place of honor, but was unacquainted with most of the company. M. de Talleyrand never seemed to perceive that she was present; he never spoke to her, still less did he listen to what she said, and I believe he suffered acutely, but with resignation, for the error which had forced him into this extraordinary marriage. His wife seldom went to Court: the Emperor treated her coldly, and she received no consideration there. It never occurred to M. de Talleyrand to complain of this, nor yet of the compensation she was said to seek in the attentions of certain strangers. Bonaparte would sometimes jest on this subject with M. de Talleyrand, who would answer with indifference and let the matter drop. Mme. de Talleyrand habitually disliked all her husband's friends, whether men or women. It is probable that she made no exception in my favor, but I always behaved to her with such ceremonious civility, I held myself so totally aloof from her private affairs, that we scarcely came into contact.

In these reception-rooms I also met some old friends of M. de Talleyrand, who began to regard me with curiosity, much to my amusement. Among these were the Duchesse de Luynes and the Princesse de Vaudemont, both of them

excellent women. They were sincerely attached and true to him, and very kind to me because they saw that my regard for him was sincere, straightforward, and without any ulterior design. The Vicomtesse de Laval was less well pleased, and, being rather ill-natured, she judged me with some severity. The Princesse de Lieskiewitz, sister of Prince Poniatowski, had lately made the acquaintance of M. de Talleyrand at Warsaw, and had followed him to Paris. This poor lady, notwithstanding her forty-five years and her glass eye, was unfortunately passionately in love with him; and her attachment, of which he was manifestly weary, made her alive to the least preference shown by him. It is possible she may have honored me with a little jealousy. The Princesse de X—— yielded to the same infirmity, for it was truly an infirmity to "love" M. de Talleyrand. I also met the Duchesse de Fleury,* a very clever woman, who had obtained a divorce from her husband, M. de Montrond;† Mesdames de Bellegarde, whose only claim to importance in society was their extreme license of speech; Mme. de K——, to whom M. de Talleyrand paid attention, in order to keep on good terms with the Grand Equerry; Mme. de Brignoli, one of the Ladies-in-Waiting—a very agreeable and elegant Genoese; and Mme. de Souza, formerly Mme. de Flahaut—a talented woman, who had been in her early youth a friend of M. de Talleyrand, and for whom he still retained much regard. She had written several pretty tales, and was, at the time of which I speak, the wife of M. de Souza, who had been ambassador to Portugal. Lastly, I met the am-

* The Duchesse de Fleury resumed her maiden name, calling herself the Comtesse Aimée de Coigny. André Chénier's ode, "À la Jeune Captive," was written for her.

† Montrond is a professional gambler and a well-known wit. He amused M. de Talleyrand, to whose reputation his intimacy with this person was hurtful; he was always in opposition to the Government, was exiled by the Emperor, and was defended by M. de Talleyrand with an obstinacy worthy of a better cause.

bassadresses, the foreign princesses then in Paris, and a great number of all the distinguished people in Europe.

I was entertained by this social magic lantern; but, warned by an instinctive feeling to make no friendships among the crowd, I always stood on the strictest ceremony, and much preferred receiving M. de Talleyrand at my own fireside. My own circle felt some surprise at his so frequently joining us—some of my friends were even alarmed; for he inspired a general apprehension lest, immersed in important affairs as he was, he might find himself in a dangerous position and drag us down in his fall. We did not share the alarm of these friends, as perhaps we ought to have done. M. de Rémusat's office as First Chamberlain brought us into contact with M. de Talleyrand, and it was pleasanter that our intercourse should be friendly; we held aloof from all serious affairs, and had no thought of benefiting by his influence. Disinterested persons are apt to deceive themselves on this head; they imagine that others must know, or at any rate must perceive, what their real motives are, and as they act with simple sincereity they do not apprehend that they will be suspected of double-dealing. It was a great blunder, at that time, to expect to be estimated at one's real worth.

The Emperor saw Louis's second son when he went to Saint Cloud, and treated him affectionately, so that the Empress began to hope he would think of this child as his heir, as he had formerly thought of the elder boy. Bonaparte had been impressed by the extreme rapidity of the progress of the disease that had so suddenly carried off the elder brother, and he offered a competitive prize of twelve thousand francs for essays upon the malady called croup. Some valuable works were published in consequence.

The pacification of Europe did not at once bring back the whole army to France. In the first place, the King of Sweden, prevailed on by the English Government, and in spite of the opposition of his people, announced the rupture of his armistice with us. Thirteen days after the signature

of peace at Tilsit, a partial war broke out in Pomerania. Marshal Mortier was at the head of this expedition; he entered Stralsund, and obliged the King of Sweden to take ship and escape. On this the English sent a considerable fleet to the Baltic, and, having attacked Denmark, laid siege to Copenhagen, of which they soon obtained possession. These various events were chronicled in the "Moniteur," accompanied with notes attacking the English as usual, while the aberration of mind of the King of Sweden was proclaimed to Europe.*

Speaking of the subsidy which the English Government allowed the Swedes for carrying on the war, the Emperor expressed himself as follows in the "Moniteur": "Gallant and unfortunate Swedes, this subsidy costs you dear! If England could only repair the harm she does to your trade and to your honor, or could replace the blood she has already cost and still costs you! But you must feel that you are to be pitied for having lost all your privileges and all consideration, and for being, thus defenseless and disorganized, subject to the caprices of an invalid King."

General Rapp † remained at Dantzic as governor, with a garrison. He was a brave and honest man—rather rough in his ways, faithful, frank, careless of what went on about him, and of everything except the orders he received. He served his master with great fidelity, more than once nearly losing his life for him, without having ever made the least inquiry into the qualities or the vices of his character.

The Emperor also considered himself bound to support the new constitution established in Poland by the King of Saxony, and sent a considerable garrison thither to be added to the Polish garrison. Marshal Davoust had the command of this cantonment. By thus dispersing his troops through Europe, Bonaparte secured his influence over his allies, kept

* It would appear that, in fact, his mind was not very sound. We are speaking of Gustavus IV., who was dethroned in 1809.—P. R.

† Aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. He was made a peer of France by the last decree passed in the year 1819.

his soldiers in practice, and relieved France from the burden of supporting so many armed men. His aggressive policy obliged him to be always in readiness; and, moreover, to insure the entire devotion of his army, it was necessary to keep the men far from their homes. He succeeded in so completely altering the nature of his troops that they became unreservedly devoted to his service; they lost all national sentiment, and cared only for their chief, for victory, and for plunder, which in the eyes of a soldier is a great embellishment of danger. They drew down by degrees on the fatherland which they had forgotten those feelings of hatred and revenge which resulted in the European crusade against us in 1813 and 1814.

Fresh adulation awaited the Emperor on his return. Language was exhausted for formulas of praise, to which he listened with disdainful composure. There is little doubt, however, that his indifference was feigned; for he loved praise from no matter what lips, and more than once he was duped by it. There were men who had influence over him only because their compliments were inexhaustible. Unfailing admiration, even though somewhat foolishly expressed, never failed to please him.

On the 10th of August he sent a message to the Senate, announcing the elevation of M. de Talleyrand to the dignity of Vice-Grand Elector, and that of Marshal Berthier to the rank of Vice-Grand Constable. General Clarke succeeded to the latter as Minister of War, and found opportunities for displaying the devoted admiration to which I have alluded, even more fully than before. The Emperor's habitual attention to all war matters, the high intelligence of Berthier, Major-General of the army, and the careful administration of General Dejean, the chief of the Commissariat, made any great abilities in General Clarke unnecessary. Punctual, upright, and submissive, he fulfilled all the requirements of his position. MM. Champagny and Cretet obtained the two ministerial posts of which I have spoken, and State Coun

cillor Regnault was made State Secretary to the Imperial Family.

Meanwhile we read every day of fresh military promotions, of the distribution of rewards, of the creation of official posts—in fact, of everything that tends to keep ambition, covetousness, and vanity on the alert. Then the Corps Législatif opened its session. M. de Fontanes, who, as usual, was named President, made, as usual, a fine speech on the truly brilliant position of France. A very great number of laws appertaining to rule and order were brought before the Assembly for its sanction, as was likewise a budget which proclaimed our finances to be in a flourishing condition; and, lastly, an account of the public works of all kinds in contemplation, or begun, or already terminated, in all parts of the Empire. The cost of all these was defrayed by the contributions exacted throughout Europe, and all France might witness improvements which nevertheless did not augment a single tax. The Emperor, in addressing the legislative bodies, spoke to the whole French nation; gave them an account of his victories; mentioned the 5,179 officers and the 123,000 subalterns and privates taken prisoners in this war; spoke of the complete conquest of Prussia, of his soldiers encamped on the banks of the Vistula, of the fall of the power of England, which, he said, must be the result of so many victories; and ended by an expression of satisfaction with the nation, which had so faithfully served him in gaining for him such triumphant success. "Frenchmen," he said, "I am well pleased with you; you are a good and a great people."

The opening of the Corps Législatif was an imposing ceremony. The hall had been lavishly decorated; the dress of the deputies was handsome, that of the courtiers surrounding the Emperor was magnificent, and he himself was resplendent in gold and diamonds on that day. Although in every ceremonial he was too precipitate, the great pomp he insisted upon took the place of that dignity which was wanting. When Bonaparte, in the course of any ceremony,

had to walk toward the throne prepared for him, he always seemed to rush at it. One could not but feel, on observing him, that this was no legitimate sovereign taking peaceful possession of the royal seat bequeathed to him by his ancestors; but an all-powerful master, who, each time that he wore the crown, seemed to reiterate the words he had once uttered at Milan, "Guai à chi la toccherà."

On these state occasions Bonaparte's incorrect pronunciation was a great drawback. In general he had his speech drawn up for him. M. Maret, I believe, most frequently undertook that task, but sometimes it fell to M. Vignaud, or even to M. de Fontanes; and he would try to learn it by heart, but with little success; for the least constraint was insupportable to him. He always ended by resolving to read his speech, and it was copied out for him in a large hand; for he was little accustomed to read writing, and could have made nothing out of his own. Then he would be instructed in the proper pronounciation of the words; but when he came to speak he forgot his lesson, and in a muffled voice, with lips scarcely parted, would read the speech in an accent more strange even than it was foreign, most unpleasant, and indeed vulgar. I have heard numbers of persons say that they always felt a painful sensation on hearing him speak in public. The indisputable testimony of his accent to the fact that he was a foreigner struck painfully on the ear and the mind alike. I have myself sometimes experienced this involuntary sensation.

The fêtes of the 15th of August were splendid. The whole Court, glittering with precious stones, was present at a concert in the palace, and at the ballet which followed it. The reception-rooms of the Tuileries were thronged with a brilliant and gorgeous company; there were ambassadors, the greatest nobles of all Europe, princes, and many kings who, although new-made, appeared in becoming state. There, too, were lovely women, magnificently attired, who, together with the first musicians in the world, and all that the opera-

ballets could lend of grace and elegance, combined to form a scene of Oriental splendor.

Public games and rejoicings were given to the city of Paris. The Parisians, who are naturally gay when gathered together, and eager to join any crowd, hurried into the streets to see the illuminations and the fireworks, and showed the delight they felt in scenes of pleasure and in the beauty of the season. But there were no acclamations in honor of the Emperor. There seemed to be no thought of him, as the people enjoyed the amusements he had provided for them; but every one diverted himself according to his own character and taste, and these, perhaps, make the French the least serious people in the world, but the most pleasant.

English people who were present at these rejoicings were quite astonished at the good order, the frank gayety, and the harmony which reign on such occasions throughout all classes of society. Every one enjoys himself, and does not think of interfering with his neighbor's enjoyment; there is no quarreling nor ill humor, no revolting and dangerous drunkenness. Women and children may mix with impunity in the crowd, and are protected. People who are strangers to each other take their pleasure together; they sing and laugh in chorus, though they have never met before. On such occasions an unobservant sovereign might easily be misled. This constitutional hilarity, temporarily called forth by extraneous circumstances, may be mistaken for the expression of the feelings of a contented and loyal people. But, if the sovereigns who are destined to reign over Frenchmen do not want to be deceived, they will interrogate their own conscience rather than the popular cry, if they would learn whether they inspire affection and give happiness to their people.

In this respect the flattery of a Court is really astonishing; numbers of courtiers, in describing the behavior of the Parisian public, endeavored to represent it to the Emperor as a proof of the people's gratitude toward him! I will not affirm that he was never deceived by this, but for the most

part he remained stolidly unmoved. Bonaparte seldom listened to others, and joyousness was foreign to his nature.

During the month of August several of the German princes arrived in Paris—some in order to visit the Emperor, others to solicit some favor, or some liberty in behalf of their petty states.

The Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine came at about this time, to celebrate the marriage of Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, who herself arrived on the 21st of August. She was, I think, about twenty years of age, and was a nice-looking girl; her figure was already rather stout, and seemed to indicate that she would take after her father, whose size was so enormous that he could only sit on chairs specially constructed for him, and had to dine at a table which had been hollowed out in a semicircle to make room for his unwieldy figure.

This King of Würtemberg was a very able man, but had the reputation of being the most worthless prince in Europe. He was hated by his subjects, who, it is said, more than once tried to rid themselves of him. He is now dead.

The marriage of Princess Catherine and the King of Westphalia * took place at the Tuileries with great splendor. The civil ceremony was performed in the Gallery of Diana, as in the case of the Princess of Baden's wedding; and on Sunday, the 23d, at eight in the morning, the religious marriage was solemnized at the Tuileries, in presence of the whole Court.

The Prince and Princess of Baden had also come to Paris. She was prettier than ever. The Emperor did not appear to notice her particularly. I will speak of her again presently.

The King and Queen of Holland arrived at the end of August. They seemed to be on good terms, but still depressed on account of their loss. The Queen was thin, and suffering all the *malaise* of an early stage of pregnancy. She had been a very short time in Paris when seeds of the old

* Jérôme Bonaparte.

distrust and disquiet were once more sown in the mind of her husband. Evil tongues insinuated falsehoods respecting the life that the unhappy woman had led at the Pyrenean watering-place. Her grief, the tears that were still flowing, her downcast air, her too evident ill health, failed to disarm her enemies. She talked of the excursions she had made among the mountains, and of the soothing effect of the mountain scenery. She told how she had met M. Decazes, and pitied the profound grief into which his wife's death had plunged him. All this she related in the most frank and simple manner, but calumny laid hold of it, and the suspicions of Louis were reawakened. He wished, naturally but selfishly, to take his wife and son back to Holland. Mme. Louis was as submissive as he could require her to be; but the Empress, alarmed by the declining state of her daughter, insisted on a consultation of physicians being held. The doctors were unanimous in pronouncing the climate of Holland unfit for a woman in the Queen's situation, whose chest was already delicate; and the Emperor settled the question by announcing that he intended to keep his step-daughter and her child with himself for the present. The King submitted sullenly, and bitterly resented to his wife a decision which she had not solicited, but which, I believe, was in accordance with her wishes. Discord once more reigned in that wretched household; and Queen Hortense, profoundly offended this time by the jealous suspicions of her husband, lost for ever the interest which she had recently felt in him, and conceived a positive aversion toward him. "From that time forth," she has often said to me, "I was fully aware that my unhappiness must always be irremediable. I regarded my hopes as entirely and irrevocably ruined. All grandeur inspired me with horror. As for the throne, and what so many people called my 'luck,' I cursed them many a time. I was a stranger to every enjoyment of life. All my dreams had vanished; I was wellnigh dead to all that was passing around me."

About this time the Academy lost two of its most distinguished members: Le Brun the poet, who has left some beautiful odes and the reputation of great poetical talent, and M. Dureau de la Malle, the esteemed translator of Tacitus and the intimate friend of Delille.

M. Delille lived peacefully in the enjoyment of a moderate fortune, surrounded by friends, popular in society, left to his repose and his freedom by the Emperor, who had given up the idea of conquering him. He published certain works from time to time, and reaped the reward of his natural amiability in the favor with which they were received. His life was indeed a peaceful one, untroubled by any bitter thoughts or hostile opinions. M. Delille was a professor at the College of France, and received the salary of a chair of literature, but Le Gouvé did its work for him. This was the only boon which he consented to accept from Bonaparte. He prided himself on preserving a faithful remembrance of Queen Marie Antoinette, whom he called his benefactress. It was known that he was composing a poem in honor of her, the King, and the *émigrés*, but no one resented this to him. A Government which was always anxious to efface such memoirs respected them in Delille, and would not have ventured to incur the odium of persecuting the amiable, grateful, and generally beloved old man.

The two vacant seats in the Academy were much discussed in the salons of Paris. M. de Chateaubriand was mentioned for one of them. The Emperor was angry with him, and the young writer—who was pursuing a course which gained him celebrity, procured him the support of a party, and nevertheless did not expose him to any real danger—kept up an opposition which gained strength from the fact that it excited the Emperor's anger. The French Academy, imbued at that time with the revolutionary and would-be philosophical incredulity that had come into fashion in the last century, opposed the choice of a man who had hoisted religious colors as the banner of his genius. It was

said, by those who most frequented M. de Chateaubriand's society, that the habits of his life were by no means in harmony with the precepts that adorned his compositions. Excessive pride was imputed to him. Women, captivated by his talents, his peculiar manner, his handsome face, and his reputation, vied with each other in admiring and petting him, and he showed himself by no means insensible to their advances. His extreme vanity, the exalted opinion of himself which he entertained, made us all believe that, if the Emperor had only coaxed him a little, he would have succeeded in gaining him over to his side, although, of course, he would have had to pay the high price at which M. de Chateaubriand himself would have rated his partisanship.*

The silent labors of the Corps Législatif were continued. It ratified all the laws that emanated from the Council of State, and the administrative organization of the power of the Emperor was completed without opposition. It was now certain that he could rule France, by the strength of his own genius and by the proved ability of the members of this Council of State, with an appearance of legality which reduced the country to silence and pleased his orderly mind; and, regarding the remains of the Tribunate as merely a center of opposition, which, however feeble, might be troublesome to him, he resolved to make an end of it. The Tribunate had been considerably lessened in number under the Consulate.† By a *senatus consultum* the tribunes were transferred to the Corps Législatif, and the session was immediately closed. The speeches delivered at the last sitting of the Tribunate are remarkable. It is surprising that men should mutually

* He continued to publish fragments of the "Itinéraire" of his journey in the newspapers, and they were eagerly read. This was as much a matter of party spirit as of taste. A small war was thus waged against Bonaparte, and he resented it, as he resented opposition of every sort.

† The Tribunate instituted by the Constitution in the year 8 was installed on the 1st of January, 1800. The number of its members had been reduced on the 4th of August, 1802; and on the 19th of August, 1810, it was entirely suppressed.—P. R.

consent to act such a farce, and yet we had become so much accustomed to that sort of thing, that nobody noticed it particularly at the time.

First, M. Béranger, Councilor of State, appeared with certain of his colleagues, and, after having recapitulated the services which the Tribunate had rendered to France, he went on to say that the new decree was about to confer on the Corps Législatif a plenitude of importance which guaranteed national rights. The President replied, on behalf of the entire Tribunate, that this resolution was received with respect and confidence by them all, and that they appreciated its positive advantages. Then a tribune (M. Carrion-Nisas) moved that an address should be presented to the Emperor thanking him for the evidence of esteem and regard which he had deigned to offer to the Tribunate; and the speaker added that he believed himself to be the interpreter of the feelings of each of his colleagues, in proposing to lay at the foot of the throne, as the last act of an honorable existence, an address which should impress the people with the idea that the tribunes, whose attachment to the monarchy was unalterable, had received the act of the Senate without regret, and without solicitude for the country. This proposition was adopted with unanimity. The President of the Tribunate, Fabre de l'Aude, was named Senator.

At this time the Emperor organized the Cour des Comptes, and, his displeasure with M. Barbé-Marbois having passed away, he recalled him and made him President of that Court.

In September the Emperor of Austria married for the second time. His bride was his first cousin, the daughter of the old Archduke Ferdinand of Milan. Shortly afterward his brother, the Grand Duke of Würzburg, who is now Grand Duke of Tuscany, came to Paris.

The Court was increased from time to time by the arrival of a number of great personages. Toward the end of September a sojourn at Fontainebleau was announced. On

this occasion the greatest magnificence was to be displayed; fêtes were to take place in honor of the Queen of Westphalia; the *élite* of the actors and musicians of Paris were to be brought down to the palace, and the Court received orders to appear in the utmost splendor. The Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family brought a portion of their households, and they, as well as the great dignitaries and the Ministers who were to accompany the Emperor, were to have separate tables.

On the 21st of September Bonaparte left Paris with the Empress, and during the following days the Queen of Holland, the Queen of Naples, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Berg, the Princess Pauline, Madame Mère, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Prince Primate, the Grand Duke of Würzburg, the Princes of Mecklenburg and Saxe-Gotha, M. de Talleyrand, the Prince de Neufchâtel, Maret (Secretary of State), the great officers of the Imperial houses, several Ministers of the kingdom of Italy, and a number of Marshals, arrived at Fontainebleau. M. de Rémusat, several Chamberlains, the Ladies of Honor, the Ladies-in-Waiting, and the Women of the Bedchamber were included in the traveling party. We were all summoned by a letter from the Grand Marshal Duroc, which announced to each that she had been selected by the Emperor. I had just come from Aix-la-Chapelle, and, being comprised in the list, I rejoined the Court and my husband at Fontainebleau, after the delay of a few days in Paris with my mother and my children.

Marshal Lannes had been nominated Colonel-General of the Swiss Guard on the 20th of September.

CHAPTER XXVI.

(1807.)

The Power of the Emperor—Resistance of the English—The Emperor's Life at Fontainebleau—Plays—Talma—King Jérôme—The Princess of Baden—The Grand Duchess of Berg—Princess Borghese—Cambacérès—Foreign Princes—Spanish Affairs—Previsions of M. de Talleyrand—M. de Rémusat is made Superintendent of Theatres—The Fortunes and the Difficulties of the Marshals.

Let us suppose an individual, ignorant of all antecedent events, and suddenly introduced to the life of the palace at Fontainebleau at the time of which I am speaking. That individual, dazzled by the magnificence of this royal dwelling, and struck by the authoritative air of the master and the obsequious reverence of the great personages who surrounded him, would undoubtedly have believed that he beheld a sovereign peacefully seated upon the greatest throne in the world, in virtue of the joint rights of power and legitimacy.*

* This sojourn at Fontainebleau, which lasted nearly two months, is one of the most interesting episodes of Court life under the Empire. The Emperor never devoted, I think, so long a period to that life. In its pleasures and its brilliance, the Empire possessed for the first time a real Court. Everywhere else, that which was called so was only a pretense, a parade, in which uniforms meant more than persons; but here, as in the Courts of Louis XIV. or Louis XV., people lived together, met each other, accosted each other, and talked. There was an obligatory intercourse between all these human beings, and, notwithstanding the restraint of etiquette and the dread of the master, nature did occasionally come to the surface and reveal itself. Interests, passions, intrigues, weakness, and treasons came into play here; in a word, the Court was real.

It would not become me to pronounce upon the ability with which the author has described these shades of society, and my duty as an editor is restricted

Bonaparte was then king in the eyes of all and in his own eyes; he forgot the past, he did not fear the future. He walked with a firm step, foreseeing no obstacles, or at least certain that he could easily overthrow any which might arise. It appeared to him, it appeared to us, that he could not fall except by an event so unforeseen, so strange, and which would produce so universal a catastrophe, that all the interests of order and tranquillity were solemnly pledged to his support. He was either the master or the friend of all the continental kings. He was allied to several of them either by foreign treaties or by foreign marriages. He had made sure of Europe by the partitions which he had effected. He had strong garrisons upon its most distant frontiers to insure the execution of his will, and all the resources of France were placed absolutely in his hands. He possessed an immense treasury; he was in the prime of life, admired,

to writing notes which shall be rather explanatory than laudatory. The public has, however, so amply proved the esteem in which it holds these Memoirs, that I shall be excused for saying that my father had anticipated the verdict of public opinion, and did not hesitate to compare his mother's writings with those of the standard authors. He has thus recorded his opinion of her description of the Court at Fontainebleau:

"This chapter, which does not contain any incident, is one of the most remarkable in the whole work. In the last seven or eight chapters there is too much reflection, and the writer repeats herself. If my mother could have revised her work, she would have curtailed and suppressed a great deal of it; nevertheless, I am convinced that the text ought to remain as it is, and that in the author's conversations with herself, by the reawakening of her remembrances, her readers will learn to know and to esteem her. But this chapter on Fontainebleau is worthy of Saint-Simon. In it we find close study and accurate portraiture of persons and things, of manners, forms, and demeanor. It lays hold on the mind; it causes the reader to live in the world which it reproduces for him. I know nothing in Saint-Simon superior to the picture of the Court at the death of the Grand Dauphin. That is the recital of one single night at Versailles, and it fills one quarter of a volume. Well, it seems to me that in this chapter on Fontainebleau there is the same sort of charm; and, although the sojourn there of Napoleon's Court was not marked by any distinctive event which may be regarded as a crisis, such as the death of the Dauphin, the vivacity of the writer's imagination and the fidelity of her narrative lend all the effect of that realistic prototype to her picture of the Emperor's Court."—P. R.

feared, and scrupulously obeyed. Had he not then surmounted every obstacle? *

For all this, a worm was gnawing at the vitals of his glory. The French Revolution was not a process by which the public mind was to be led to submit to arbitrary power; the illumination of the age, the progress of sound principles, the spread of liberty, were all against him, and they were destined to overthrow this brilliant edifice of authority, founded in opposition to the march of the human intellect. The sacred flame of liberty was burning in England. Happily for the welfare of nations, that sanctuary was defended by a barrier which the armies of Bonaparte could not break down. A few leagues of sea protected the civilization of the world, and saved it from being forced to abandon the field of battle to one who might not perhaps have utterly beaten it, but who would have stifled it for the space of a whole generation.

The English Government, jealous of so colossal a power, and, notwithstanding the ill success of so many enterprises, though always conquered, never discouraged, found an unfailing resource against the Emperor in the national sentiments. The pride and industry of England, attacked both in its position and its interests, were equally irritated, and the people consented eagerly to every sacrifice which was demanded of them. Large sums were voted for the augmentation of a naval service which should secure the blockade of the entire continent of Europe.

The kings who were afraid of our artillery submitted to the prohibitive system which we exacted of them, but their people suffered. The luxuries of life, the necessities created by prosperity, the innumerable wants which are the result of high civilization, all fought the battle of the English.

* The Emperor was born on the 15th of August, 1769, and was then thirty-eight years old. We are so dazzled by his success that we forget his age; we ought, however, to remember when we read his history that he was a man, and at that time a young man.—P. R.

Murmurs arose at St. Petersburg, on the Baltic, in Holland, in all the French ports; and the discontent which dared not express itself took all the deeper root in the public mind that it might be long before it could find a voice.

The threats or reproaches which we were suddenly made aware our Government was addressing to its allies were, however, indications of the true state of things. We in France were in complete ignorance of all that was passing outside of us, without communications (at least of an intellectual kind) with other nations, incredulous of the truth of the articles written to order in our dull journals; but, nevertheless, we were led by the line taken in the "Moniteur" to the conclusion that the Imperial will was balked by the necessities of the nation. The Emperor had bitterly reproached his brother Louis with a too feeble execution of his orders in Holland. He now sent him back to his kingdom with a positive injunction that his will was to be scrupulously obeyed.

"Holland," said the "Moniteur," "since the new measures taken there, will no longer correspond with England. English commerce must find the whole continent closed to it, and these enemies of the nations must be outlawed. There are peoples who know not how to do anything but complain; they must learn to suffer with fortitude, to take every means of injuring the common enemy and obliging him to recognize the principles which actuate all the continental nations. If Holland had taken her measures from the commencement of the blockade, perhaps England would have already made peace."

At another time every effort was made to stigmatize what was called the invasion of continental liberties. The English Government was compared, in its policy, to Marat. "What did he ever do that was more atrocious?" was asked. "The spectacle of a perpetual war is presented to the world. The oligarchical ringleaders who direct English policy will end, as all exaggerated and infuriated men do end, by earning the

opprobrium of their own country and the hatred of other nations."

The Emperor, when dictating this and similar tirades against oligarchical governments, was using for his own purposes the democratic idea which he well knew existed in the nation. When he employed some of the revolutionary phrases, he believed that he was carrying out the principles of the Revolution. "Equality"—nothing but "Equality" —was the rallying-cry between the Revolution and him. He did not fear its consequences for himself; he knew that he had excited those desires which pervert the most generous dispositions; he turned liberty aside, as I have often said, he bewildered all parties, he falsified all meanings, he outraged reason. The power which his sword conferred upon him he sustained by sophistry, and proved that it was from motives of sound wisdom that he deviated from the path of progress and set aside the spirit of the time. He called the power of speech to his aid, and perverted language to lead us astray.

That which makes Bonaparte one of the most remarkable of human beings, which places him apart, and at the head of all those powerful men who have been called to rule over their fellows, is that he perfectly knew and always contended with his epoch. Of his own free will he chose a course which was at once difficult and contrary to the spirit of his time. He did not disguise this from himself; he frequently said that he alone had checked the Revolution, and that after him it would resume its course. He allied himself with the Revolution to oppress it; but he presumed too far upon his strength, and in the end the Revolution recovered its advantage, conquered and repulsed him.

The English Government, alarmed by the fervor with which the Czar, who was rather fascinated than convinced, had embraced the policy of the Emperor, closely attentive to the troubles which were beginning to manifest themselves in Sweden, uneasy at the sentiments which Denmark mani-

fested toward us, and which must lead to the closing of the Sound against themselves, increased their armament, and assembled their forces for the blockade of Copenhagen. They succeeded in taking that city; but the Prince Royal, fortified by the love of his people, defended himself bravely, and fought even after he had lost his capital, so that the English found themselves obliged to evacuate Copenhagen, and to content themselves, there as elsewhere, with the general blockade.

The Opposition declared against the expedition, and the Emperor, in his ignorance of the British Constitution, flattered himself that the Parliamentary debates on this point would be useful to him. Little accustomed to opposition, he estimated that of a political party in England by the effect which would have been produced in France had the same violence of opinion which he remarked in the London journals been manifested here, and he believed the English Government was lost on the evidence of the diatribes of the "Morning Chronicle." These articles were a welcome aliment to his own impatience, but his hopes always proved vain. The Opposition declaimed, but its remonstrances came to nothing, and the Government always found means to carry on the necessary struggle.

Nothing could exceed the Emperor's anger when he read the debates in the English Parliament, and the violent attacks upon himself in which the free English press indulged. He took advantage, on his own part, of the liberty of the press in England to hire writers in London, who might print what he wanted with impunity. These duels of the pen served no purpose. The abuse which he dictated was answered by abuse of him which reached Paris. All these articles had to be translated and shown to him. Those whose duty it was to bring them under his notice trembled as they did so, so terrible was his anger, whether silent or displayed in violent passion; and ill indeed was the fortune of any one whose position in the household brought him in

contact with the Emperor immediately after he had read the English newspapers. We were always made aware of the state of his temper on those occasions. The officials whose business it was to provide for his amusements were much to be pitied. At this time what I must really call the "torture" of M. de Rémusat commenced. I shall have more to say of this subject when I have to describe our Court life at Fontainebleau.

All those persons who were to accompany their Majesties were assembled, and informed of the rules which they would have to observe. The different evenings of the week were to be passed in the respective apartments of the great personages. On one evening the Emperor would receive; there would be music, and afterward cards. On two other evenings there would be a play—on one, followed by a ball in the apartment of the Grand Duchess of Berg, and, on the other, by a ball in the apartment of the Princess Borghese. On the fifth, there would be a reception and cards in the apartment of the Empress. The Princes and Ministers were to give dinners, and to invite all the members of the Court in turn. The Grand Marshal was to do the same; twenty-five covers were to be laid at his table every day. The Lady of Honor was likewise to entertain. And, lastly, there was to be a table for all those who had not received a special invitation elsewhere. Princes and Kings were to dine with the Emperor only when invited. He reserved to himself the liberty of his *tête-à-tête* dinner with his wife, and chose whom he pleased when he thought fit to depart from that rule.

Hunting took place on fixed days, and the guests were invited to accompany the hunt, either on horseback or in elegant *calèches.*

The Emperor took it into his head that the ladies should have a hunting costume, and to that the Empress agreed very willingly. The famous costumer Leroy was consulted, and a very brilliant uniform was arranged. Each Princess

selected a different color for herself and her household. The costume of the Empress was amaranth velvet, embroidered in gold, with a *toque* also embroidered in gold, and a plume of white feathers. All the Ladies-in-Waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense chose blue and silver; Mme. Murat, pink and silver; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or short *redingote*, in velvet, worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress, and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor and all the gentlemen wore green coats, with gold or silver lace. These brilliant costumes, worn either on horseback or in carriages, and by a numerous assemblage, had a charming effect in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau.

The Emperor liked hunting rather for the exercise which it forced him to take than for the pleasure of the chase itself. He did not follow the deer very carefully, but, setting off at a gallop, would take the first road that lay before him. Sometimes he forgot the object of the hunt altogether, and followed the winding paths of the forest, or seemed to abandon himself to the fancy of his horse, being plunged the while in deep reverie. He rode well, but ungracefully. He preferred Arab horses, because they are so trained that they stop on the instant. Horses of this kind were very carefully broken for him, as, from his habit of starting at full gallop with a loose rein, he would have been in danger of falling had not great precaution been taken. He would go down steep hills at full speed, to the great risk of those who had to follow him at the same pace. He had a few severe falls, but they were never alluded to. He would not have liked any mention of them.

He took up for a while a fancy for driving a *calèche* or a buggy, and he was a very unsafe coachman, for he took no precaution in turning corners or to avoid difficult roads. He was determined always to conquer every obstacle, and would retreat before none. One day, at Saint Cloud, he undertook to drive four-in-hand, and turned the horses,

which he could not manage, so awkwardly through a gateway, that the carriage was upset. The Empress and some other persons were in the vehicle and were all thrown out; but, fortunately, no serious accident occurred, and he himself escaped with a sprained wrist. After that he gave up driving, remarking, with a laugh, that "in even the smallest things every man should stick to his own business."

Although he took no great interest in the success of a hunt, he would scold violently if the deer were not taken, and be very angry if it were represented to him that he had, by changing the course, misled the dogs. He was surprised and impatient at the slightest non-success.

He worked very hard at Fontainebleau, as, indeed, he did everywhere. He rose at seven, held his *lever*, breakfasted alone, and, on the days when there was no hunt, remained in his cabinet or held councils until five or six o'clock. The Ministers and Councilors of State came from Paris as if we had been at Saint Cloud. He never considered distances, and carried this to such an extent that, having expressed an intention to "receive" on Sunday, after Mass, as he did at Saint Cloud, people had to leave Paris in the night in order to reach Fontainebleau at the prescribed hour. The persons who had made this journey would be placed in one of the galleries of the château, through which he would walk, sometimes without taking the trouble of rewarding them by a word or a look for the fatigue and inconvenience they had undergone.

While he remained all the morning in his cabinet, the Empress, elegantly dressed, breakfasted with her daughter and her ladies, and afterward went into her drawing-room and received visits from persons living in the château. Such of us as cared to do so might occupy ourselves with needlework, and this was a great relief to the fatigue of idle and trifling conversation. Mme. Bonaparte did not like to be alone, but she had no taste for any kind of occupation. At four o'clock we left her; she then gave herself up to the

business of her toilet, we to the business of ours, and this was a momentous affair. A number of Parisian shopkeepers had brought their very best merchandise to Fontainebleau, and they easily disposed of it by presenting themselves at our rooms.

Between five and six o'clock the Emperor would go down to his wife's apartment, and then go out in a carriage alone with her for a drive before dinner. At six o'clock we dined, and afterward we met in the theatre or at the apartment of the person who was charged with providing the especial amusement of the particular evening.

The princes, marshals, great officers, or chamberlains who had the *entrée*, might present themselves at the Empress's apartment. They knocked at the door, the chamberlain on duty announced them, and the Emperor said, "Let them come in." Ladies would sit down in silence; gentlemen would remain standing against the wall in the order in which they entered the room. The Emperor would generally be walking backward and forward, sometimes silently and deep in thought, without taking any notice of those around; at others, he would make an opportunity of talking, but almost without interruption, for it was always difficult to reply to him, and had become more so than ever. He neither knew how to put people at their ease nor cared to do so; for he dreaded the slightest appearance of familiarity, and he inspired all who were in his presence with the apprehension that some disparaging or unkind word would be said to him or her before witnesses.

The receptions did not differ much from these more private and privileged occasions. All about him suffered from *ennui;* he did so himself, and frequently complained of the fact, resenting to others the dull and constrained silence which was in reality imposed by him. I have heard him say: "It is a singular thing: I have brought together a lot of people at Fontainebleau; I wanted them to amuse themselves; I arranged every sort of pleasure for them; and here they are with long faces, all looking dull and tired."

"That," replied M. de Talleyrand, "is because pleasure can not be summoned by beat of drum, and here, just as when you are with the army, you always seem to say to us all, 'Come, ladies and gentlemen, forward! march!'" The Emperor was not annoyed by this speech; he was in a very good humor at this time. M. de Talleyrand passed long hours alone with him, and was then free to say anything he chose; but, in a great room and among forty other persons, M. de Talleyrand was just as silent as the rest.

Of the whole Court, the person who was most oppressed by the care of the Emperor's pleasures was, beyond all comparison, M. de Rémusat. The fêtes and the plays were in the department of the Grand Chamberlain, and M. de Rémusat, in his capacity as First Chamberlain, had all the responsibility and labor. That word is perfectly appropriate, for the imperious and harassing will of Bonaparte rendered this sort of business exceedingly troublesome. It always was, as M. de Talleyrand said, a case of "amusing the Unamusable."

The Emperor chose to have two plays in the week, and that they should always be different. Only the actors of the Comédie Française performed in these plays, which alternated with representations of Italian operas. Nothing but tragedy was played—Corneille frequently, a few of Racine's pieces, and Voltaire, whose dramatic works Bonaparte did not like, very rarely.

The Emperor approved the entire repertory for Fontainebleau, positively insisted that the best actors of the company must perform there, and commanded that the representations in Paris should undergo no interruption; all the arrangements were made accordingly. Then, all of a sudden, he would upset the whole arrangement, demand another play or another actor, and that on the morning of the day on which the piece, as previously set down, was to be acted. He would not listen to any observation on the subject, and sometimes would be quite angry about it; and the best that was

to be hoped for was that he would say, with a smile: "Bah! take a little trouble, and you will succeed. I wish it to be so; it is your business to find the means."

When the Emperor uttered that irrevocable *Je le veux*, the words echoed through the whole palace. Duroc, and especially Savary, pronounced them in the same tone as himself, and M. de Rémusat was obliged to repeat them to the unfortunate actors, who were bewildered and overtaxed by the sudden efforts of memory, or the entire disarrangement of their studies, to which they were subjected. Then messengers would be dispatched at full speed to seek the necessary persons and "properties." The day passed in a whirl of petty agitation—in the fear that an accident, or an illness, or some unforeseen circumstance might prevent the execution of the order; and my husband, who occasionally came to my room for a moment's rest, would sigh at the thought that a reasonable man should be forced to exhaust his patience and all the efforts of his intellect in such trifles, which, however, were of real importance because of the consequences to which they might lead.

One would need to have lived in courts to realize how small things can become grave matters, and how hard to bear is the displeasure of the master, even when its cause is utterly insignificant. Kings are in the habit of displaying their displeasure before everybody, and it is unbearable to receive a complaint or a rebuff in the presence of a number of people who look on it as if they were at a play. Bonaparte, the most arbitrary of sovereigns, never hesitated to "scold" in the harshest way, frequently without the slightest reason, and would humiliate or threaten anybody at the prompting of a whim. The fear which he excited was infectious, and his harsh words resounded long and far.

When with very great trouble one had succeeded in satisfying him, it is not to be supposed that he would testify that satisfaction. Silence was the best one had to expect. He would go to the play preoccupied, irritated by reading

some English journal, or, perhaps, only fatigued with the day's hunting, and he would either fall into reverie or go to sleep. No applause was permitted in his presence, and the silent representation was exceedingly dull and cold. The Court grew intolerably weary of these eternal tragedies. The younger ladies simply slept through them; every one went away depressed and dissatisfied. The Emperor perceived this, was angry at it, attacked his First Chamberlain, blamed the actors, insisted on others being found, although he had the best, and would command different pieces for the ensuing days, which were received in precisely the same manner. It rarely happened otherwise, and our theatrical experiences were, it must be confessed, eminently unpleasant. Those days at Fontainebleau were a constantly recurring source of misery to me; the frivolity of the thing itself, and the importance of its consequences, rendered it a great trial.

The Emperor admired Talma's acting; he persuaded himself that he liked it very much, but I think he rather knew than felt that Talma was a great actor. He had not in himself that which enables one to take pleasure in the representation of a fiction on the stage; he was deficient in education, and his mind was too rarely disengaged, he was too entirely occupied by his own actual circumstances, to be able to give his attention to the development of a feigned passion. He occasionally appeared moved by a scene, or even by a word pronounced with great effect; but that emotion detracted from his pleasure as a whole, because he wanted it to be prolonged in all its strength, and he never took those secondary impressions into account, which are produced by the beauty of the verse or the harmony which a great actor lends to his entire *rôle*. In general, he thought our French drama cold, our actors too measured, and he resented to others that he found it impossible to be pleased with what the multitude accepted as a diversion.

It was the same with regard to music. He had little

feeling for the arts, but he had an intellectual appreciation of them, and, demanding from them more than they could give him, he complained of not having felt what his nature did not permit him to experience.

The first singers in Italy had been attracted to the Emperor's Court. He paid them largely; his vanity was gratified by the power of taking them away from other sovereigns; but he listened to their strains moodily, and seldom with any interest. M. de Rémusat bethought himself of enlivening the concerts by a sort of representation of the pieces of music that were executed in the Emperor's presence. These concerts were sometimes given on the stage, and they included the finest scenes from the Italian operas. The singers wore the appropriate costumes, and really acted; the decorations represented the scene in which the action of the song was supposed to pass. All this was arranged and mounted with the greatest care, but, like everything else, failed in its effect. And yet not completely; for it must be said that, if so much attention and pains were labor lost so far as his pleasure was concerned, the pomp of all these various spectacles and entertainments pleased Bonaparte, for it consorted with his policy, and he liked to display a superiority which extended to everything before the crowd of foreigners who surrounded him.

This same moody and discontented temper, which was inseparable from him, cast a cloud over the balls and receptions at Fontainebleau. At eight o'clock in the evening, the Court, all in splendid attire, would assemble in the apartment of the Princess whose turn it was to receive company. We placed ourselves in a circle, and looked at each other without speaking. Thus we awaited the arrival of their Majesties. The Empress came in first, made the tour of the reception-room with her unfailing grace, and then took her place and kept silence like the rest, until the Emperor at length appeared. He would seat himself by her side, and look on at the dancing with a countenance so little encourag-

ing to gayety, that enjoyment was out of the question on these occasions. Sometimes, during a pause in the dancing, he would walk about the room, addressing some trifling remarks to the ladies. These observations were, for the most part, jests about their attire, of anything but a delicate kind. He withdrew very soon, and shortly afterward the party would break up.

During the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau, a very pretty woman made her appearance, and attracted the attention of the Emperor. She was an Italian. . . . M. de Talleyrand had seen her in Italy, and persuaded the Emperor to appoint her "Reader" to the Empress. Her husband was made Receiver-General. The Empress was at first indignant at the appearance of this fair lady on the scenes; but she promptly made up her mind to lend herself with complacency to what she was powerless to oppose, and this time she shut her eyes to the state of affairs. The lady was a quiet person, acquiescent rather than elated; she yielded to her master from a sort of conviction that she ought not to resist him. But she made no display, she gave herself no airs in consequence of her success, and she contrived to combine a real attachment to Mme. Bonaparte with submission to Bonaparte's fancy for her. The result was that the affair was conducted without any scandal or disturbance. This lady was certainly the handsomest woman in the Court, which boasted a number of beauties. I have never seen more beautiful eyes, finer features, or a more exquisitely harmonious face. She was tall, and had an elegant figure, but she was a little too slight. The Emperor never cared very much for her; he told his wife all about the affair at once, and made her mind quite easy by his unreserved confidence respecting this brief and unsentimental *liaison*. The lady was lodged in the palace of Fontainebleau in such a manner as to be within call whenever he desired her presence. It was whispered about that she came down in the evening to his apartment, or he went to hers; but in the or-

dinary circle he did not talk to her more than to any other lady, and the Court paid no great attention to this affair, because it was plainly unlikely to lead to any change. M. de Talleyrand, who had in the first instance persuaded Bonaparte to select this Italian as a mistress, received his confidences concerning her, and that was all.

If I were asked whether the idleness of our Court life at Fontainebleau led to the formation of *liaisons* of a similar kind on the part of the courtiers, I should hardly know how to answer that question. The Emperor's service demanded such entire subjection, and involved such close though trifling occupation, that the men had not time for gallantry, and the women were too much afraid of what Bonaparte might say of them to yield without very great precaution. In so cold, constrained, and conventional a society, in which no one would venture on a word or a movement more than the others, no coquetry was ever displayed, and every arrangement was made in silence, and with a promptitude which eluded observation. Another peculiarity of the time which acted as a safeguard to women was that men took no pains to please: they merely asserted the pretensions of victory without wasting time in the preliminaries of love. Thus, among the Emperor's surroundings, only passing intrigues, whose *dénoûment* both parties seemed anxious to hasten as much as possible, took place. Besides, Bonaparte desired that his Court should be grave, and he would not have permitted women to assume the slightest ascendancy in it. To himself alone he reserved the right to every kind of liberty. He tolerated the misconduct of certain members of his own family, because he knew that he was powerless to restrain them, and that the attempt to do so only gave the facts additional publicity. For the same reason, he would have dissembled the anger he might have felt had his wife allowed herself any "distractions"; but at this period she no longer seemed disposed to do so. I am absolutely unacquainted with the secrets of her private life, and I always saw her ex-

clusively occupied with the difficulties of her own position, and tremblingly apprehensive of displeasing her husband. She was entirely devoid of coquetry; her manner was perfectly modest and reserved; she never spoke to men, except to find out what was going on; and her grand subject of care and dread was the divorce which was always hanging over her head. Lastly, the women of that Court had great need to be on their guard and to take care what they did; for, whenever the Emperor was informed of anything—and he always was informed—he would invariably make the husband acquainted with the facts of the case. It is true that he interdicted any complaint or action in consequence. Thus, we all know that he had made S—— aware of certain adventures of his wife's, and so imperiously ordered him to display no anger that S——, who was always entirely submissive to him, consented to allow himself to be deceived, and ended, partly through this weak compliance, and partly through his desire to think his wife innocent, by not believing facts which were of public notoriety.

Mme. de X—— was at Fontainebleau, but the Emperor never paid her any attention; and, if the rumor that the former *liaison* between them was temporarily renewed had any truth at all in it, the revived intimacy must have been very transitory, and it did not restore any of her vanished importance to the lady.

We had, however, during our stay at Fontainebleau, the spectacle of one really ardent love-affair. Jérôme, as I have already said, had recently married the Princess Catherine, and his young wife became deeply attached to him, but very shortly after their marriage he gave her cause for jealousy. The young Princess of Baden was at this time a very fascinating person, and on very bad terms with her husband. She was coquettish, frivolous, gay, and clever, and she had a great success in society. Jérôme fell in love with her, and his passion seemed to afford her considerable amusement. She danced with him at all the balls. The Princess Cathe-

rine, who was even then too fat, did not dance, and she would remain seated, sadly contemplating the gayety of the two young people, who passed and repassed before her, quite indifferent to the pain they were inflicting on her. At length, one evening, in the midst of a fête, the good understanding between them being too plain to be mistaken, the young Queen of Westphalia was observed to turn deadly pale, and burst into tears; in another minute she had slid from her chair and swooned completely away. The ball was interrupted; she was carried into another room, the Empress and some of the ladies hastened to her aid, and we heard the Emperor address a severe rebuke to his brother, after which he retired. Jérôme, greatly frightened, went at once to his wife, took her upon his knee, and endeavored to restore her to consciousness by his caresses. The Princess, on coming to herself, wept bitterly, and seemed to be unaware that a number of persons surrounded her. I looked on at this scene in silence, deeply impressed by its strangeness, by the sight of this Jérôme—whom a succession of circumstances, all entirely independent of any merit of his own, had raised to a throne—figuring as the object of the passionate love of a real Princess, with the right to her love, and also a right to neglect her. I can not describe what I felt at seeing her sitting upon his knees, her head upon his shoulder, and receiving his kisses, while he called her by her name, "Catherine," over and over again, entreating her to calm herself, and using the familiar *tutoiement*. A few minutes later the young couple retired to their own apartment.

On the following day Bonaparte ordered his wife to speak strongly to her young niece, and I also was instructed to make her listen to reason. She received me very well, and listened to me with attention. I represented to her that she was compromising her future, and urged upon her that her duty and her interest alike bound her to live on proper terms with the Prince of Baden; that she was destined to live in other countries than France; that levity which might

be tolerated in Paris would probably be resented in Germany; and that she ought most carefully to avoid giving any excuse for the spread of calumny against her. She acknowledged that she had more than once reproached herself for the imprudence of her behavior, but that there really was nothing in it except the desire to amuse herself; and she added that she was quite aware that all her present importance was due to her being Princess of Baden, for she was no longer treated at the French Court as she had been in times past. This was, in fact, quite true; for the Emperor, who had outlived his fancy for her, had changed the whole ceremonial with respect to her, and, paying no attention to the rules which he had himself laid down at the time of her marriage, no longer treated her as his adopted daughter, but accorded her merely the precedence of a Princess of the Confederation of the Rhine, which came very far after that of the Queens and Princesses of the Imperial family. Lastly, she knew that she was a cause of disturbance, and the young Prince, who did not venture to express his displeasure, manifested it only by his extreme dejection. Our conversation lasted for a long time, and she was much impressed by it and by her own reflections. When she dismissed me, it was with an embrace, and saying, "You shall see that you will be pleased with me."

That same evening there was a ball, and the Princess approached her husband, and spoke to him in an affectionate manner, while toward all others she adopted a reserved demeanor, which everybody observed. During the evening she came to me, and asked me, in the sweetest and most graceful way, whether I was pleased with her; and from that moment, until the end of the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau, not a single disparaging observation could possibly be made respecting her. She showed no reluctance to return to Baden; when there, she conducted herself well. She has since had children by the Prince, and lived happily with him; she also won the affection of his subjects. She is

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now a widow, and has only two daughters left; but she is held in high consideration by her brother-in-law, the Emperor of Russia,* who has on several occasions evinced a great interest in her.

As for Jérôme, he went shortly afterward to take possession of his kingdom of Westphalia, where his conduct must have given the Princess Catherine cause more than once to shed tears: this, however, did not cure her of her love for him, for since the Revolution of 1814 she has never ceased to share his exile.†

While pleasure, and especially etiquette, reigned at Fontainebleau, the poor Queen of Holland lived in the château, as much apart as she could from all; suffering much from her condition, grieving incessantly for her son, spitting blood at the least exertion, quite disconsolate, and unable even to wish for anything except rest. At this time she often said to me, with tears in her eyes: "I hold by life for my brother's sake only. When I think of him, I take pleasure in our greatness; but to myself it is a torment." The Emperor displayed invariable esteem and affection for his step-daughter; it was always to her that he intrusted the task of conveying to her mother such hints as he thought necessary. Mme. Bonaparte and her daughter were good friends, but they were too dissimilar to understand each other, and the former was conscious of a certain inferiority, which affected her to some extent. And, then, Hortense had experienced such great trials that she could not deeply compassionate cares which seemed to her so light in comparison with the burden that she herself had to carry. When the Empress would tell her of a quarrel with Bonaparte about some foolish expense or some passing fit of jealousy, or would talk of her fear of divorce, her daughter would say, with a melan-

* The Princess Stéphanie of Baden died in 1860.—P. R.

† The Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, mother of Prince Napoléon Jérôme and Princess Mathilde, died at Lausanne on the 23d of November, 1835. —P. R.

choly smile, "Are these things misfortunes?" The two undoubtedly loved, but I do not think they ever understood, each other.

The Emperor, who had, I believe, a much greater regard for Mme. Louis than for his brother, but who was, nevertheless, swayed to a certain extent by the spirit of the family, interfered in their domestic affairs with reluctance and caution. He had consented to keep his step-daughter with him until after her confinement, but he always spoke in the sense of wishing that she should ultimately return to Holland. She told him repeatedly that she would not go back to a country in which her child had died, and where misery awaited her. "My reputation is blasted," said she; "my health is destroyed; I expect no more happiness in this life. Banish me from your Court, if you will; place me in a convent: I want neither throne nor fortune. Give my mother peace, and Eugène the *éclat* which he deserves, but let me live quietly and in solitude." When she spoke thus, she succeeded in touching the Emperor's feelings; he consoled and encouraged her, promising her his aid and support, and advising her to trust to time, but he utterly scouted the idea of a divorce between her and Louis. He was, no doubt, thinking of his own, and felt that a repetition of the same incident in the family would bring them into ridicule. Mme. Louis submitted, and let time pass by; but she was privately quite resolved that nothing should induce her to renew a union, at the thought of which she shuddered. It did not seem that the King wished for her return; on the contrary, he was embittered against his wife, loved her no better than she loved him, and in Holland, where he wanted to pass for a victim, openly accused her. Many people believed his story: kings easily find credulous ears. One thing is certain: the husband and wife were most unhappy, but my belief is that, with his disposition, Louis would have made troubles for himself anywhere, under any circumstances; whereas Hortense was eminently calculated for a calm and

happy domestic life. She did not seem to know the meaning of passion; her mind and feelings were disposed toward profound quiet.

The Grand Duchess of Berg applied herself to being extremely agreeable to us all at Fontainebleau. She could be very gay and pleasant when she was in the humor, and she could even assume an air of *bonhomie*. She lived in the château at her own expense, very luxuriously, and kept a sumptuous table. She always used gilt plate, in this outdoing the Emperor, whose silver-gilt services were used on state occasions only. She invited all the dwellers in the palace by turns, receiving them most graciously, even those whom she did not like, and appeared to be thinking of nothing but pleasure; but, nevertheless, she was not wasting her time. She frequently saw Count Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador. He was young and handsome, and he appeared to admire the sister of the Emperor. From that time forth, whether from a spirit of coquetry or from a far-sighted ambition which prompted such a measure of precaution, she began to accept the homage of the Minister with readiness. He was said to be held in high consideration and to have great influence at his Court, and he might be placed, by the course of events, in a position to serve her. Whether she had this idea beforehand or not, events justified it, and Metternich never failed her.

In addition to this, she took the influence of M. de Talleyrand into consideration, and did her best to cultivate him while keeping up as secretly as possible her relations with Fouché, who visited her with extreme precaution, in consequence of the displeasure with which the Emperor regarded any intimacy of the kind. We observed her making up to M. de Talleyrand in the drawing-room at Fontainebleau, talking to him, laughing at his *bons mots*, looking at him when she said anything remarkable, and even addressing such observations to him. M. de Talleyrand showed no reluctance, but met her advances, and then their interviews

became more serious. Mme. Murat did not conceal from him that the spectacle of her brothers seated on thrones inspired her with envy, as she felt herself quite capable of wielding a scepter, and she reproached him with opposing this. M. de Talleyrand objected that Murat's abilities were not brilliant, and made some jokes at his expense, which were not resented very strongly. The Princess delivered up her husband to M. de Talleyrand's sarcasms readily enough, but she urged that she would not leave the whole charge of ruling in Murat's hands; and she gradually, by certain seductive methods, led M. de Talleyrand to be less opposed to her wishes. At the same time she also flattered and cultivated M. Maret, who, in his heavy way, repeatedly praised the intelligence and ability of the Emperor's sister to her all-powerful brother.

Bonaparte himself had a great opinion of her, and he found it supported by a variety of testimony which he knew was not concerted. He began to treat his sister with greater consideration, whereat Murat, who lost something by what she gained, thought proper to take offense and complain. Thence ensued conjugal "scenes," in which the husband insisted on resuming his right and his rank. He bullied the Princess, and she was a good deal frightened; but, partly by adroitness, partly by threats—by being now caressing, and again haughty and distant, by acting on some occasions the submissive wife, and on others the sister of the master of all—she bewildered her husband, resumed her ascendancy, and proved to him that she was serving his interests in all she was doing. It seems that quarrels of the same kind occurred when she was at Naples, that Murat's vanity took umbrage, and that he was deeply hurt; but every one agrees that, if he made mistakes, it was always when he ceased to follow her advice.

I have said that the sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau was marked by a brilliant succession of foreign visitors. With the Prince Primate we had very agreeable conversa-

tions; he was witty, had fine manners, delighted in recalling the days of his youth, when he had been acquainted in Paris with all the men of letters of the epoch. The Grand Duke of Würzburg, who remained all the time at Fontainebleau, was very good-natured, and put every one at ease with him. He was passionately fond of music, and had a voice like that of a precentor; but he enjoyed himself so much when he was allowed to take a part in a piece of concerted music that no one had the heart to spoil his harmless pleasure by smiling at his performance.

Next to the two whom I have just mentioned, the Princes of Mecklenburg were objects of special attention. They were both young, and very polite—indeed, even obliging—to everybody. They were in some awe of the Emperor; the magnificence of his Court dazzled them, and so impressed were they by his power and the splendor amid which it was displayed that they were in a state of perpetual admiration, and paid court even to the chamberlains.

The Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, brother to the Queen of Prussia, was rather deaf, and found it difficult to communicate his ideas; but the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was also young and very good-looking, was extremely affable. His object in coming was to endeavor to obtain the removal of the French garrisons from his states. The Emperor kept him amused by fair promises; he explained his wishes to the Empress, and she listened to him with gracious patience. The unfailing kindness that distinguished Josephine, her sweet face, her lovely figure, the suave elegance of her person, were not without their effect on the Prince. We saw, or believed we saw, that he was captivated; she laughed, and was amused. Bonaparte also laughed, but he afterward took the matter ill. This change of his humor occurred on his return from a journey to Italy, which he made at the end of the autumn. The two Princes were treated with less cordiality toward the close of their stay in Paris.

I do not think Bonaparte felt any real annoyance, but he did not choose to be the subject of any kind of jest. The Prince, no doubt, retained some sort of feeling for the Empress; for she told me that, on the occasion of the divorce, the Emperor suggested to her that, if she wished to marry again, she should select the Prince of Mecklenburg as her husband, and she declined. I am not quite sure whether she did not tell me that the Prince had written to ask for her hand.

Such of the Princes as were not invited to the Emperor's table dined with the Queens, the Ministers, the Grand Marshal, or the Lady of Honor. Mme. de la Rochefoucauld had a fine suite of rooms, where the foreigners were accustomed to assemble. She received them with much grace and cordiality, and time passed there pleasantly.

How curious a spectacle is a Court! There we see the most illustrious personages of the time, men of the highest social rank; each one of them is supposed to be occupied with important interests; but the silence enforced by prudence and custom reduces all conversation to complete insignificance, and it frequently happens that princes and other great men, not daring to act like men under such circumstances, assume the behavior of mere children. This reflection was forced upon my mind even more strongly at Fontainebleau than elsewhere. All these foreigners were aware that they were drawn thither by force. All were more or less vanquished or dispossessed; they had come to entreat either favor or justice; they knew that in a corner of the château their fate was being decided; and all of them, assuming a similar appearance of good spirits and entire freedom of mind, followed the chase, and acquiesced in everything required of them. These requirements included dancing, playing at blind-man's-buff, and other games, so that, being thus employed, no one need either listen or reply to them. How often have I sat at Mme. de la Rochefoucauld's piano, playing, at her request, those Italian dances which

our lovely Italian inmate had brought into fashion! Princes, Electors, Marshals, and chamberlains, conquerors and conquered, nobles and plebeians, passed before me, dancing indiscriminately together; all the quarterings of Germany contrasting with the Revolutionary swords or the decorated uniforms of our "illustration"—an "illustration" much more real and weighty, at that period, than that of the ancient title-deeds and patents which the smoke of our guns had nearly obliterated. I often reflected very seriously on the events then taking place before my eyes, but I took good care not to confide these thoughts to any of my companions, and would not have ventured for the world to smile at either them or myself. "Herein is the wisdom of courtiers," says Sully. "It is agreed that, though they all wear grotesque masks, none shall ever be held to be ridiculous by the others!"

In another place he says: "A truly great man knows how to be everything by turns and according to circumstances—a master or an equal, a king or a citizen. He loses nothing by thus accommodating himself in private, provided that on other occasions he shows himself equally able in political and military affairs; the courtier will never forget that he is in the presence of his master."

But the Emperor was by no means disposed to adopt these axioms, and, from design as well as from inclination, he never relaxed his kingly state. And, indeed, a usurper could, perhaps, hardly do so with impunity.

When the hour struck for us to leave our childish games in order to present ourselves before him, the expression of every face became constrained. Each of us wore a serious countenance, as we proceeded slowly and ceremoniously to the great apartments. Hand in hand, we entered the Empress's anteroom. A chamberlain announced the names. Then, sooner or later, we were received—sometimes only those who had the *entrée*, at other times everybody. We silently fell into our places, as I have said before, and lis-

tened to the few and vague phrases the Emperor addressed to each. Wearied like us, he soon called for the card-tables, to which we would sit down for appearance' sake, and shortly after the Emperor would retire. Nearly every evening he sent for M. de Talleyrand, with whom he sat up far into the night.

The state of Europe at this time was, doubtless, the ordinary subject of their conversations. The expedition of the English into Denmark had greatly angered the Emperor. He found himself totally unable to assist his ally, and this, added to the destruction of the Danish fleet and the blockade established everywhere by English ships, made him eagerly seek every opportunity of harming them. He exacted with greater urgency than ever that his allies should devote themselves to carrying out his vengeance. The Emperor of Russia, who had taken steps toward a general peace, having been repulsed by the English Government, threw himself thoroughly into the alliance with Bonaparte. On the 26th of October he made a declaration, by which he announced that he had broken off all communication with England up to the time when she should enter into a treaty of peace with us. His ambassador, Count Tolstoi, arrived at Fontainebleau shortly afterward; he was received with great honor, and included among the "members of the Journey," as it was called.

At the beginning of the month a rupture took place between ourselves and Portugal. The Prince Regent of that kingdom * gave no support to those continental prohibitions which so harassed the people. Bonaparte grew angry; violent paragraphs against the house of Braganza appeared in the newspapers, the ambassadors were recalled, and our army entered Spain in order to march on Lisbon. Junot was in command. In November the Prince Regent, seeing he could offer no resistance to such an invasion, resolved to

* The Queen, his mother, was still living, but she was insane.

emigrate from Europe, and to go and reign in Brazil. He embarked on the 29th of November.

The Spanish Government had taken good care not to oppose the passage of the French troops through its territories. A great deal of scheming was going on at that time between the Court of Madrid and that of France. For a long time past there had been a close correspondence between the Prince of the Peace and Murat. The Prince, absolute master of his King's mind, and the implacable enemy of the Infante Don Ferdinand, heir to the throne, had devoted himself to Bonaparte and served him zealously. He repeatedly promised Murat to satisfy him on every point, and the latter, in return, was instructed to promise him a crown (the "kingdom of the Algarves"), and efficient support from us. A crowd of schemers, both French and Spanish, were mixed up in all this. They deceived Bonaparte and Murat as to the true spirit of Spain, and they most carefully concealed that the Prince of the Peace was hated throughout the kingdom. Having gained over this Minister, we fancied ourselves masters of the country, and we fell willfully into many errors for which we have since had to pay very dearly.

M. de Talleyrand was not always consulted or believed on these points. Better informed than Murat, he often spoke to the Emperor of the true state of the case, but he was suspected of being jealous of Murat. The latter asserted that it was to injure him that Talleyrand threw a doubt upon the success for which the Prince of the Peace made himself answerable, and Bonaparte allowed himself to be deceived. It has been said that the Prince of the Peace made enormous presents to Murat; the latter flattered himself that, after betraying the Spanish Minister, and by his means causing a rupture between the King of Spain and his son, and finally bringing about the wished-for revolution, he would have the throne of Spain as his reward; and, dazzled by this prospect, he would not permit himself to doubt the truth of all the flattery that was lavished upon him.

It happened that a conspiracy was suddenly formed at Madrid against the King; Prince Ferdinand was accused in the reports that were made to King Charles, and whether there was truth in the matter, or it was only a wretched intrigue against the life of the young Prince, the charge was published widely. The King of Spain, having caused his son to be put on his trial before a tribunal, suffered himself to be disarmed by the letters which fear dictated to the Infante—letters in which he acknowledged his crime, real or pretended—and the Court was in a deplorable state of turmoil. The King's weakness was extreme; he was infatuated with his Minister, who ruled over the Queen with all the authority of a master and former lover. The Queen detested her son, to whom the Spanish nation was attached in consequence of the hatred inspired by the Prince of the Peace. There was in this situation sufficient to flatter the Emperor's hopes. If we add the state of Spain itself, the political incapacity of the effete nobility, the ignorance of the people, the influence of the clergy, the prevalence of superstition, the miserable state of the finances, the influence which the English Government was trying to gain, and the occupation of Portugal by the French, it is plain that such a condition of things threatened revolution.

I had often heard M. de Talleyrand talking to M. de Rémusat of the situation of Spain. Once, when he was conversing with us about the establishment of Bonaparte's dynasty, he said, "A Prince of the house of Bourbon is but a bad neighbor for him, and I do not think he will be able to retain him." But at this date, in 1807, M. de Talleyrand, thoroughly well informed as to the real disposition of Spain, was of opinion that, far from intriguing by means of a man of so little capacity and so ill esteemed as the Prince of the Peace, the way to propitiate the nation was by procuring his dismissal, and, if the King refused this, by declaring war, taking part with the people against him, and, according to events, either dethroning all the Bourbon family or making

a compromise in Bonaparte's interest by marrying Prince Ferdinand to a lady of the Imperial house. It was toward this latter plan that M. de Talleyrand was most inclined, and he predicted even then to the Emperor that any other line of conduct would involve him in difficulties.

One of the greatest defects of Bonaparte—I do not know if I have already mentioned it—was to jumble all men together on the level of his own views, ignoring the differences in character which manners and customs produce. He looked upon the Spaniards as he looked upon any other nation. He knew that in France the progress of skepticism had led to indifference toward the priests, and he persuaded himself that, by holding forth on the other side of the Pyrenees in the philosophic language which had preceded the French Revolution, he would induce the inhabitants of Spain to join the movement which had carried away the French. "When I come," said he, "with the words *liberty*, *deliverance from superstition*, *destruction of the nobility*, inscribed upon my banner, I shall be received as I was in Italy, and all truly national classes will be with me. I shall rouse a once generous people from their inertia; I shall develop them in industry which will increase their wealth, and you will see that I shall be looked upon as the liberator of Spain."

Murat carried some of this talk to the Prince of the Peace, who did not fail to assure him that such results were, in fact, highly probable. M. de Talleyrand's warnings were vain; they would not listen to him. This was the first check to his influence, and it shook it at first imperceptibly, but his enemies took advantage of it. M. Maret adopted the tone of Murat, finding that it pleased the Emperor. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, humiliated at being reduced to functions of which M. de Talleyrand took the best part from him, thought proper to adopt and hold a different opinion from his. The Emperor, thus circumvented, allowed himself to be deceived, and a few months later embarked in this perfidious and deplorable enterprise.

While we were at Fontainebleau, I saw a great deal of M. de Talleyrand. He often came to my apartment, and seemed to be amused by my observations about our Court; he also gave me his own opinions, which were entertaining. Sometimes, indeed, our conversations took a serious turn. He would come in wearied or even displeased with the Emperor, and would then dwell upon the more or less hidden vices of his character; and, thus enlightening me with truly funereal gleams, he fixed my as yet unsettled opinions, and caused me much sincere concern.

One evening, when more communicative than usual, he told me some of the anecdotes which I have related in these pages; and, as he was insisting strongly on what he called the *knavery* of our master, representing him as incapable of a single generous sentiment, he was astonished to observe that, as I listened, I was weeping silently. "What is it?" he exclaimed. "What is the matter with you?" "The matter is," I replied, "that you make me really wretched. You politicians do not want to feel any affection for those you serve. As for me, a poor woman, how do you suppose I can endure the disgust your stories inspire, and what will become of me if I must remain where I am without being able to retain a single illusion?"

"Child that you are," replied M. de Talleyrand, "must you always want to put your heart into all you do? Take my advice: do not try to feel any affection for this man, but rest assured that, with all his faults, he is at present necessary to France. He knows how to uphold the country, and each of us ought to do his best to aid him. However," added he, "if he listens to the sage advice he is receiving at present, I will not answer for anything. He is now embarked in a pitiable intrigue. Murat wants to be King of Spain; they are cajoling the Prince of the Peace, and want to gain him over, as if he had any importance in Spain! It is fine policy for the Emperor to arrive in a country with the reputation of a close alliance with a detested minister! I know well

enough that he deceives that minister, and will throw him over when he perceives that he counts for nothing; but he might have spared himself this despicable perfidy.

"The Emperor will not see that he was called by his destiny to be everywhere and always *the man of the nations*, the founder of useful and possible innovations. To restore religion, morality, and order to France; to applaud the civilization of England while restraining her policy; to strengthen his frontiers by the Confederation of the Rhine; to make Italy a kingdom independent both of Austria and himself; to keep the Czar shut up at home, by creating the natural barrier which Poland offers—these are what ought to have been the Emperor's designs, and it was to these that each of my treaties was leading him. But ambition, anger, pride, and the fools to whom he listens, often mislead him. He suspects me whenever I speak to him of 'moderation'; and, if ever he ceases to trust me, you will see he will compromise both himself and us by imprudence and folly. Nevertheless, I shall watch over him to the end. I have associated myself with the creation of his Empire; I should like it to hold together as my last work; and, so long as I can see my way to the success of my plan, I will not renounce it."

The confidence which M. de Talleyrand reposed in me pleased me very much. He soon saw how well founded it was, and that, both by taste and by habit, I brought perfect trustworthiness to our friendly intercourse. With me he enjoyed the rare pleasure of being able to speak freely, to give vent to his feelings without any misgivings, and this just when he felt inclined; for I never sought his confidences, and I always stopped where he pleased. As he was endowed with great tact, he quickly discerned my reserve and discretion, and they formed a new link between us. When his business or our duties gave us a little leisure, he would come to my rooms, where we three passed a good deal of time together. In proportion as M. de Talleyrand grew more friendly toward me, I felt more at my ease with him. I resumed

the manners natural to my disposition, the little prejudice of which I have spoken melted away, and I gave myself up to a pleasure all the greater to me that it was to be found within the walls of a palace where solicitude, fear, and mediocrity hindered all real companionship between its inmates.

This intimacy, moreover, became very useful to us. M. de Talleyrand, as I have said, talked to the Emperor about us, and convinced him that we were well qualified to keep a great house, and to entertain the foreigners who would undoubtedly frequent Paris in great numbers thenceforth. Upon this the Emperor determined to give us the means of establishing ourselves in Paris in handsome style. He increased M. de Rémusat's salary on the condition that, on his return to Paris, he should set up a house; he appointed him superintendent of the Imperial theatres. M. de Talleyrand was commissioned to announce these favors to us, and I was very happy to owe them to him. This moment was the culminating point of our position, for it opened to us an agreeable prospect of ease and many opportunities of amusement. We received several congratulations, and we experienced the greatest, the only pleasure of a life passed at Court—I mean that of becoming important.

In the midst of all these things the Emperor worked incessantly, and issued decrees almost daily. Some of these were of great utility. For example, he improved the public offices in the departments, increased the salaries of the curés, and reëstablished the Sisters of Charity. He caused a *senatus consultum* to declare the judges irremovable at the end of five years. He also took care to encourage talent, especially when his own glory was the aim of its efforts. The "Triomphe de Trajan" was given at the Paris Opera. The poem was by Esménard, and both he and the composer received presents. The work admitted of significant applications. Trajan was represented burning papers that contained the secret of a conspiracy with his own hand. This recalled what Bonaparte had done at Berlin. The triumph of Trajan

was represented with magnificent pomp. The decorations were superb; the conqueror appeared in a chariot drawn by four white horses. All Paris flocked to the spectacle; the applause was unstinted, and charmed the Emperor. Soon afterward "La Vestale," the libretto by Mme. Jouy, the music by Spontini, was performed. This work, which is good as a poem, and remarkable as a musical composition, also included a "triumph," which was much applauded, and the authors received a liberal recompense.

About this time the Emperor appointed M. de Caulaincourt ambassador to St. Petersburg. He had great trouble in inducing him to accept this mission; M. de Caulaincourt was very reluctant to part from a person whom he loved, and he refused. Bonaparte at length, by dint of flattering and affectionate persuasions, brought him to consent, promising that his brilliant exile should not be prolonged beyond two years. An immense sum was granted to the ambassador for the expenses of his establishment, and his salary was fixed at from seven to eight hundred thousand francs. The Emperor charged him to eclipse all the other ambassadors in splendor. On his arrival at St. Petersburg, M. de Caulaincourt found himself at first in an embarrassing position. The crime of the death of the Duc d'Enghien had left a stain upon him. The Empress-Mother would not see him; a great number of ladies refused to receive him. The Czar received him graciously, and soon conceived a liking for him, which grew into friendship; and then the great world, following his example, treated the ambassador with less severity. When the Emperor learned that a mere memory of this kind had affected the position of his ambassador, he was astonished. "What!" said he, "do they remember that old story?" He made use of the same expression every time he found that the circumstance was not forgotten, which indeed was frequently; and he would add: "What childishness! Nevertheless, what is done, is done."

Prince Eugène was Arch-Chancellor of State. M. de

Talleyrand had to replace the Prince in the discharge of the functions attached to that post; so that the former united a number of dignities in his own person. The Emperor also began to settle great revenues on his marshals and generals, and to found those fortunes which seemed immense, and which were destined to disappear with himself. A man would find himself endowed with a considerable revenue, perhaps declared proprietor of a vast number of leagues of territory in Poland, Hanover, or Westphalia. But there were great difficulties about realizing the revenues. The conquered countries gave them up reluctantly, and the agents sent to collect them found themselves in an embarrassing position. Transactions and concessions became inevitable; a portion of the promised sums only could be had. Nevertheless, the desire of pleasing the Emperor, the taste for luxury, an imprudent confidence in the future, induced these men to place their expenditure on the footing of the presumed income which they expected to receive. Debts accumulated, embarrassments cropped up, in the midst of this seeming opulence; the public, beholding extreme luxury, took immense fortunes for granted; and yet nothing real, nothing secure, was at the bottom of all this.

We have seen most of the Marshals coming to the Emperor, when pressed by their creditors, to solicit aid, which he granted according to his fancy, or the interests to be served by binding certain persons to himself. These demands became excessive, and perhaps the necessity for satisfying them counted for much among the motives of the subsequent wars. Marshal Ney bought a house; its purchase and the sums expended upon it cost him more than a million, and he has since complained bitterly of the difficulties into which this purchase threw him. Marshal Davoust was in the same case. The Emperor prescribed to each of his marshals the purchase of a house, which involved a great establishment and large expenditure in furniture. Rich stuffs and precious objects of all kinds adorned these dwell-

ings; splendid services of plate glittered on the Marshals' tables. Their wives wore valuable jewels; their equipages and dress cost great sums. This display pleased Bonaparte, satisfied the shopkeepers, dazzled everybody, and, by removing individuals from their proper sphere, augmented their dependence on the Emperor—in fact, perfectly carried out his intentions.

During this time the old nobility of France lived simply, collecting its ruins together, finding itself under no particular obligations, boasting of its poverty rather than complaining, but in reality recovering its estates by degrees, and reamassing those fortunes which at the present day it enjoys. The confiscations of the National Convention were not always a misfortune for the French nobility, especially in cases where the lands were not sold. Before the Revolution that class was heavily in debt, for extravagance was one of the luxuries of our former *grands seigneurs.* The emigration and the laws of 1793, by depriving them of their estates, set them free from their creditors, and from a certain portion of the charges that weighed upon great houses; and, when they recovered their property, they profited by that liberation, which, in truth, they had bought at a high price. I remember that M. Gaudin, Minister of Finance, related once before me how the Emperor had asked him which was the most heavily taxed class in France, and he had answered that it was still that of the old nobility. Bonaparte seemed uneasy at this, and remarked, "But we must take order with that."

Under the Empire a certain number of tolerably large fortunes were made; several persons, military men especially, who had nothing formerly, found themselves in possession of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand livres per annum, because, in proportion as they were remote from the observation of the Emperor, they could live according to their own fancy, and expend their income with order and economy. Of those immense fortunes with which the grandees of

Bonaparte's Court were so gratuitously accredited, but little remains; and on this point, as on many others, the party who, on the return of the King, thought that the state might be enriched by seizing upon the treasures supposed to be amassed under the Empire, advised an arbitrary and vexatious measure which led to no result.

At this period my family had a share in the gifts of the Emperor. My brother-in-law, General Nansouty, was given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. He had been First Chamberlain to the Empress, and was made First Equerry, replacing M. de Caulaincourt in his absence. He received a grant of thirty thousand francs in Hanover, and one hundred thousand francs for the purchase of a house, which might, if he chose, be of greater value, but which became inalienable by the fact of this grant. The amount went toward its price.

CHAPTER XXVII.

(1807–1808.)

Projects of Divorce.

I THINK it well to devote a separate chapter to the events which were taking place at Fontainebleau in connection with the Emperor's divorce at this time. Although Bonaparte had not spoken to his wife on the subject for some years, except on occasions when he had some quarrel with her, and those occasions had become exceedingly rare in consequence of the amiability and self-control of the Empress, it is nevertheless probable that he never entirely lost sight of the idea. The death of the eldest son of Louis had deeply impressed him. His victories, while increasing his power, had also expanded his ideas of greatness; and his policy, as well as his vanity, was concerned in an alliance with a European sovereign. The rumor was at first spread that Napoleon had cast his eyes on the daughter of the King of Saxony; but an alliance with that Princess would not have procured him any valuable support for his continental authority. The King of Saxony reigned only because France authorized him to reign. Besides this, his daughter was now at least thirty years of age, and by no means handsome. Bonaparte, on his return from Tilsit, spoke of her to his wife in a manner which set Josephine's mind completely at ease.

The conferences at Tilsit very reasonably inflated Napo-

leon's pride. The admiration which the young Czar felt for him, the assent which he yielded to certain of his projects, especially to the dismemberment of Spain, the complaisance of his new ally with regard to his wishes, all combined to lead Napoleon to form designs of a closer alliance. No doubt he spoke openly of these to M. de Talleyrand, but I do not think that anything was said about them to the Czar; the whole matter was referred to a future, more or less near, according to circumstances.

The Emperor returned to France. On rejoining his wife, he once more yielded to that sort of affection with which she always inspired him, and which was sometimes a trouble to him, because it rendered him uncomfortable when he had deeply grieved her.

On one occasion, when he was talking with her about the quarrels of the King of Holland and his wife, the death of the young Napoleon, and the delicate health of the only child remaining to the ill-assorted pair, he spoke of the obligation which might one day be imposed upon himself of taking a wife who should give him children. He approached the subject with some emotion, and added: "If such a thing should happen, Josephine, it will be for you to help me to make the sacrifice. I shall count upon your love to save me from all the odium of a forced rupture. You would take the initiative, would you not? You would enter into my position, and you would have the courage to withdraw?" The Empress knew her husband's character too well to facilitate beforehand, by one imprudent word, the step which she repelled as much as she could; so that during this conversation, far from leading him to hope that she would contribute to soften the effect of such a proceeding by her conduct, she assured him that she would obey his orders, but that she would never anticipate them. She made this reply in that calm and dignified tone which she always did well to assume toward Bonaparte, and it was not without effect. "Sire," said she (it should be remarked that from the beginning of

his reign she always addressed him, even when they were alone, with the forms of ceremonious respect), "you are the master, and you shall decide my fate. If you should order me to quit the Tuileries, I will obey on the instant; but the least you can do is to give me that order in a positive manner. I am your wife; I have been crowned by you in the presence of the Pope. Such honors, at least, demand that they should not be voluntarily renounced. If you divorce me, all France shall know that it is you who send me away, and shall be ignorant neither of my obedience nor of my profound grief." This manner of replying, which was always the same, did not annoy the Emperor, and even seemed occasionally to touch him; for, when on several occasions he recurred to the subject, he frequently wept, and was genuinely agitated by contending feelings.

Mme. Bonaparte, who retained her self-control so admirably while in his presence, gave way to excessive emotion on relating to me all that had passed. Sometimes she wept bitterly; at other moments she would dwell on the ingratitude of such conduct. She recalled to mind that when she married Bonaparte he had considered himself highly honored by her alliance, and she asserted that it was an odious deed to repudiate her in his greatness, after she had consented to share his low fortunes. Sometimes she became so excited that she even yielded to apprehensions concerning her personal safety. "I will never give in to him; I will demean myself entirely as his victim; but, if I stand too resolutely in his way, who can tell of what he would be capable, or whether he would resist the necessity of getting rid of me!" When she spoke thus, I made every effort to calm her imagination, which no doubt led her too far. Whatever I might think of the facility with which Bonaparte yielded to political necessity, I did not believe for a moment that he would be capable of conceiving and executing the black designs of which she then suspected him. But he had acted in such a way on several occasions, and he had used such language,

that it was not wonderful that misery such as hers should inspire her with suspicions of the sort. And, although I solemnly declare that in my conscience I did not believe he had ever contemplated such a means of getting out of his difficulty, I was unable to make any other reply to the Empress than, "Madame, be quite sure that he is not capable of going so far."

For my own part, I was astonished that a woman so completely disenchanted concerning her husband, tortured by a dreadful suspicion, detached from every affection, and indifferent to fame, should hold so strongly to the enjoyment of such a precarious royalty; but, seeing that nothing availed to disgust her with it, I contented myself with entreating her, as I had always done, to keep silence, and to maintain her calm, sorrowful, but determined attitude in the presence of the Emperor, for I knew well that by these means only could she turn aside or delay the storm. He knew that his wife was generally beloved. Day by day public opinion was becoming alienated from him, and he was afraid of incensing it.

When the Empress confided her sorrows to her daughter, she did not, as I have already said, find her very capable of understanding her. Since the death of her child, the sorrows of vanity had appeared more than ever inexplicable to Queen Hortense, and her sole answer to her mother always was, "How can any one regret a throne?"

Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, to whom Mme. Bonaparte also spoke, was, as I have said, somewhat frivolous, and passed over everything as lightly as she could. The burden of the Empress's confidence fell, therefore, upon me. The Emperor was aware of the fact, but did not at that time resent it to me. I know he even said to M. de Talleyrand, "It must be acknowledged that the Empress is well advised." When his passions gave his intellect a chance, he could estimate fairly and wisely enough conduct which embarrassed him, provided it only embarrassed him a little, because he

always knew that when he chose he could surmount the light obstacles that were opposed to him; and he allowed one to play one's own cards, because he knew that in the end he should none the less surely win the game.*

* My father has often quoted this reflection, and many others of the same kind which occur in these Memoirs, to prove that it was more possible than has been supposed to oppose the Emperor successfully, and that he was sometimes capable of enduring contradiction. The impossibility of opposing his plans, or even of inducing him to hesitate, is his servants' best excuse for their own docility. It is very probable that a more frequent opposition would have acted upon him, and he was capable of understanding and accepting it at certain moments; the difficulty was, doubtless, to discern these moments, and to avoid rousing, if not his anger, at least his vanity. My father knew from those who had often spoken with him that this could be done, and that persons who flattered him in *tête-à-tête* conversation were unpardonable. His intellect, which was in general penetrating and just, forced him to yield, at least temporarily, to the truth. He was even capable of a certain impartiality which he liked to parade. I knew two examples of this, which deserve to be recorded.

The first relates to a certain conversation between the Emperor and the son of Mme. de Staël, just after his return from Italy on the 28th of December, 1807. Bourrienne has narrated with tolerable exactness in his Memoirs all that passed. It was after this interview that the Emperor said, "How can the Necker family be for the Bourbons, whose first duty, if they ever came back into France, would be to hang them all?"

My father learned the following details of this interview: "Auguste de Staël told me that, after his mother had been exiled, he was obliged to appeal to the Emperor himself about a claim to a sum of two millions, I think, which Necker had left as security in the public treasury. Auguste was straightforward and upright, and had very exalted moral sentiments, and perfect rectitude of intention and principle; and, although he was very young, he did not hesitate to acquit himself of a difficult commission at his mother's desire. He saw the Emperor, explained his business to him, and was listened to with attention and even with kindness, although, in fact, the demand never was acceded to under the Emperor's reign. When he had concluded his statements and was about to take leave, Napoleon said to him: 'And you, young man—what do you do? What do you intend to be? One must be something in this world: what are your plans?' 'Sire, I can be nothing in France; I can not serve a Government which persecutes my mother.' 'Quite right; but then, as by your birth you can be something out of France, why not go to England? For, you see, there are only two nations, France and England; all the rest are nothing.' This saying struck Auguste de Staël most of all the Emperor's conversation; he regarded it as a great proof of impartiality of mind that the Emperor should give this high rank among nations to England, a country with

Meanwhile we went to Fontainebleau, and the fêtes, the presence of foreign princes, and above all the drama which Bonaparte was preparing for Spain, diverted his mind from the question of the divorce, and at first everything went smoothly enough.

My friendship with Talleyrand became confirmed, and the Empress was rejoiced at this, because she hoped that when occasion arose it would be useful, or at least convenient, to herself. I have said that just then the sovereigns of the duchy of Berg and Fouché the Minister of Police were scheming in concert. Mme. Murat always contrived to quarrel with anybody who was about the Empress, and spared no pains for that end. Talleyrand and Fouché were

which he could not live in peace, and which he made his orators and his journals insult every day."

Here is a second example of this impartiality of mind. "After the battle of Torres Vedras," said my father, "General Foy was charged, by his principal comrades of the Army of Portugal, to endeavor to see the Emperor on returning to France, to make known to him the true state of things, and, lastly, to explain that another general than Masséna was necessary, age and infirmity having rendered that illustrious warrior unequal to such a command. The army wanted General Soult. Foy had the sentiments and the position which Marmont describes in his Memoirs, and which he owed to the friendship of the latter, who gave him shelter in his camp when he escaped after Moreau's trial. He did not like the Emperor, and did not know him, and the Emperor neither liked nor knew him; nevertheless, he received him, and Foy acquitted himself of his commission, making his statements and his reflections. The Emperor heard him, questioned him, and talked to him. He discussed Masséna and Soult, criticising them as freely as if he had been speaking to a familiar confidant. His opinions of the Marshals, in general, were those which we know. Some were not to be relied upon; others were stupid. I can not enter into the details, as I might make a mistake, but once he said, suddenly, 'Ah! tell me, my soldiers fight?' 'How, Sire? Of course they do.' 'But are they afraid of the English soldiers?' 'Sire, they respect them, but they are not afraid of them.' 'No, no? And yet the English have always beaten them—Cressy, Agincourt, Malplaquet—' 'It seems to me, Sire, that at the battle of Fontenoy—' 'Ah! the battle of Fontenoy; that was a day which prolonged the monarchy forty years beyond the time it ought to have lasted.' The interview occupied three hours. Foy recalled it with the greatest pleasure, and he added, 'Ever since that day I have not loved the Empire any better, but I have passionately admired the Emperor.'"—P. R.

jealous and distrustful of each other, and at this period the great importance of the former gave umbrage to all.

About two or three weeks before the end of our sojourn at Fontainebleau the Minister of Police arrived one morning. He remained a long time in the Emperor's cabinet, and was afterward invited to dine with him, an honor rarely accorded to any one. During dinner Bonaparte was in high spirits. Some sort of amusement, I forget what, filled up the evening. Toward midnight, when every one had retired, one of the Empress's attendants knocked at my door. My maid told him I had gone to bed. The man replied that I need not get up, but that the Empress begged my husband would come to her at once.

M. de Rémusat, who had not yet left my room, immediately repaired to the Empress's apartment. He found her half undressed, pale, and in great agitation. She sent away her women, and, exclaiming that she was lost, placed in my husband's hands a long letter, written upon large paper, and signed by Fouché himself. In this letter Fouché began by protesting that his former devotion to her was quite unaltered, and assuring her that it was in consequence of that sentiment he ventured to ask her to consider her position and the Emperor's. He represented the Emperor as all-powerful, depicted him at the height of his glory, sovereign master of France, but accountable to that same France for the present and for the future which were confided to him. "We must not disguise from ourselves, Madame," said he, "that the political future of France is compromised by the want of an heir to the Emperor. As Minister of Police, I am placed in a position to judge of public opinion, and I know that the succession to such an empire gives rise to public uneasiness. Picture to yourself what would be the strength of his Majesty's throne to-day, if it were supported by the existence of a son." This advantage was dwelt upon skillfully and at length, as indeed it might well be. Fouché then spoke of the opposition between the conjugal affection

of the Emperor and his policy. He foresaw that he would never bring himself to prescribe so grievous a sacrifice, and he therefore ventured to advise Mme. Bonaparte to make a courageous effort on her own part, to resign herself, to immolate herself for France; and he drew a very pathetic picture of the *éclat* which such an action would cast upon her now and in the future. Lastly, the letter ended with a declaration that the Emperor was quite ignorant of its having been written, that the writer knew it would be displeasing to him, and earnestly entreated the Empress to keep it a profound secret.

We may easily imagine all the oratorical phrases that adorned this letter, which had every appearance of having been written with care and reflection. The first thought of M. de Rémusat was that Fouché had not attempted such a proceeding without an understanding with the Emperor; he, however, took good care not to indicate this conviction to the Empress, who was making visible efforts to repel the same suspicion on her own part, while her tears and agitation proved that she dared not count upon the Emperor on this occasion. "What shall I do?" asked she. "How shall I avert this storm?" "Madame," said M. de Rémusat, "I strongly advise you to go this instant to the Emperor's room, if he has not yet retired, or, at all events, to go to him very early to-morrow. Remember that you must seem to have consulted nobody. Make him read that letter; watch him if you can, but at any rate show him that you are angry at this side-winded advice, and declare to him anew that you will only obey positive orders pronounced by himself."

The Empress adopted this advice. She begged my husband to tell M. de Talleyrand all that had occurred, and to report to her what he said; then, as it was late, she put off her conversation with the Emperor until the next morning. When she showed Bonaparte the letter, he affected to be extremely angry, and declared that he was totally ignorant of this proceeding; that Fouché had exhibited quite uncalled-

for zeal, and that, if he had not set out for Paris, he should have been severely reprimanded. The Emperor added that he would punish the Minister of Police if the Empress wished it, and would even go so far as to remove him from the Ministry, should she exact such a reparation. He accompanied this declaration with many caresses; but his manner did not convince the Empress, who told me the same day that she was aware he was greatly embarrassed during this explanation.

In the mean time the matter was discussed between my husband and myself. We saw very clearly that Fouché had been induced to take this step by a superior order, and we said to each other that, if the Emperor were seriously thinking of divorce, it was exceedingly unlikely Talleyrand would be opposed to the step. What was our surprise to find that at this moment he was so! Talleyrand listened to us very attentively, and like a man who was totally unaware of what had happened. He considered Fouché's letter improper and ridiculous, and added that the idea of the divorce appeared to him utterly mistaken. He took my view, and that vehemently; advised that the Empress should take a very high tone with the Minister of Police, and should tell him that he had no business to interfere in such a matter. He added that, if the affair were ever arranged, it ought to be settled without any go-between. The Empress was delighted with this advice, and she and I together composed a cold and dignified reply to Fouché's letter. Talleyrand read and approved of this, and desired us to show it to the Emperor, who, he said, would not venture to find fault with it. He was right; and Bonaparte, who had not yet made up his mind, continued to play the same part, to exhibit increasing anger, to indulge in violent threats, and to declare with so much iteration that he would dismiss the Minister of Police if she wished it, that the Empress, tranquillized by degrees and deceived anew, ceased to feel any resentment toward Fouché, whom she no longer feared, and refused the offered repara-

tion, telling her husband that she would not on any account have him deprive himself of the services of a man who was useful to him, and that it would be enough if he "scolded him well."

Fouché came back to Fontainebleau a few days afterward. In Mme. Bonaparte's presence her husband treated him with scrupulous coldness; but the Minister did not seem to mind that in the least, which confirmed me in my belief that the whole thing had been arranged. He repeated to the Empress all that he had written. The Emperor told his wife that he went over precisely the same ground with him. "It is an excess of zeal," said he. "We must not be angry with him for it; it is quite enough that we are determined to reject his advice, and you know well that I could not live without you." * Bonaparte repeated these same words to his wife day and night. He was much more with her than he had recently been, was really agitated, would take her in his arms and protest the most passionate love; and in these scenes, which were at first, as I believe, acted for a purpose, he involuntarily became quite carried away, and ended by experiencing sincere emotion.

All that he said was confided to me, and I repeated it to Talleyrand, who dictated the line of conduct to be observed. His advice steadily tended to avert the divorce, and he guided Mme. Bonaparte very well. I could not refrain from letting him see that I was somewhat astonished he should oppose a project which had certainly a reasonable political aspect, and that he should take so much interest in the purely domestic side of the affair. He replied that it was not altogether so domestic as I imagined. "There is nobody," he said, "in

* The Emperor wrote to Fouché from Fontainebleau, on the 5th of November, 1807, the following letter:

"Monsieur Fouché: For a fortnight past I have been hearing of follies on your part; it is time that you should put an end to them, and that you should cease to meddle, directly or indirectly, in a matter that can not possibly concern you in any way. Such is my will."—P. R.

the palace who ought not to desire that this woman should remain with Bonaparte. She is gentle and good, she has the art of keeping him quiet, and she enters quite sufficiently into everybody's position. She is a refuge for us on a thousand occasions. If a Princess were to come here, we should find the Emperor break with all the Court, and we should all be crushed."

Giving me these reasons, Talleyrand convinced me that he was speaking sincerely; but yet he was not telling me all his secret, for, while he repeated to me that we must all unite to avert the divorce, he frequently asked me what would become of me if by any chance the Emperor carried the plan into effect. I replied that without hesitation I should share the fate of my Empress. "But," said he, "do you love her well enough to do that?" "Certainly," I replied, "I am attached to her; nevertheless, as I know her well, as I know her to be frivolous and hardly capable of a steady affection, it would not be the dictates of my heart that I should follow on this occasion, so much as those of propriety. I came to this Court through Mme. Bonaparte's influence; I have always passed in the eyes of the world as her intimate friend; I have had the burden and the confidence of that friendship; and, although she has been too much taken up with her own position to care much about me, although she has thrown me aside and taken me up again, as it suited her convenience, the public, who can not enter into the secrets of our mutual relations, and to whom I shall not confide them, would, I am sure, be astonished if I did not share her exile." "But," said Talleyrand, "this would gratuitously put you into a position which might be very unpleasant for yourself and your husband, and would perhaps separate you. You would have to encounter many small difficulties, for which assuredly she would not pay you." "I know that as well as you," said I. "She is changeable and even whimsical. I can foresee that in such a case she would be at first very grateful for my devotion, then she would get used to it, and finally she

would think no more about it. But her character shall not prevent me from acting in accordance with my own, and I will do what seems to be my duty without expecting the smallest reward."

In fact, when speaking, about this time, of the chances of the divorce, I promised the Empress that I would leave the Court if ever she left it. She seemed deeply touched by this declaration, which I made with tears and sincere emotion. Assuredly she ought to have resisted the suspicions which she afterward conceived against me, and of which I shall give an account in due time.* I placed only one re-

* The author indicates in this passage, and in another, that, at a later period, and on the occasion of the divorce, the Empress conceived some unjust distrust of her. I have absolutely no data upon this fact, which had apparently some importance, because she promises to revert to it. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that she was not able to continue this work, at least down to the epoch of the Emperor's divorce. These scenes, forerunners of the event, give us a glimpse of the mixture of cunning and impulse, emotion and acting, weakness and obstinacy, which characterized him in so many matters, but in none so strongly as in his rupture with perhaps the only person whom he ever loved. It would have been interesting to read the account of the whole, related by one who had had such opportunities of observing the actors in the drama. As for her, she preserved a constant fidelity to the Empress; and, when the divorce took place, did not hesitate as to what she should do, although Queen Hortense herself begged her to reflect before she made up her mind to quit the Court. The following is the letter in which she announced her resolution to my grandfather, who had accompanied the Empress to Trianon:

"MALMAISON, *December*, 1809.

"I had hoped for a moment that you would have accompanied the Emperor yesterday, and that I should have seen you. Independently of the pleasure of seeing you, I wanted to talk to you. I hope there will be some opportunity for Trianon to-day, and I will keep my letter ready.

"I was received here with real affection. All is very sad, as you may suppose. The Empress, who has no more need of effort, is greatly cast down; she weeps incessantly, and it is really painful to see her. Her children are full of courage. The Viceroy is come—he keeps her up as well as possible; and they are of the greatest use to her. Yesterday I had a conversation with the Queen [of Holland]. I will repeat it to you as succinctly as possible. 'The Empress,' said she, 'has been deeply touched by the readiness which you have shown to share her fate. I am not surprised at it, but, out of friendship to you, I beg of you to reflect. Your husband is placed near the Emperor; all your instincts

striction upon the promise which I made: "I will not be Lady-in-Waiting to another Empress. If you retire into some country place, I will follow you, being always happy to

ought to be on that side. Will not your position be frequently false and embarrassing? Can you bring yourself to renounce the advantages attached to the service of a young and reigning Empress? Think of it well; I give you a friend's advice, and you ought to reflect.' I thanked the Queen sincerely, but replied that I could not perceive any objection to my taking this step, which appeared the only one proper for me to take; that, if the Empress foresaw any difficulty in retaining in her service the wife of a man who was in the Emperor's, then I would retire, but that, unless such was the case, I would greatly prefer to remain with her; that I thought there might be some advantages for persons attached to the great Court, but that their loss was more than compensated to me by the consciousness of fulfilling a duty, and of being useful to the Empress, if she valued my services; that I did not think the Emperor could be displeased with my conduct, etc., etc. 'There is only one consideration, Madame,' said I, in addition, 'which could induce me for one moment to regret the part I have taken. I will tell you very frankly what that is. It is impossible that there should not be, in the interior of this little Court here, some indiscretion, some gossip, something or other which, being repeated to the Emperor, may bring about a momentary annoyance. The Empress, good as she is, is sometimes distrustful. I do not know whether the proof of devotion which I am now giving her will shelter me completely from a passing suspicion which would greatly grieve me. I acknowledge that, if it should happen, even once, that my husband or myself were suspected of meditating an indiscretion, on one side or the other, I would immediately quit the Empress.' The Queen replied that I was quite right, and that she hoped her mother would be prudent. She then embraced me, and said that she knew that the Empress wished in her heart to have me with her. I needed nothing more, in the mind in which, as you know, I am, to decide me.

"Now let me know what you think. I know that my position will often be embarrassing, but with prudence and true attachment may not everything come right? Mme. de la Rochefoucauld seems to me to want to get away—she has even, I think, said something to the Emperor; but her position is different. She will render the same services to the Empress, but without annuity or pension. In her position that may suit her, but I think I must act otherwise; and, indeed, the more I question myself, the more I feel that my place is here. Put all this together, reflect, and then decide; and remember that I have time. We are given to the 1st of January.

"One would need to be very happy to find this place pleasant in this season; there is an abominable wind, and it is always raining. That, however, has not prevented a succession of visitors all day long. Each visitor renews her tears. Nevertheless, it is no harm that all her impressions should be renewed thus in

share your solitude; and I will never leave you, except you should quit France."

No one could tell what was really passing in the Emper-

succession; afterward she will rest. I think that I shall remain at Malmaison until Saturday; I wish you could come then, because we really must meet and be a little while together. This morning (19th December, 1809) I could not find an opportunity of sending my letter; I hope there will be one this evening. The Empress has passed a deplorable day; she receives visitors, which renews her grief, and then every time anything reaches her from the Emperor she gets into a terrible state. We must find means, either through the Grand Marshal or the Prince de Neufchâtel, to induce the Emperor to moderate the expression of his regret and his affliction when he writes to her, because, when he dwells in this way upon his grief, she falls into real despair, and seems to lose her head completely. I do all in my power for her; it gives me terrible pain to see her. She is gentle, sad, and affectionate—in fact, heart-rending. By affecting her so deeply, the Emperor increases her sufferings. In the midst of all this she never says a word too much, she never utters a bitter complaint; she is really like an angel. I induced her to take a walk this morning; I wanted to try to fatigue her body in order to rest her mind. She complied mechanically. I talked to her, I questioned her, I did all I could; she seconded my efforts, understanding my intentions, and seemed grateful to me in the midst of her sorrows. At the end of an hour I acknowledge that I was almost fainting with the effort that I had made, and for a few minutes was as weak as herself. 'It seems to me sometimes,' said she, 'that I am dead, and that there remains to me only a sort of vague faculty of feeling that I am dead.' Try, if you can, to make the Emperor understand that he ought to write to her encouragingly, and not in the evening, for that gives her terrible nights. She does not know how to bear his regrets; no doubt she could still less bear his coldness, but there is a medium in all this. I saw her yesterday in such a state, after the Emperor's last letter, that I was on the point of writing myself to Trianon. Adieu.

"I do not say much to you of my own health; you know how feeble it is, and all this tries it. After this week I shall want a little rest with you. To find anything pleasant, I must get home."

My grandmother's letters are few at this time, unfortunately, and I can not supply the missing chapters either by narrative or by quotations. I only know that her fears were not realized, in so far as the indiscretions and gossip of the Court were concerned; but she and her husband were involved in the disgrace of Talleyrand. It is true that my grandfather remained First Chamberlain even after the Prince of Benevento had been deprived of his pensions as Grand Chamberlain; but he did not recover, nor did he seek, the good will of the Court or the confidence of the Emperor. This will be more fully explained in the Appendix. My grandmother went only once, I think, to the Tuileries, to be

or's mind, and he had once said to his wife: "If you quit me, I would not have you lose state or rank by it; you shall reign somewhere, perhaps even at Rome." It is to be remarked that when he was thus speaking the Pope was in that same Rome, and that there was no reason to suppose he would have to leave the city. But the most serious events seemed perfectly simple to Napoleon; and from time to time, if one listened attentively, a word dropped here and there sufficed to indicate the succession of projects which he was forming.

M. de Rémusat thought with me respecting my proper line of conduct. He was perfectly alive to the inconvenience which might possibly result from it; but that consideration did not deter him, and he repeated to the Empress that she might count upon my fidelity in her misfortunes, should they ever fall upon her. We shall see that she was after-

presented to the new Empress with great ceremony, and on another day to receive some injunctions from the Emperor. This latter circumstance deserves to be related in detail. It was at the end of 1812, or the beginning of 1813. The Duc de Friuli came to see her, to the great astonishment of my grandparents, for he never made visits. He was charged by the Emperor to order her to request an audience, as the Emperor wished to speak to her of the Empress Josephine. There were no means of disobeying this command, and no reasons for wishing to do so; she requested an audience, and was received. My father did not know the details of this interview; he only knew that the Emperor desired her to induce the Empress to go to a distance from Paris. What were his motives? Josephine's debts were among the number, and also things that were said in her salon. I do not think that his complaints went any further, and the Emperor exhibited no anger. As for the Lady-in-Waiting, the Emperor was neither kind nor unkind to her; but he did not encourage her by any word to speak to him of herself, and she took good care not to do so. This was the last time that she saw Napoleon. Afterward she had to fulfill his commission, and this was a difficult task. She wrote a long letter to the Empress, who was then staying, I believe, at Geneva. The matter was all the more difficult that the Emperor had exacted that she should not name him, and that the advice should not seem to come from him. Although it seems that the Empress Josephine could hardly have been deceived, my father believes that this letter was ill received by her, and it was even printed in some Memoirs written under the inspiration of Queen Hortense, with reflections more or less severe upon the author.—P. R.

ward induced to place no reliance upon a promise which was given with perfect sincerity.

It was at this period, and upon the subject of the divorce, that we had certain conversations with Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, which brought about the explanations to which I have previously referred, and that M. de Rémusat became acquainted with what had passed respecting him on his return from the Prussian campaign. These new lights added considerably to the painful impression of our successive discoveries relating to the Emperor's character.

I will now tell what I learned of the motives which induced Talleyrand and the Minister of Police to act in the manner which I have just recorded. I have said that Fouché, who was fascinated by Mme. Murat, was forced in consequence to break with what was called "the party of the Beauharnais." I do not know whether he really wished to do so; but, when a man mixes himself up in certain intrigues in which women play a part, he can not tell at what point he may be able to stop, because there are so many little sayings, little denunciations, and little treacheries, that in the end he gets lost among them. Mme. Murat, who detested her sister-in-law, and did all in her power to drive her off the throne, longed for an alliance with a European Princess for her own pride's sake, and plied the Emperor with flattery on this point. Fouché thought that it would be useful to the new dynasty to be supported by a direct heir. He knew Bonaparte too well not to foresee that, sooner or later, policy would take precedence of every other consideration with him. He was afraid that he himself might not be employed in this affair, which seemed to be entirely in Talleyrand's line, and he was anxious to deprive him of the honor and the advantages of such a negotiation. With this intention he broke the ice with the Emperor, and spoke to him on the important point. Finding him disposed to entertain it, he dwelt upon all the motives which were so easy to urge, and ultimately succeeded in extracting from Bonaparte an order,

or at least a proposal, that he should play the part of mediator between the Emperor and the Empress in all negotiations on the point. He went further; he made public opinion declare itself! With the assistance of the police, he got speeches made on the subject of the divorce at several places of general assembly in Paris. The people began to discuss in the cafés the necessity of the Emperor's having an heir. These utterances, which were prompted by Fouché, were reported by him and the rest of the police, who gave an exact account of all that took place; and the Emperor believed that the public were far more occupied with this subject than they really were.

On his return from Fontainebleau, Fouché told the Emperor that there was great excitement in Paris, and that the populace might possibly assemble under his windows and ask him to contract another marriage. The Emperor was at first taken with this idea, from which M. de Talleyrand adroitly contrived to turn him aside. Not that the latter had really any repugnance to the divorce, but he wanted it to be effected in his own way, at his own time, and with great utility and dignity. He was quick to perceive that the zeal of Fouché tended to deprive him of the palm, and he could not endure that any other scheme should take the place of his on his own ground.

France had formed a close alliance with Russia, but M. de Talleyrand, who was very able in the use he made of his knowledge of the actual state of Europe, thought it necessary to keep a close watch on Austria, and had already come to the conclusion that another tie between us and that Power would be the most useful move for us. Besides, he knew that the Empress-Mother of Russia did not share the Czar's admiration for Napoleon, and that she would refuse to give us one of her daughters for an Empress. Again, it was possible that a hurried divorce might not be quickly followed by a marriage, and the Emperor would in that case be placed in a disagreeable position. The contest which might break

out at any moment in Spain would rouse the attention of Europe, and it was not a moment to engage ourselves in two enterprises, both of which would demand grave deliberation.

These were, no doubt, the considerations which led M. de Talleyrand to thwart Fouché, and to espouse the interests of Mme. Bonaparte for the time being. Neither she nor I was clever enough to see through his motives at the time, and it was not until afterward that I became aware of them. M. de Rémusat had not so much confidence in M. de Talleyrand's apparent acquiescence in what we desired, but he was of opinion that we might turn it to account; so that, with various intentions, we were all pursuing the same course.

While the Emperor was in Paris, in the short interval between his journey to Italy and his journey to Bayonne, while Fouché was constantly plying him with what he stated to be popular opinions, M. de Talleyrand seized an opportunity of showing him that in this instance the Minister of Police was misleading him.* "Fouché," he said to the Emperor, "is, and always will be, a revolutionist. Look well to it, and you will see that he would lead you, by factious means, to an act that should only be accomplished with the parade and pomp befitting a monarch. He wishes that a mob, collected by his orders, should come and vociferously demand of you an heir, just as they forced concessions from Louis XVI., who was never able to refuse them. When you have accustomed the people to meddle with your affairs after this fashion, how do you know that it will not occur to them to do so again, and how can you tell what they may subsequently demand of you? And, after all, no one will be duped by these gatherings, while you will be accused of having got them up." The Emperor was impressed by these observations, and imposed silence upon Fouché.

* The Emperor left Fontainebleau on the 16th of December, 1807, and arrived at Milan on the 21st of the same month. He returned to Paris from Italy on the 1st of January, and left again for Bayonne on the 2d of April, 1808. —P. R.

From that moment the question of the divorce was no longer discussed in the cafés, and the "national wish" remained unexpressed. The effect on the Emperor of this silence was favorable to his wife, and she felt somewhat reassured. He continued, however, to show great agitation at times, and their intercourse was constrained and often interrupted by long fits of silence; after which he would return to the subject, dwelling upon the disadvantage of not having a direct posterity on which to found his dynasty, and saying that he did not know what to do. He suffered much from conflicting feelings at this time.

He was particularly confidential with M. de Talleyrand, who repeated to me a portion of their conversations. "In separating myself from my wife," Bonaparte said, "I renounce all the charm which her presence gives to my home-life. I should have to study the tastes and habits of a young wife. This one accommodates herself to everything; she understands me perfectly, and I should be making her an ungrateful return for all she has done for me. The people care little for me as it is, and then it would be much worse. She is a link between me and them, and especially between me and a certain party in Paris, which I should have to give up." After regrets of this kind, he would dwell upon the reasons which made it a state question; and M. de Talleyrand told my husband it was his conviction that this creditable hesitation would one day give way before political considerations—that the divorce might be delayed, but that it was vain to hope that it could be ultimately avoided. He concluded by saying that we might rely upon it he had no influence in the matter, and that the Empress would do well to adhere to the course which she had adopted.

M. de Rémusat and I agreed that we would say nothing to the Empress about the first part of this statement, which would have so much increased her apprehensions as perhaps to betray her into some false step; and we saw no use in

inspiring her with distrust of M. de Talleyrand, who had at that time no interest in injuring her, but who might have had such an interest had she allowed an imprudent word to escape her. For my part, I resolved to await the future without trying to foresee it, and to be guided by the prudence and dignity which should always distinguish those who hold a prominent position, and who are surrounded by a hundred eyes that watch, and a hundred mouths ready to repeat all they say. It was at this period that the Emperor said to M. de Talleyrand, "The Empress is well advised."

Shortly before his departure for Bayonne, another explanation on the subject of the divorce took place. This was the last at this time, and it showed that the Emperor, willful as he was, was yet capricious in his moods, and that he was sometimes carried away by genuine feeling.

M. de Talleyrand, coming out of the Emperor's cabinet one morning, met M. de Rémusat, and said to him, as they walked toward his carriage: "I think your wife will have to meet the trial that she fears sooner than she anticipates. The Emperor is again most eager on the subject of a divorce; he has spoken to me of it as of a thing almost decided upon, and we shall all do well to take it as such, and not vainly oppose it." My husband repeated these words to me; they caused me great pain. There was to be a reception at Court that evening. I had just lost my mother, and did not go into society.* M. de Rémusat returned to the palace to

* At the beginning of the year 1808 Mme. de Vergennes, who had been ill and suffering for a long time, became much worse. She was afflicted with pains which she called rheumatic, and she died on the 17th of January, 1808, of gangrene of the throat.

This was a terrible sorrow to her daughter, and made a great change in the lives of all her children. My father always preserved a lively recollection of this clever and witty woman, although at the time of her death he was only eleven years old. Mme. de Vergennes's position in society was sufficiently important to induce M. Suard to write an article about her in "La Publiciste." This kind of public eulogy was then much less usual than it is now.—P. R.

superintend the play that was to be performed. The apartments were crowded. Princes, ambassadors, and courtiers were all assembled, and at length the order was given to begin the play, without waiting for their Majesties, who would not appear. The fête went off badly, and the guests dispersed as soon as they could.

M. de Talleyrand and M. de Rémusat, before leaving the palace, went to the private apartments of the Emperor, where they were told that he had retired with his wife at eight o'clock, that he had ordered the door to be closed, and that he should not be disturbed until the next day. M. de Talleyrand went away in dudgeon. "What a devil of a man!" said he. "How he yields to sudden impulses, as if he did not really know what he wanted! Why can he not come to some decision, and cease making us the puppets of his moods, not knowing what attitude we are to assume toward him?"

The Empress received my husband the next day, and told him that at six o'clock she had joined the Emperor at dinner; that he was then sad and silent; that afterward she had left him to dress for the evening, and while she was preparing for the reception an attendant came to fetch her, saying that the Emperor was ill. She found him suffering from severe spasms, and in a highly nervous state. On seeing her, he burst into tears, and, drawing her toward the bed on which he had thrown himself, without taking heed of her elegant attire, he folded her in his arms, repeating again and again, "My poor Josephine, I can not leave you." She added that his state inspired her with more compassion than tenderness, and that she kept saying to him time after time: "Sire, be calm; make up your mind what you really want to do, and let us have an end of these scenes." Her words seemed only to add to his excitement, which became so excessive that she advised him to give up the idea of appearing in public, and to go to bed. He consented to this, but only on condition that she would remain with him; and

she was obliged at once to undress and to share that bed, which, she said, he literally bathed with his tears, repeating constantly, "They harass me, they torment me, they make me miserable!" and the night was thus passed in alternate fits of tenderness and intervals of agitated sleep. After this evening he gained command over himself, and never again gave way to such vehement emotion.

The Empress alternated between hope and fear. She placed no reliance on these pathetic scenes, and declared that Bonaparte passed too quickly from tender protestations to quarreling with her about flirtations of which he accused her, or to other subjects of complaint; that he wanted to break down her resistance, to make her ill, or perhaps even worse —for, as I have already said, her imagination pictured every extreme. Sometimes she would say that he was trying to disgust her with him by incessantly tormenting her. It is true that, either intentionally or because of his own agitation, he kept her in a constant state of unrest, which affected her health.

Fouché talked openly of the divorce, to the Empress, to me, and to every one, saying that he might be dismissed, but that he should not be prevented from offering good advice. M. de Talleyrand listened to him in disdainful silence, and consented to being considered by the public to be opposed to the divorce. Bonaparte saw through all this, without blaming the conduct of the one or the other, or, indeed, that of any one.*

The Court observed even stricter silence than usual, for

* The Emperor, however, continued, when he thought it useful, to scold Fouché about his indiscretions. He wrote to him from Venice on the 13th of November, 1807: "I have already made known to you my opinion on the folly of the measures which you have taken at Fontainebleau with reference to my private affairs. After reading your bulletin of the 19th, and being well informed of the opinions which you openly declare in Paris, I can but repeat to you that your duty is to be guided by my will, and not by your own caprice. By behaving otherwise, you lead the public astray, and you go off the track which should be followed by every man of honor."

there was no positive indication as to which of these great personages it would be prudent to side with.

In the midst of these troubles the tragic event in Spain took place, and the divorce question was for a time laid aside.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

(1807–1808.)

Return from Fontainebleau—The Emperor's Journey in Italy—The Youth of M. de Talleyrand—Fêtes at the Tuileries—The Emperor and the Artists—The Emperor's Opinion of the English Government—The Marriage of Mlle. de Tascher—Count Romanzoff—Marriage of Marshal Berthier—The University—Affairs of Spain.

At or about this time M. Molé was nominated Prefect of the Côte-d'Or. The Emperor, who had remarked his abilities on many occasions, had to a certain extent adopted him, and in his own mind decided on his promotion. He was more and more pleased by his conversations with him, in which he brought out all that was most remarkable in Molé's mind, and Bonaparte knew how to attract the sympathies of youth. M. Molé showed some dislike to the idea of leaving Paris, where he was pleasantly settled with his family. "We must not hurt people's feelings," the Emperor said to him, "by sudden promotions. Besides, some experience in the affairs of administration will be very useful to you. I will only keep you one year at Dijon, and then you shall return, and you will have reason to be pleased with me." He kept his word to M. Molé.

The sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau came to an end toward the middle of November, at which there was general satisfaction; for every one was tired of the fêtes, and the restraint which they occasioned. Most of the foreign princes returned to their homes, dazzled by our magnificence, which had been "administered," if I may be permitted the

expression, with the most perfect order; for the Emperor would not have allowed any other system in the management of his private affairs. He was very much pleased when M. de Rémusat asked of him only 150,000 francs for the expenses incurred for the fêtes and plays; and certainly, if this sum be considered relatively to the results produced, it is evident that minute attention must have been paid to every detail of the expenditure. The Emperor, who wished to be informed of all these details, referred on this occasion to the sum that it formerly cost the Court of France to make such journeys, and he drew the comparison with a complacency justified by the facts. The household was strictly administered by the Grand Marshal, and the accounts were kept and paid with the utmost regularity.

Duroc acquitted himself remarkably well of this charge, but with a harshness of manner which was doubtless inspired by his master's severity. When the Emperor scolded, the consequences were felt by every servant in the palace, in the rude treatment to which they were subjected. Discipline was strict, and punishments were severe; vigilance was never relaxed, so that each one was always to be found at his post, and everything was done with silent regularity. Every abuse was guarded against, and all wages were paid punctually and in advance. In the offices, and in the kitchens, a plate of soup or a glass of *eau sucrée* was not given out without the authorization of the Marshal, who was invariably informed of all that happened in the palace. His discretion never failed, and he repeated whatever occurred to the Emperor only.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau to make a short tour in Italy. He wished to visit Milan again, to show himself in Venice, and to communicate with his brother Joseph; and I believe he wished to arrive, above all, at a decision with regard to the kingdom of Italy—a decision by which he hoped to reassure Europe. He also intended to signify to the Queen of Etruria, daughter of the King of Spain, that

she must quit her kingdom. As he was secretly preparing to invade Spain, he admitted that the idea of the union of the crowns of France and Italy had alarmed Europe. In naming Eugène as successor to the throne of Italy, he wished it to be understood that this union was not to last for ever, and believed that the concession which did not dispossess him would be received, and the power of his successor be thus limited.

Murat, who had every interest in keeping up daily communication with his brother-in-law, obtained permission to accompany him in this little tour, to the great annoyance of M. de Talleyrand, who foresaw that advantage would be taken of his absence to frustrate his plans.

The Emperor left Fontainebleau on the 10th of November, and the Empress returned to Paris. The Prince Primate remained there some time longer, as well as the Princes of Mecklenburg. They came to the Tuileries every evening, where they played or conversed, and listened to the music.

The Empress talked more with the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin than with the others: this was remarked upon, as I have mentioned before. Most people laughed, and attached so little importance to it as even to joke with the Empress herself about it. Others viewed the subject more seriously, and wrote to the Emperor; and on his return he rebuked her severely. Although accustomed to gratify all his own fancies, he was very severe on those of others.

During this journey, a vaudeville was represented at one of the small theatres with such success that every one wished to see it, Mme. Bonaparte as well as others. She requested M. de Rémusat to get her a box, and in a simple dress, and in a carriage without arms, she went privately to the theatre, accompanied by some ladies and the two Princes of Mecklenburg. This was immediately reported at Milan, and the Emperor wrote a furious letter to his wife, and on his return reproached her for a want of dignity. I even remember that, in his annoyance, he reminded her that the last Queen

of France had done herself the greatest harm by forgetting what was due to her rank, and indulging in frivolities of a similar kind.

During his absence the Imperial Guard made a triumphal entry into Paris. The Prefect received them with a speech, and many fêtes were given in their honor.

As I have said elsewhere, the Sisters of Charity were re-established. They assembled, by order of the Minister of the Interior, in the apartments of Mme. Mère, where he distributed medals to them. The Emperor wished his mother to be at the head of every charitable institution, but there was nothing in her manner to make her popular, and she acquitted herself of the task imposed on her without ability or taste.

The Emperor appeared to be satisfied with the administration of affairs in Italy, and traveled from one end of the country to the other. He went to Venice, where he was joined by his brother Joseph, and by the King and Queen of Bavaria. Mme. Bacciochi went to solicit an extension of her estates.

During this time Russia broke completely with England. A part of our army, still in the north of Germany, held the King of Sweden in check. Bernadotte was at Hamburg in communication with the malcontent Swedes, and he acquired a personal reputation which he carefully maintained. He expended large sums in bribes. It is not likely that he could have had an idea at that time of what was afterward to happen; but his ambition, as yet vague, led him to turn every happy chance that befell him to account, and at that period one might, in certain situations, undertake everything and hope for anything.

The Prince of Brazil left Lisbon on the 29th of November, and General Junot entered that city a few days afterward with our army, declaring, according to custom, that we came to free the Portuguese from the yoke of the English.

Toward the end of the month the Emperor, having as-

sembled the Corps Législatif at Milan, declared that he solemnly adopted Eugène, who became heir to the crown of Italy should the Emperor have no male issue. At the same time he endowed him with the title of Prince of Venice, and he created the little princess, who was just born, Princess of Bologna. He then returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 1st of January, 1808.

I was engrossed just then by melancholy duties. On my return from Fontainebleau, I had found my mother ill. She continued for some time in a languid state without actually causing me anxiety. Notwithstanding her illness, she evinced great satisfaction at the improvement that had taken place in our position, and I began during the first days of her illness to put our establishment on the footing which the Emperor desired. Toward the end of December my mother's state became so alarming, that we thought of nothing but the care she needed, and our house was closed to visitors. Three weeks afterward we had the misfortune to lose her, and one of the most tender ties of my life, one of its dearest enjoyments, was lost to me for ever. My mother was in every way a remarkable person. She was possessed of great talent and judgment, which were much appreciated in society. She was useful and agreeable to us at every moment of the day. She was universally regretted, and her loss overwhelmed us with grief. My husband wept for her like a son; we were pitied even at Court, because even there her worth was appreciated. The Emperor expressed himself kindly on hearing of our calamity, and spoke of it in suitable terms to M. de Rémusat when he saw him; but, as I have already said, the life of retirement, into which good taste, as well as my sorrow, caused us to withdraw, was opposed to his views, and two or three months afterward he deprived us of that increase to our income which he had granted us that we might entertain in good style, on the pretext that it was now useless to us. Thus we were left encumbered with debts which he had obliged us to contract.

I passed that winter very sorrowfully. I wept bitterly for my mother; I was separated from my eldest son, whom we had placed at college, so that he might cultivate those talents for which he has since been remarkable, and which were even then noticeable; my health was bad, and my spirits were depressed. My society could not have been very amusing to M. de Talleyrand, yet he did not forsake me in my sadness. He was, on the contrary, one of the most assiduous and attentive of our visitors. He had known my mother formerly, and he liked to speak of her, and to listen to all my recollections of her. In the depth of my sorrow I lost all my little ambition to appear clever, and I did not endeavor to check my tears in his presence.

When alone with my husband and me, he showed no impatience with my grief nor with the tenderness of M. de Rémusat's efforts to console me. It seems to me now, on thinking of it, that he observed us with curiosity. His own life had been devoid of natural affections, and ours was a novel spectacle to him, which touched him not a little. He then learned for the first time what mutual love, united with moral principle, can do to give comfort and courage amid the trials of life. That which he witnessed in my house appeared to rest him after what passed elsewhere, and colored even his recollections, for more than once at this time he spoke to me of himself with regret, and, I might almost say, with disgust. We responded to his affection with gratitude which sprang from our hearts. He came to see us more and more frequently, and he remained a long time at each visit. We no longer jested at or ridiculed others. Restored to my better self, I let him see to the depths of a sensitive nature, which domestic happiness had rendered sympathetic. In my sorrow and deep melancholy, and in my ignorance of all that was taking place outside, I led him into regions until then unknown to him; their discovery seemed to give him pleasure, and by degrees I might say what I chose to him. He even allowed me to censure and judge him severely, which I

occasionally did. He never grew angry at my sincerity; and from this time there existed between us a friendship very precious to both. When I succeeded in awakening any emotion in him, I was as much elated as if I had gained a victory; and he was grateful to me for having stirred his soul, which had fallen asleep from habit or through indifference.

On one occasion, when, impatient at his inconsistency, I went so far as to say, "Good heavens! what a pity it is that you have taken such pains to spoil yourself, for I can not help believing that the real *you* is better than you are," he smiled and said: "Our entire life is influenced by the manner in which we pass the early years of it; and, were I to tell you how my youth was spent, you would cease to wonder at many things that now astonish you."

Then he told me that, being lame and the eldest of his family, and having by this accident disappointed the hopes and prevented the fulfillment of that custom which before the Revolution destined the eldest son of every noble family to a military career, he had been discarded from his home, and sent to live with an old aunt in one of the provinces. Without returning to his parents' roof, he had then been placed in a seminary, and it was intimated to him that he was to become an ecclesiastic—a profession for which he had not the slightest taste. During the years which he passed at Saint Sulpice, he was almost always obliged to stay in his room and alone, his infirmity rarely permitting him to remain long standing, or to take part in the active amusements of the young. He then fell into a deep melancholy, formed a low opinion of social life, and revolted against the priestly state, to which he had been condemned in spite of himself. He held that he was not bound scrupulously to observe the duties that had been imposed upon him without his consent. He added that he felt a profound disgust to the world, and anger at its prejudices, and that he only avoided falling into despair by encouraging in himself complete indifference toward all men and all things. When at length he returned

to his parents, he was received by them with the greatest coldness, and as if he were displeasing in their sight, and he never had a word of consolation or kindness addressed to him.*

"You see," he would say to me, "that I must either have died of grief, or become callous to all that must ever be wanting in my life. I chose the latter alternative, and I am now willing to admit to you that I was wrong. It would have been better to have resigned myself to suffer, and to have kept alive the faculty of feeling with acuteness; for this cold-heartedness, with which you reproach me, has often disgusted me with myself. I have not loved others enough, but I have loved myself no better. I have never taken sufficient interest in myself.

"On one occasion I was drawn out of this indifference by my love for the Princess Charlotte de Montmorency. She was much attached to me, and I rebelled more than ever against the obstacle which prevented my marrying her.

"I made several efforts to get a dispensation from vows that were odious to me. I think I should have succeeded if the Revolution, which then broke out, had not prevented the Pope from granting me what I wished. You will easily

* Among the anecdotes of the youth of M. de Talleyrand, I must not omit to relate one which I heard from my father, who evidently heard it from his mother. M. de Talleyrand was studying theology, when, coming out of the church of Saint Sulpice, where he had been listening to a sermon, he observed on the steps a pretty young woman, elegantly dressed. It was raining, and she seemed embarrassed. He offered her his arm and one of those little umbrellas, the very reverse of ours, that were then beginning to be fashionable. She accepted his offer, and he accompanied her home. She invited him to call on her, and they became acquainted. The lady was Mlle. Luzy, who was studying to join the Comédie Française. She told him that she was inclined to piety, that she had no taste for the stage, and that, against her will, she was obliged by her parents to adopt that profession. "That is just my own case," he answered. "I have no inclination for the seminary or the Church; my parents are forcing me into it." They sympathized with each other on this subject, and this mutual confidence respecting their mistaken vocations created a tie between them, such as is easily formed at twenty years of age.—P. R.

understand that, in the disposition of my mind, I hailed that Revolution with eagerness. It attacked the principles and the customs of which I had been a victim; it seemed to me just what I wanted to break my chains, and so in every way it was pleasing to me. I espoused it readily, and, since then, events have disposed of me."

When M. de Talleyrand spoke to me in this manner, I pitied him with my whole heart, because I fully understood the sad influence which his unhappy youth had exercised over all the rest of his life; but I felt persuaded, too, that a more vigorous character might have avoided falling into such errors, and I frankly deplored to him that he should have so stained his life.

A most fatal indifference to good and evil, right and wrong, formed the basis of M. de Talleyrand's nature; but we must do him the justice to admit that he never sought to make a principle of what was immoral. He is aware of the worth of high principle in others; he praises it, holds it in esteem, and never seeks to corrupt it. It appears to me that he even dwells on it with pleasure. He has not, like Bonaparte, the fatal idea that virtue has no existence, and that the appearance of it is only a trick or an affectation the more. I have often heard him praise actions which were a severe criticism on his own. His conversation is never immoral or irreligious; he respects good priests, and applauds them; there is in his heart both goodness and justice; but he does not apply to himself the rule by which he judges others. He regards himself as a being apart; all things are different for him. He has long been *blasé* on every point, and he seeks for excitement as a fastidious palate seeks pungent food. All serious reflections applied to moral or natural sentiments are distasteful to him, because they lead him into a train of thought which he fears, and from which he tries to escape by a jest or a sarcasm. A combination of circumstances has surrounded him with persons of light or depraved character, who have encouraged him in a thousand follies.

These people are congenial to him, because they draw him away from his own thoughts; but they can not save him from profound weariness, and from that he seeks refuge in great affairs. These affairs do not fatigue him, because he rarely enters into them completely; indeed, he seldom enters heart and soul into anything. His intellect is lofty, and often just; he perceives correctly; but he has a certain carelessness and desultoriness about him, which make him disappoint one's hopes. He pleases much, but satisfies never, and at last inspires one with a sort of pity, which leads, if one sees much of him, to real affection.

I believe that our intimacy did him good while it lasted. I succeeded in rousing in him feelings that had long slumbered, and in awakening him to more elevated thoughts; I interested him in many subjects that were new to him, or which he had forgotten. To me he owed many fresh sympathies; he owned this, and was grateful for it. He often sought my society, and I appreciated his doing so, because I never flattered his weaknesses, but spoke to him in a style that he had not been accustomed to.

He was at that time strongly opposed to the plots that were being concocted against Spain. The truly diabolical artifices employed by the Emperor, if they did not offend his moral sense, were at least very displeasing to that good taste which M. de Talleyrand displayed in political as well as in social life. He foresaw the consequences, and prophesied to me what they would be. "This ill-advised man," he said, "will call his whole position in question again." He was always anxious that war should be frankly declared against the King of Spain, if he would not accede to what was required of him; that advantageous conditions should be dictated to him; that the Prince of the Peace (Godoy) should be sent away, and an alliance by marriage effected with the Infante Ferdinand.

But the Emperor conceived that additional security would be guaranteed to him by the expulsion of the house of Bour-

bon, and was obstinate in his views, being once more the dupe of the schemers by whom he was surrounded. Murat and the Prince of the Peace flattered themselves with the hope of gaining two thrones, but the Emperor had no notion of giving them any such satisfaction. He deceived them, and believed too easily in their readiness to facilitate his plans in the hope of securing their own. Thus every one in this affair overreached every one else, and was at the same time deceived.

The winter passed brilliantly. The theatre in the Tuileries was finished; on reception days theatrical representations were given, most frequently in Italian, and sometimes in French. The Court attended in full dress, and tickets for the upper galleries were distributed to the citizens. We, too, formed a spectacle to them. Everybody was eager to be present at these representations, where there was a great display of splendor.

Full-dress and masked balls were given. These were novelties to the Emperor, and he liked them. Some of his Ministers, his sister, Murat, and the Prince de Neufchâtel, received orders to invite a certain number of persons belonging to the Court or to the city. The men wore dominoes, the women elegant costumes, and the pleasure of being disguised was almost the only one they enjoyed in these assemblies, where it was known that the Emperor was present, and where the fear of meeting him made the guests silent and circumspect.

He was closely masked, and yet easy to recognize by that peculiar air and gait which he could not disguise, as he walked through the rooms, generally leaning on the arm of Duroc. He accosted the ladies freely, and was often very unscrupulous in his remarks to them; and, if he was answered, and unable at once to recognize who it was that spoke to him, he would pull off the speaker's mask, revealing himself by this rude act of power. He also took great pleasure, under cover of his disguise, in seeking out certain

husbands and tormenting them with anecdotes, true or false, of their wives. If he learned afterward that these revelations had been followed by unpleasant consequences, he became very angry; for he would not permit the displeasure which he had himself excited to be independent of him. It must be said, because it is the truth, that there is in Bonaparte a natural badness, which makes him like to do evil in small as well as in great things.

In the midst of all these amusements he worked hard, and was much occupied by his personal strife with the English Government. He devised various methods for sustaining his continental policy. He flattered himself that, by articles in the newspapers, he could subdue the discontent caused by the increase in the price of sugar and coffee, and the scarcity of English merchandise. He encouraged every new invention, and believed that the sugar extracted from beet-root and other things would enable us to dispense with the help of foreigners in certain productions, such as the making of colors. He caused the Minister of the Interior to address a public report to him, stating that he had obtained, through the Prefects, letters from the Chambers of Commerce in approbation of the system, which, although it might involve some temporary privations, must ultimately secure the freedom of the seas.

The English were molested everywhere. They were made prisoners at Verdun; their property was confiscated in Portugal; Prussia was forced into a league against them; and the King of Sweden was menaced because he obstinately persisted in maintaining his alliance with them.

The cord was thus tightened at both ends and stretched to its utmost. It became impossible not to see that only the ruin of one or the other of the contending parties could terminate the quarrel, and wise people became profoundly anxious. As, however, we were always being deceived, we regarded the journals with constant distrust. We read them, indeed, but without believing what they stated.

The Emperor exhausted himself in writing, but he did not convince us. He became deeply incensed at this want of confidence, and each day his aversion to the Parisians increased. It hurt his vanity to find that he was not believed, and the exercise of his power was incomplete when its influence could not be extended to the very thoughts of the people. In order to please him, one had to be credulous. "You like Berthier," said M. de Talleyrand to Bonaparte, "because he believes in you."

Occasionally, as a change from political articles, the newspapers would relate the daily words and actions of the Emperor. For example, we were told how he had gone to see the picture of his coronation painted by David, and had much admired it, and how he had surprised the painter by his acute observations; also, that when he was leaving the studio he had taken off his hat and saluted David, in proof of "*the sentiments of benevolence which he bestowed on all artists.*"

This reminds me that he once found fault with M. de Luçay, one of the Prefects of the Palace, who had the superintendence of the Opera, with being too distant in his manner to the actors who went to him on business. "Are you aware," he said, "that talent of any kind is positive power, and that even I take off my hat when I receive Talma?" There was, no doubt, some exaggeration in this statement; but it is nevertheless true that he was very gracious to artists of any distinction, that he encouraged them by his liberality and his praise; provided, however, that they were always willing to dedicate their art to his praises, or to the furtherance of his projects; for any great reputation acquired without his concurrence seemed to offend him, and he had no sympathy with glory that he had not bestowed. He persecuted Mme. de Staël because she overstepped the line he had laid down for her, and he neglected the Abbé Delille, who lived in retirement far from him.

At this period two distinguished artists, Esménard and

Spontini, produced the opera entitled "La Vestale," which had an immense success. The Emperor—I know not for what reason—was determined to prefer the French music of Lesueur, the author of "Les Bardes," and was greatly displeased with the Parisians for not thinking as he did in the matter. He thenceforth cherished a prejudice against all Italian music, and the influence of this was felt when the distribution of the decennial prizes took place.

On the 21st of January, 1808, the assembled Senate granted a levy of eighty thousand men on the conscription of 1809. Regnault, the Councilor of State, who was, as usual, the speaker on the occasion, argued that even as the preceding levies had served to secure the continental peace, so this one would at length obtain for us the freedom of the seas; and no one opposed this reasoning. We knew that Senator Languenais and some others occasionally tried, during the Emperor's reign, to make certain representations to the Senate on the subject of these severe and numerous levies; but their observations dispersed themselves in the air of the senatorial palace, and effected no change in decisions which had been arrived at beforehand. The Senate was timid and submissive; it inspired no confidence in the national mind, and had even come by degrees to be regarded with a sort of contempt. Men are severe toward their fellows; they do not pardon each other's weaknesses, and they applaud virtues of which they themselves are seldom capable. In short, whatever tyranny may be exercised, public opinion is more or less avenged, because it is invariably heard. No despot is ignorant of the feelings which he inspires and the condemnation which he excites. Bonaparte knew perfectly well how he stood in the estimation of the French nation, for good or evil, but he imagined that he could override everything.

In the report made to him by his Minister of War, General Clarke, on the occasion of the fresh levies, we find these words: "A vulgar policy would be a calamity for

France; it would hinder those great results which you have prepared." No one was duped by this formula. The question in the comedy, "*Qui est ce donc qu'on trompe ici?*" was appropriate to the occasion; but everybody kept silence, and that was enough for Napoleon. Shortly after, the towns of Kehl, Cassel, Wesel, and Flushing were united to the Empire, being regarded as keys which it was necessary we should hold in our hands. At Antwerp great works were carried on, and all was stir and activity.

When the English Parliament opened, the Emperor evidently hoped for a disagreement between the English Government and the nation. There was a great deal of sharp dissension, and the Opposition declaimed in its usual style. The Emperor helped it with all his might. The tone of the notes in the "Moniteur" was very violent; certain English journalists were subsidized, and there is no doubt Bonaparte flattered himself that he would be able to bring about a revolt. But the English Ministry was pursuing a course which, though difficult, was honorable to the country, and it had a majority at every vote. The Emperor was incensed, and declared that he "could not understand that form of liberal government in which the voice of the popular party never had any weight." Sometimes he would say, with a sort of paradoxical audacity: "In reality, there is more liberty in France than in England, because nothing can be worse for a nation than the power of expressing its will without being listened to. When all is said, that is the merest farce, a vain semblance of liberty. As for me, it is not the case that the true state of France is kept from me. I know everything, for I have exact reports, and I would not be so mad as to venture on doing anything in direct opposition to French interests or to the French character. Intelligence of all kinds comes to me as to a common center, and I act in accordance with it; whereas our neighbors never depart from their national system, maintaining the oligarchy at any price; and in this age men are more ready

to accept the authority of one able and absolute man than the humiliating power of an effete nobility."

When Bonaparte talked thus, it was hard to know whether he was trying to deceive others or to deceive himself. Was it that his imagination, which was naturally lively, exerted its influence over his intellect, which was generally mathematical? Did the lassitude and inaction of the nation deceive him? Was he trying to persuade himself that what he desired was the case? We have often thought that he forced himself to do this, and that he sometimes succeeded.

Besides, as I have already said, Bonaparte always believed that he was acting in conformity with the spirit of the Revolution, by attacking what he called oligarchs. At every turn he would insist upon equality, which in his mouth meant leveling. Leveling is to equality exactly what despotism is to liberty; for it crushes those faculties and neutralizes those situations to which equality opens a career. The aristocracy of classes levels, in fact, all that exists outside those privileged classes, by reducing strength to the condition of weakness, and merit to the condition of mediocrity. True equality, on the contrary, by permitting each to be that which he is, and to rise as high as he can, utilizes every faculty and all legitimate influence. It also forms an aristocracy, not of class, but of individuals—an aristocracy which draws into it all who deserve to form a portion of it.

The Emperor felt this distinction, and, notwithstanding his nobles, his decorations, his senatorships, and all his fine talk, his system tended solely to base his absolute power upon a vast democracy, also of the leveling order, with political rights which, although they had the appearance of being accorded to all, were in reality within the reach of none.

Toward the beginning of February the marriage of Mlle. de Tascher, Mme. Bonaparte's cousin, was solemnized. She was raised to the rank of Princess, and her husband's relatives were in the greatest delight, and remarkably obsequious

on the occasion. They flattered themselves that they would be exalted to a great position; but the divorce undeceived the D'Arenberg family, and they quarreled with the young Princess, who had not brought them quite so much as they expected.

At this time Count Romanzoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived in Paris. He was a man of knowledge and of sense, and he came there full of admiration for the Emperor, and affected by the genuine enthusiasm that his own young sovereign felt for Napoleon. He was, however, sufficiently master of himself to observe the Emperor with close attention. He perceived the constraint of the Parisians, who looked on at all the glory of the army without appropriating it to themselves. He was struck with certain remarkable disparities, and he formed a modified judgment which, no doubt, had afterward some influence on the Czar. The Emperor said to him on one occasion, "How do you consider that I govern the French?" "Sire," he replied, "a little too seriously."

Bonaparte, with the aid of a *senatus consultum*, created a new "grand dignity of the Empire," under the title of "Governor-General beyond the Alps"; and he conferred this dignity on Prince Borghese, who was sent to Turin with his wife. The Prince was obliged to sell the finest statues in the Villa Borghese to the Emperor, and they were placed in our Museum. This collection of all the masterpieces that Europe had possessed was superb. They were grouped in the Louvre with the greatest care and elegance, and that was a conquest of a kind which appealed eloquently to French vanity and French taste.

Bonaparte had a report made to him, in a sitting of the Council of State, upon the progress of science, letters, and art since 1789, by a deputation, at the head of which was M. de Bougainville. After the report had been read, he replied in these terms: "I have heard you upon the progress of the human mind in these latter days, in order that what

you say to me may be heard by all nations, and may silence the detractors of our age, who are endeavoring to force the human mind to retrograde, and who seem to aim at its extinction. I desired to know what remains for me to do for the encouragement of your labors, in order to console myself for being unable to contribute otherwise to their success. The welfare of my people and the glory of my throne are equally interested in the prosperity of the sciences. My Minister of the Interior shall make me a report upon all your demands; you may confidently count upon my protection." Thus did the Emperor occupy himself with everything at the same time, and thus ably did he associate all that was illustrious with the *éclat* and the grandeur of his reign.

I have already said that he was desirous of founding families which should perpetuate the remembrance of the dignities that he had accorded to those whom he favored. He was greatly annoyed at the resistance he had met with from M. de Caulaincourt, who had gone away to Russia, declaring very positively that, as he could not marry Mme. de ——, he would never marry.

The Emperor did his best to overcome the opposition which he also encountered from the man for whom he cared most—Marshal Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel. Berthier had been for many years deeply attached to an Italian lady, who, although she was nearer fifty than forty, was still remarkably beautiful. She exercised supreme influence over him, even to the extent of making him pardon several acts of levity which she did not hesitate to indulge in before his eyes. These she represented in any colors which she chose, and he forgave them.

Marshal Berthier, who was importuned on this point by the Emperor, would often entreat his master to spare him with respect to this cherished weakness, for the sake of his fidelity; and Bonaparte would laugh at him, get angry, return to the charge, but could never conquer his resistance.

This went on for years; but at length, by dint of talking and urgency, he carried his point, and Berthier, although he shed bitter tears on the occasion, consented to marry a princess of the house of Bavaria.* The Princess Marie was brought to Paris, and the marriage was solemnized in the presence of the Emperor and Empress. Berthier's bride was by no means handsome, or calculated to make her husband forget the sentiments which he had cherished for so long; and, indeed, his passion for the Italian lady ended only with his life. The Princess was an excellent person, but in no way remarkable. She was liked at the French Court, and she was always of the opinion that she had made a good marriage. The Prince de Neufchâtel, who was largely endowed with gifts by the Emperor, possessed an immense revenue, and the household of three lived on the best possible terms. After the Restoration they lived in Paris. The Marshal, who was ill with fever when Bonaparte returned from Elba on the 20th of March, 1815, was so terrified by that event that he lost his senses, and either threw himself or fell out of a window,† and was killed. He left two sons. The Princess remained in Paris, and the fair Italian keeps up her former relations with her. ‡

At this time the Emperor showed more plainly than ever what a monarchical turn his ideas were taking, by founding the institution of the "Majorats." That institution was approved by many, blamed by others, envied by a certain class,

* The Princess Marie Elizabeth was a daughter of the Duke of Bavaria-Birkenfeld.

† The King had made him captain of one of his companies of the body-guard. Berthier had followed him to Ghent.

‡ The death of the Prince de Neufchâtel is surrounded by tragic and mysterious circumstances. Some persons assert that he threw himself out of a window during an attack of fever; others, that he was assassinated and thrown into the street by a gang of masked men. He had been one of the first among the Marshals to abandon the Emperor, and had recognized the new Government even before the abdication at Fontainebleau. The Duc de Rovigo accuses him in his Memoirs of having formed a plot against the life of the Emperor.

and readily adopted by many families, who welcomed this opportunity of conferring importance on their eldest sons and perpetuating their name. The Arch-Chancellor carried the decree to the Senate, and represented in his speech that hereditary distinctions were of the essence of monarchy, that they kept alive what is in France called honor, and that our national character should lead us to approve them. He then proceeded to pacify the men of the Revolution by adding that all citizens would be none the less equal before the law, and that distinctions impartially accorded to all who merited them ought to stimulate the zeal of all without exciting the jealousy of any. The Senate received all this with its ordinary approbation, and voted an address of thanks and admiration to the Emperor.

M. de Talleyrand warmly praised this new institution. He could not understand a monarchy without a nobility. A council was created to superintend the administration of the laws by which the foundation of a Majorat was to be obtained. M. de Pasquier, chief Master of Requests, was named Procurator-General; titles were granted to those who held great offices in the state. This was at first ridiculed, because certain names allied themselves oddly enough to the title of Count or Baron; but the public soon got accustomed to it, and, as all hoped to arrive at some distinction, they tolerated and even approved the new system.

The Emperor was ingenious in his method of demonstrating to all parties how entirely they ought to approve of these creations. "I am securing the Revolution," said he to one party; "this intermediate class which I am founding is eminently democratic, for everybody is called to it." "It will support the throne," said he to the *grands seigneurs*. Then he added, turning toward those who wanted a modified monarchy: "It will oppose itself to the encroachments of absolute authority, because it will itself be a power in the state." To genuine Jacobins he said, "You ought to rejoice, for here is the old *noblesse* finally annihilated"; and to that old

noblesse he said, "By arraying yourselves in new dignities, you resuscitate yourselves and perpetuate your ancient rights." We listened to him; we wished to believe him; and, besides, he did not give us much time to reflect—he carried us away in the whirlwind of contradictions of every kind. He even imposed his benefits by force when it was necessary; and this was an adroitness the more, for there were people who wanted to be forced to accept.

Another institution which seemed really grand and imposing succeeded this one. I allude to the University. Public instruction was concentrated in a clear and comprehensive system, and it was admitted that the decree was very nobly conceived.

Ultimately, however, that which happened to everything else happened to the University; Bonaparte's own despotic disposition took fright at the powers which he had accorded, because they might possibly become obstacles to certain of his desires. The Minister of the Interior, the Prefect, the general administration—that is to say, the absolute system—mixed itself up with the operations which the University corps were attempting, contradicted them, and overruled them when they indicated the very least traces of independence. In this respect also we present the spectacle rather of a fine façade than of a solid building.

M. de Fontanes was nominated Grand Master of the University. This choice, which was also generally approved, suited the purpose of the master, who was so jealous of preserving his daily and hourly authority over men and things. M. de Fontanes, whose noble intellect and reputation for perfect taste had procured him a very distinguished position, injured these qualities by carelessness and inertness, which rendered him incapable of making a stand when it was necessary. I must place him also, I fear, among the fine façades.

Nevertheless, something was gained by this creation; order was restored to education, the scope of study was extended, and young people were occupied. It has been said that

under the Empire education at the Lycées was entirely military, but that was not the case. Letters were carefully cultivated, sound morals were inculcated, and strict surveillance was practiced. The system of education was, however, neither sufficiently religious nor sufficiently national, and the time had come when it was necessary that it should be both one and the other. No effort was made to impart to young people that moral and political knowledge which trains citizens, and prepares them to take their part in the labors of their Government. They were obliged to attend the schools, but nobody spoke to them of their religion; they heard much more about the Emperor than they heard about the state, and they were incited to a desire for military fame. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, and although the youth of the French nation is not all that it ought to be, it has been developed to a remarkable extent, and a great difference may be discerned between those who have availed themselves of the public education offered to all and those who have held aloof from it. Mistrust, party spirit, and a sort of general misgiving induced the old French nobility and a portion of the wealthy class to keep their children with themselves, and to rear them in a number of prejudices, for which they are now suffering. The pupils of the Lycées acquired a superiority by their public education, which it would now be vain to dispute.

The decree which created the University, after having regulated the functions of those who were to compose it, fixed their salaries at high rates. The officials were given a handsome costume and an imposing organization. After the Grand Master (the Bishop of Bazas) came M. de Villaret as Chancellor. M. Delambre, permanent secretary of the first class of the Institute, who was held in high consideration, both for his learning and character, was Treasurer. The Council of the University was composed of distinguished men; the names of M. de Beausset, formerly Bishop of Alais, and now Cardinal, of M. Cuvier, M. de Bonald, M. de Frays-

sinous, Royer-Collard, etc., were included in the number. The professors were chosen with great care. In short, this creation met with universal approbation; but ensuing events hindered its action in the first place, and afterward disorganized it like all the rest.

On the 23d of March, 1808, the Court went to Saint Cloud. The Emperor always left Paris as soon as he could: he disliked living at the Tuileries, because of the impossibility of walking about there freely; and then, the greater his power and splendor became, the more ill at ease he found himself in the presence of the Parisians. He could not endure any restraint, and he knew that in the city people were aware of the language which he was in the habit of using, and the violence to which he gave way. He excited curiosity, which annoyed him; he was coldly received in public; a number of stories about him got into circulation; in short, he was obliged to put some constraint upon himself. Thus his sojourns in Paris became more and more brief, and he began to talk of inhabiting Versailles. The restoration of the palace was decided upon, and Bonaparte observed more than once that in reality he had no occasion to be in Paris, except during the session of the Corps Législatif. When he rode or drove to any distance from the town, he used to say, as he approached it on his return, "Here we are again, in the great Babylon." He even formed plans for the transplantation of the capital to Lyons. It was only in imagination that he contemplated such a displacement, but he took pleasure in the idea, and it was one of his favorite dreams.

The Parisians were perfectly well aware that Bonaparte did not like them, and they avenged themselves by sarcastic jests and anecdotes, which were for the most part pure inventions. They were submissive to him, but cold and satirical. His courtiers adopted the antipathy of their master, and never spoke of Paris without some disparaging epithet. More than once I have heard the Emperor say, moodily,

"They have not yet pardoned me for pointing my guns upon them on the 13th Vendémiaire."

An authentic collection of the observations that Bonaparte made upon his own conduct would be a very useful book to many sovereigns, and to their advisers. When at the present time (I write in 1819) I hear people, who seem to me to be mere novices in the art of governing men, affirm that nothing is so easy as to impose one's will by force, and that by trusting to the bayonet one may constrain a nation to endure any *régime* which may be inflicted upon it, I recall what the Emperor used to say about the difficulties which had arisen from his first steps in his political career, the complications produced by the employment of force against the citizens, which beset him from the very day after that on which he had been obliged to avail himself of so terrible a resource.

I have heard his Ministers say that, when any violent measure was proposed in the Council, he would put the question, "Can you answer for it that the people will not rise?" and that the smallest popular movement always appeared to him grave and ominous. I have seen him take pleasure in describing, or in listening to a description of, the various emotions that are experienced upon the field of battle, and turn pale at a narrative of the excesses of a people in revolt; and, if, when riding through the streets of Paris on horseback, a workman threw himself in his way to implore some favor, Bonaparte's first movement was always to shudder and recoil.

The generals of the Guard had strict orders to prevent contact between the people and the soldiery. "I could not," said Bonaparte, "take the part of the latter." If any quarrel took place between soldiers and citizens, the soldiers were invariably punished and sent away. It is true they afterward received compensation money, which quieted them.

All this time the north of Europe was in a state of agitation. The King of Sweden was too faithful to the policy

imposed upon him by the English Government for the interests of his subjects. He excited increasing discontent among the Swedes, and his conduct bore witness to the condition of his brain. The Emperor of Russia having declared war against him, and having at the same time commenced an expedition to Finland, M. d'Alopeus, the Russian ambassador at Stockholm, was placed under arrest in his own house, contrary to all the rights of nations.

On this occasion the notes in the "Moniteur" were eloquent indeed. One of them was as follows: "Poor Swedish nation, into what hands have you fallen? Your Charles XII. was, no doubt, a little mad, but he was brave; and your King, who went to play braggart in Pomerania while the armistice existed, was the first to run away when the same armistice, which he broke, had expired." Such language as this could only announce an impending storm.

At the beginning of the month of March the King of Denmark, Christian VII., died; and his son, who had long been Regent, ascended the throne under the title of Frederick V., in the fortieth year of his age.

It is remarkable that, at a period when the troubled nations seemed to have need of sovereigns of more than ordinary intelligence and wisdom, several of the thrones of Europe were filled by princes who had but little use of reason, and in some instances had none at all. Among those unfortunate sovereigns were the Kings of England, Sweden, and Denmark, and the Queen of Portugal.

Popular discontent manifested itself on the occasion of the arrest of the Russian ambassador at Stockholm. The King left that city and retired to the Castle of Gripsholm, from which he issued orders for war, either against the Russians or against the Danes.

All eyes were, however, soon turned away from what was passing in the north, to fix themselves upon the drama which was beginning in Spain. The Grand Duke of Berg had been sent to take the command of our army on the

banks of the Ebro. The King of Spain, who was feeble, timid, and ruled by his Minister, made no opposition to the passage of the foreign troops through his country, toward Portugal as it was represented. The national party of the Spaniards, at whose head was the Prince of the Asturias, were incensed at this invasion, for they discerned its consequences. They saw that they were sacrificed to the ambition of the Prince of the Peace. A revolt against that Minister broke out; the King and Queen were attacked, and prepared to quit Spain. This was what the Emperor wanted, for he was bent upon dethroning the Prince of the Asturias afterward, and believed that he should easily succeed in doing so. I have already said that the Prince of the Peace, won by the promises that had been made to him, had devoted himself to the policy of the Emperor, who began by making the tremendous mistake of introducing French influence into Spain under the auspices of a detested Minister.

Meanwhile the people of Madrid flocked to Aranjuez, and sacked the palace of the Minister, who was obliged to hide himself to escape the fury of the mob. The King and Queen, greatly alarmed at the danger of their favorite, and almost equally grieved, were forced to demand that he should resign; and on the 16th of March, 1808, the King, yielding to pressure from all sides, abdicated in favor of his son, announcing that his health compelled him to seek a better climate. This act of weakness checked the revolt. The Prince of the Asturias took the name of Ferdinand VII., and his first act of authority was to confiscate the property of the Prince of the Peace. But he had not sufficient strength of character to profit fully by the new situation. He was frightened by his rupture with his father, and hesitated at the moment when he ought to have acted. On the other hand, the King and Queen played the game of the Emperor by calling the French army to their aid. The Grand Duke of Berg joined them at Aranjuez, and promised them his dangerous assistance. The vacillation of the

authorities, the fear inspired by our arms, the intrigues of the Prince of the Peace, the severe and imperious measures of Murat, all combined to produce trouble and disorder in Spain; and the unfortunate reigning family speedily perceived that this disorganization was about to turn to the advantage of the armed mediator, who assumed the position of a judge. The "Moniteur" gave an account of these events, deploring the misfortune of King Charles IV.; and a few days later the Emperor, accompanied by a brilliant Court, left Saint Cloud, under the pretext of making a journey into the south of France.

I shall give the details of all these events when I reach the fourth epoch of these Memoirs. We were in the dark about them at the time of their occurrence. We asked ourselves, what was the Emperor going to do? Was this new journey an invasion? All these secret intrigues, to which we had no clew, excited our attention and curiosity, and the public disquiet increased daily.

M. de Talleyrand, whom I saw frequently, was exceedingly dissatisfied, and openly blamed all that was done and was about to be done. He denounced Murat, declaring that there was perfidy somewhere, but that he was not mixed up with it, and repeating that had he been Minister of Foreign Affairs he would never have lent his name to such devices. The Emperor was exceedingly angry at this freely expressed condemnation. He saw that approbation of a new kind was felt for M. de Talleyrand; he listened to denunciations of his Minister, and their friendship was interrupted. He has frequently asserted that M. de Talleyrand advised this Spanish affair, and only attempted to get out of it when he perceived that it was a failure. I can bear witness to the fact that M. de Talleyrand severely condemned it at the period of which I am writing, and expressed himself with so much vehemence against such a violation of all the rights of nations that I had to advise him to moderate his language. What he would have advised I can not say, because he never

explained himself on that point, and I have now stated all that I know. It is, however, certain that the public were with him at this time, and declared for him because he did not dissemble his dissatisfaction. "This," he said, "is a base intrigue. It is an enterprise against a national aspiration; we declare ourselves thereby the enemy of the people; it is a blunder which will never be repaired." Events have proved that M. de Talleyrand was right, and that from that fatal event the moral decline of him who at that time made all Europe tremble may be dated.*

About this time the mild and gentle Queen of Naples set out to rejoin her husband in Spain, and to take her place upon a throne from which she was destined to descend before very long.

* Talleyrand's opposition to the war with Spain has been often denied, and by the Emperor himself. My grandmother's testimony leaves not the slightest doubt of the fact, which does so much honor to the good sense and the perspicacity of the Grand Chamberlain. M. Beugnot records an almost identical conversation in his Memoirs. "Victories," said the Prince to him, "can not efface such deeds, because there is vileness in them, deceit and trickery. I can not tell what will happen, but you will see this will never be forgotten by anybody."

CHAPTER XXIX.

(1808.)

The War with Spain—The Prince of the Peace—The Prince of the Asturias—The Abdication of King Charles IV.—The Departure of the Emperor—His Sojourn at Bayonne—Letter of the Emperor—Arrival of the Princes in France—Birth of the Second Son of the Queen of Holland—Abdication of the Prince of the Asturias.

On the 2d of July, 1808, the Emperor set out on the pretext of visiting the southern provinces, but in reality to watch what was going on in Spain. I will give an idea of what that was as succinctly as possible.*

The transactions of Charles IV. with the different Governments of France were well known. After having vainly attempted in 1793 to save the life of Louis XVI., at the close of a war nobly undertaken but unskillfully conducted, the Spaniards had to submit to the dictation of the conqueror, and the French Government had always meddled more or less in their affairs since that time.

* I have thought it right to publish this chapter, or rather this fragment of a chapter, the last which my grandmother wrote, although it is quite unfinished, and there is nothing in it except the historical narrative of events at Aranjuez and Bayonne. She probably thought it necessary to preface by a statement of facts the reflections which she would afterward have to make upon the moral and political effect of these events, the rupture which they brought about between the Emperor and Talleyrand, and the influence of that rupture upon her own position and that of her husband. Her narrative agrees perfectly with M. Thiers's account of these incidents, nor does she paint the picture in darker colors than those which he has used. The gravest point—that is to say, Savary's mission to the Prince of the Asturias—is treated by the great historian in a manner which confirms, and even goes beyond, the statements of these Memoirs.—P. R.

At the head of the administration was Emanuel Godoy—a man of ordinary capacity, who had risen to the position which he now held, and was governing the Spains, as the result of the feelings with which he had inspired the Queen. On him had been heaped all the dignities, honors, and treasures which any favorite could possibly obtain. He was born in 1768, of a noble family, and placed in the royal Body-guard in 1787. The Queen took him into favor, and he rose rapidly from rank to rank, becoming lieutenant-general, Duke of Alcudia, and in 1792 Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1795 he was made Prince of the Peace. After the treaty which he concluded with France in 1798, with so little honor to himself, he ceased to be Minister; but he still directed affairs, and all his life he exercised complete empire over King Charles IV., who strangely shared the infatuation of the Queen his wife. The Prince of the Peace married a niece of the King.

The good understanding which existed between France and Spain appeared to be intact until the opening of the Prussian campaign, when the Prince of the Peace, believing that the war would injure the fortunes of the Emperor, proposed to arm Spain, so that the country should be ready to profit by events which might enable it to shake off the French yoke. He issued a proclamation, inviting all Spaniards to enroll themselves. This proclamation reached the Emperor on the battle-field of Jena, and many persons have said that from that moment he was resolved on the destruction of the house of Bourbon in Spain. After his great victories he distributed the Spanish troops over all points of Europe, and the Prince of the Peace obtained his protection only at the price of submitting to his policy.

Bonaparte often asserted in 1808 that at Tilsit the Czar had approved his designs upon Spain; and, in fact, the interview of the two Emperors took place so amicably at Erfurt, immediately after the overthrow of Charles IV., that it is very likely they had mutually authorized each other to pursue

their projects, the one toward the north and the other toward the south. But I can not tell to what extent Bonaparte deceived the Emperor of Russia, nor whether he did not begin by hinting to him the division of the states of King Charles IV. which he was pretending to prepare, and the equivalent in Italy which he feigned to intend to give him. Perhaps he had not yet arranged his plan for entirely dispossessing him, and it is quite certain that M. de Talleyrand was not in the plot.

Murat, in his correspondence with the Prince of the Peace, bribed him with the government of a portion of Portugal, which, he said, should become the kingdom of the Algarves. Another portion of Portugal was to belong to the King of Etruria, and Etruria was thenceforth to become the empire of King Charles IV., who was to keep the American colonies, and at the general peace to take the title of Emperor of the Two Americas.

In 1807 a treaty on these bases was concluded at Fontainebleau, without the knowledge of M. de Talleyrand, and the passage of our troops through Spain for the conquest of Portugal was granted by the Prince of the Peace. At Milan the Emperor signified to the Queen of Etruria that she was to return to her father. Meanwhile the Prince of the Peace was becoming more and more odious to the Spanish nation, and was especially hated by the Prince of the Asturias. The latter, impelled by his own feelings and by the advice of those who surrounded him, distressed by the increasing alienation of his mother and the weakness of his father, alarmed at the entry of our troops, which made him suspect some fresh plot, and especially indignant that the Prince of the Peace should endeavor to make him contract a marriage with the sister of the Princess, wrote to Bonaparte to apprise him of the grievances of the Spaniards against the favorite, and to request his support and the hand of a lady of the Bonaparte family. To this request, which was probably inspired by the ambassador of France, the Emperor made

no immediate reply. Shortly afterward the Prince of the Asturias was denounced as a conspirator and arrested, and his friends were exiled. Several notes denunciatory of the exactions of the Prince of the Peace were found among his papers, and on this a charge of conspiracy was founded. The Queen pursued her son with determined enmity, and the Prince of the Asturias was about to be brought to trial when letters from the Emperor, signifying that he would not permit a question of the project of marriage to be raised, reached Madrid. As it was upon this point that the accusation of conspiracy was to bear, the charge had to be abandoned. The Prince of the Peace wanted to take credit for indulgence, and pretended that he had solicited and obtained pardon for the Prince of the Asturias. King Charles IV. wrote to the Emperor, giving him an account of the affair and of his own conduct; and Bonaparte became adviser and arbitrator in all these difficulties, which so far were favorable to his own designs. These events took place in October, 1807.

Meanwhile our troops were establishing themselves in Spain. The Spaniards, surprised by this invasion, complained bitterly of the weakness of their sovereign and the treason of the favorite. It was asked why the Spanish armies were sent to the frontiers of Portugal, far from the center of the kingdom, which was thus delivered over without defense. Murat was marching toward Madrid. The Prince of the Peace sent a creature of his own, one Izquierdo, to Fontainebleau for final instructions. This man had an interview with M. de Talleyrand, in which the latter informed him of the error into which the Prince of the Peace had fallen, and showed him that the treaty just signed at Fontainebleau involved the complete destruction of the power of Spain. Izquierdo, thunderstruck at all he heard, returned immediately to Madrid, and the Prince of the Peace began to perceive how he had been tricked. But it was too late. The troops were recalled, and a project of imitating the conduct of the Prince of Brazil by abandoning the Con-

tinent was discussed. The Court was at Aranjuez; its preparations, however, could not be so secretly conducted but that they transpired in Madrid. The excitement in the city was increased by intelligence of the approach of Murat and of the intended departure of the King, and soon broke out into a revolt; the people went in crowds to Aranjuez, the King was detained as a prisoner in the palace, and the house of the Prince of the Peace was sacked, while he himself was thrown into prison, barely escaping from the fury of the populace. Charles IV. was forced to disgrace his favorite and banish him from Spain. On the following day the King, either feeling himself too weak to rule over a country about to become the scene of discord, or successfully coerced by the opposite party, abdicated in favor of his son.

All this took place at a few leagues' distance from Madrid, where Murat had established his headquarters. On the 19th of March, 1808, Charles IV. wrote to the Emperor that, on account of his health, he was unable to remain in Spain, and that he had just abdicated in favor of his son. This occurrence upset all Bonaparte's plans. The fruit of the device which he had been planning for six months was snatched from him; Spain was about to pass under the sway of a young Prince who, judging by recent events, appeared capable of taking strong measures. The Spanish nation would, no doubt, eagerly embrace the cause of a sovereign whose aim would be the deliverance of his country. Our army was coldly received at Madrid. Murat had already been obliged to have recourse to severe measures for the maintenance of order. A new plan was necessary, and it was needful, above all, to be nearer the theatre of events, so as to estimate them aright.

For these reasons the Emperor resolved on going to Bayonne. He left Saint Cloud on the 2d of April, parting with coolness from M. de Talleyrand, and abstaining from any disclosure of his plans. The "Moniteur" announced that the Emperor was about to visit the southern departments, and

not until the 8th of April, after meager accounts of what was taking place in Spain, did we learn that his presence at Madrid was not only desired, but expected.

The Empress, who was both fond of traveling and averse to being separated from her husband, obtained permission to make the journey after his departure, and she soon joined him at Bordeaux.

M. de Talleyrand was uneasy and displeased at the Emperor's movements. I am inclined to think that for a long time past, as much from his dislike to Murat as on account of other projects of which I am ignorant, he had favored the party by whom the Prince of the Asturias was guided. On this occasion he found himself put aside, and realized for the first time that Bonaparte was learning to do without him. In Paris we were all mystified at what was going on. The official articles in the "Moniteur" were extremely obscure; nothing that emanated from the Emperor could surprise us; but even curiosity was at last wearing out, and, moreover, no great interest was felt in the royal house of Spain. There was, therefore, very little excitement, and we waited for time to enlighten us. France was growing used to expect that Bonaparte would use her simply for his own personal ends.

Meanwhile Murat, who was acquainted with some of the Emperor's projects, and who saw that some of them must fail through the abdication of Charles IV., acted with skillful duplicity at Madrid. He contrived to avoid recognizing the Prince of the Asturias, and all the evidence leads to the conclusion that he contributed to excite the old King's desire to resume his crown. A dispatch from General Monthion, who had been sent as envoy to Charles IV. at Aranjuez, was published in the "Moniteur," and Europe was informed that the King had made bitter complaints of his son, had declared that his abdication was forced, and had placed himself in the Emperor's hands, with a special request that the life of the Prince of the Peace should be spared. The Queen, in still

more passionate terms, accused her son, and seemed entirely engrossed by anxiety for the fate of her favorite.

The Spaniards had accepted the abdication of their King, and were rejoiced to be rid of the yoke of the Prince of the Peace. They were impatient, especially at Madrid, of the presence of the French, and of their reserved behavior toward the young sovereign; and Murat could repress the growing excitement only by measures of severity, necessary under the circumstances, but which completed the detestation in which we were held.

On the Emperor's arrival at Bayonne, he took up his abode at the Château de Marrac, about a mile from the town. He was uncertain as to what might come of his present undertaking, and as a last resource was prepared to go to Madrid; but he was fully determined not to let the fruit of his endeavors escape him. No one about him was in the secret: he controlled the actions of all without confiding in any one. In the Abbé de Pradt's "History of the Revolution in Spain," there are some interesting notes and comments on the force of character which enabled the Emperor to bear quite alone the secret of his vast conceptions. The Abbé de Pradt was at that time Bishop of Poitiers, and Bonaparte, on passing through the city, attached him to his suite, believing he should be able to make use of his well-known talent and inclination for intrigue.

Several persons who accompanied the Emperor on this journey told me that their sojourn at Marrac was dull, and that they all wished for a climax to the events then taking place, in order that they might return to Paris.

Savary was dispatched to Madrid, and in all probability received orders to bring back the Prince of the Asturias at any cost. He accomplished his mission with the exactitude for which he was remarkable, and which forbade him from criticising either the orders he received or the means necessary to their fulfillment. On the 7th of April Savary presented himself to the Prince of the Asturias at Madrid. He

announced the Emperor's journey into Spain as certain, assumed the character of an ambassador coming to congratulate a new King, and bound himself, in the name of his master, not to meddle with any Spanish affairs if the sovereign's dispositions were friendly toward the Emperor. He next insinuated that negotiations would be greatly expedited by the Prince's moving forward to meet the Emperor, who intended very shortly to repair to Madrid; and to the surprise of every one, to the surprise of posterity also, he contrived to persuade the Prince of the Asturias and his Court to undertake the journey. We can hardly doubt that advice on this occasion was backed by threats, and that the unfortunate young Prince was caught in a multitude of snares, all spread for him at once. He was, no doubt, given to understand that this was the price at which his crown must be purchased, and that, as the Emperor wished him to take this step, no help would be afforded him unless he consented to it; the bait that the Emperor would meet him on the way was also held out, and nothing was at first said about his crossing the frontier.

The Prince of the Asturias found himself involved by circumstances in an enterprise beyond his strength; he was more the puppet than the chief of the party who had placed him on the throne, and he could not quite reconcile himself to the position of a son in open rebellion against his father. Moreover, he was intimidated by the presence of our troops, and dared not answer to his people for the safety of their country if he resisted us. His advisers were alarmed. Savary's counsels were mingled with threats, and the unhappy Prince, who was influenced by the most generous sentiments, consented to a step which was the proximate cause of his ruin. I have heard Savary say that the orders he had received were so positive that, when once he had him on the road to Bayonne, he would not have suffered him to turn back for any consideration in the world; and, some faithful adherents having conveyed a warning to the Prince, he

watched him so closely that he felt assured no human power could snatch him from his grasp.

To further this wicked and ably laid plot, the Emperor wrote the following letter, which was subsequently published. It was handed to the Prince of the Asturias at Vittoria, and I transcribe it here, as it throws a light on the events which followed:

"BAYONNE, *April, 1808.*

"MY BROTHER: I have received your Royal Highness's letter. In the papers of the King, your father, you must have seen proofs of the interest I have always felt in your Royal Highness. You will permit me, under present circumstances, to address you loyally and frankly.

"I hoped, on reaching Madrid, to have persuaded my illustrious friend to undertake some necessary reforms in his states, and to satisfy in some measure the public opinion of the country. The dismissal of the Prince of the Peace seemed to me to be necessary both for his own happiness and that of his subjects. Affairs in the north have delayed my journey. Certain events have taken place at Aranjuez. I pronounce no judgment on these, nor on the conduct of the Prince of the Peace; but I know this well, that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood and to administer justice to themselves. I pray God that your Royal Highness may not learn this one day by your own experience. It is not in the interest of Spain to injure a Prince who is husband to a Princess of the blood royal, and who has so long reigned over the kingdom. He has now no friends, nor will your Highness have any if misfortune overtake you. Men are always ready to make us suffer for the honors they have paid us. Besides, how could proceedings be taken against the Prince of the Peace without implicating the Queen and the King, your father? Such a lawsuit will encourage dissensions and faction, and the consequences will be fatal to your crown. Your Royal Highness has no other claim to it than that conferred on you by

your mother; if the lawsuit reflects dishonor on her, your Royal Highness's rights will be thereby destroyed. Close your ears, therefore, to weak and perfidious counsel; you have no right to sit in judgment on the Prince of the Peace. His crimes, if he is accused of any, are absorbed in the rights of the throne. I have often expressed a desire that the Prince of the Peace should be removed from the conduct of affairs. The friendship of King Charles has often induced me to keep silence, and to turn away my eyes from his weak attachment. Wretched creatures that we all are! our motto should be, 'Weakness and Error.' But all may be arranged. Let the Prince of the Peace be banished from Spain; I will offer him a refuge in France.

"As to the abdication of King Charles IV., he made it at a time when my army was occupying Spain, and in the eyes of Europe and of posterity I should appear to have sent large numbers of troops thither merely in order to turn my ally and my friend off his throne. As a neighboring sovereign, I may be allowed to wait for full and entire information before recognizing this abdication. I say to your Royal Highness, to all Spaniards, and to the whole world, if the abdication of King Charles IV. is spontaneous, if it has not been forced on him by the insurrection and the tumult at Aranjuez, I will make no difficulty about recognizing it, and will acknowledge your Royal Highness to be King of Spain. I desire, therefore, to converse with you to this end. The caution with which I have watched these things for the last month should be a guarantee of the support I would afford you if, in your turn, a factious spirit, of whatever kind, should disturb you on your throne. When King Charles informed me of the events of last October, I was painfully impressed by them, and I may have contributed, by the suggestions I then made, to the happy ending of the Escurial affair. Your Royal Highness was greatly to blame: no other proof of this is needed than the letter you addressed to me, which I have persistently ignored. When, in your

turn, you are a King, you will know how sacred are the rights of a throne. Any advances made to a foreign sovereign are criminal. Your Royal Highness must be on your guard against outbursts of popular feeling. A few of my soldiers might be murdered in isolated situations, but the destruction of Spain would be the result. I already perceive with regret that letters from the Captain-General of Catalonia have been distributed about Madrid, and that everything has been done to promote disturbance there.

"I have now fully explained myself to your Royal Highness; you perceive that I am hesitating between various ideas, which require confirmation. You may be assured that, in any case, I shall treat you as I would treat the King, your father. I beg you to believe in my desire for conciliation, and to grant me an opportunity of proving my good will and high esteem."

We see by this letter that the Emperor still reserved to himself the right of judging of the validity of the abdication of Charles IV. It appears, however, that Savary flattered the young King into the belief of more positive approbation than was actually contained in the letter, while Murat was secretly urging King Charles to retract. By thus writing to the Prince of the Asturias, the Emperor contrived a means of saving the Prince of the Peace, if necessary, from taking part with Charles IV., and finally of blaming the first symptom of rebellion against his father on the part of the Prince of the Asturias. It was known, however, at this period that the ambassador of France had suggested to the Prince the demand which he had made for the hand of a Princess of the Imperial family in marriage. It was this demand which had most deeply offended the favorite.

The Prince of the Asturias left Madrid on the 10th of April. He received tokens of affection from his people on his way, and great anxiety was everywhere displayed at his approach to the frontier. Savary reiterated his assurances

that by pushing on farther they must meet the Emperor, and kept the Prince under strict guard. On reaching Burgos, the Prince's council began to take alarm; but they continued their route to Vittoria, where the people unharnessed the horses from the carriage, the guard had to force a passage, and this was done almost against the will of the Prince, whose hopes were fading.

"At Vittoria," Savary told me afterward, "I thought for an instant that my prisoner was about to escape, but I took care he should not. I frightened him." "But," I answered, "do you mean that, if he had resisted, you would have killed him?" "Oh no," he said; "but I protest that I would never have let him go back."

The Prince's councilors, however, were reassured by the reflection that a marriage would conciliate all parties, and, being unable to understand the immensity of the Imperial projects, they looked upon such an alliance, together with the sacrifice of a few men and of the liberty of trade, as the conclusion of a definitive treaty. They yielded, therefore, to the soldierly arguments of Savary, and finally crossed the frontier.

The royal party entered Bayonne on the 21st of April. Those persons of the household who were then in attendance on the Emperor discovered, by the change in his temper, how important for the success of his projects was the arrival of the Infantes. Until then he had seemed full of care, confiding in no one, but dispatching courier after courier. He dared not reckon on the success of his plan. He had invited the old King to come to him, who, as well as the Queen and the favorite, had just then nothing better to do; but it seemed so likely that the new King would take advantage of the revolt about to break out in Spain and would rouse the new-born enthusiasm of all classes for the deliverance of their country, that, until the actual moment when he was informed that the Prince had crossed the Pyrenees, the Emperor must have looked on the event as wellnigh impossible.

He has since said that, dating from this blunder, he had no longer a doubt of the incapacity of King Ferdinand.

On the 20th of April the Queen of Holland gave birth to a son, who was named Louis.*

At this time the painter Robert died. He was famous for his artistic talent, his taste in architecture, and was, besides, an excellent and very clever man.†

The Abbé de Pradt has narrated all the circumstances of the arrival of the Princes; and, as he witnessed it, I again refer to his work, without feeling bound to quote from it here. He says that the Emperor came from Marrac to Bayonne; that he treated the Prince of the Asturias as an equal; that he invited him the same day to dinner, treating him with royal honors; and that it was not until the evening of that day, when the Prince had returned to his dwelling, that Savary again came to him, with orders to inform him of Bonaparte's intentions. These intentions were to overthrow the reigning dynasty, in order to put his own in its place, and consequently the abdication of the whole family was demanded. The Abbé de Pradt is naturally astounded at the part which the Emperor played during the day, and one can hardly conceive why he gave himself the trouble to act a character in the morning so contrary to that of the evening.

Whatever were his motives, one can understand the amazement of the Spanish Princes, and what must have been their regret, having thus delivered themselves into the hands of their inflexible enemy. From that time they made

* This child became the Emperor Napoleon III. The singular fate which decreed his birth on the very day of the arrival of the Infantes at Bayonne, at the time when the crime and the blunder of the Spanish war was being accomplished, may commend itself to fatalistic historians.—P. R.

† This does not mean Léopold Robert, who is better known by this generation, but a Hubert Robert, born in 1733, made a member of the Academy in 1766, and known by pictures of ruins, in which the classical taste begins to betray some modern, or, as they would have been called a little later, romantic tendencies.

efforts, not to fly—for they quickly perceived that flight was impossible—but to inform the Junta, sitting at Madrid, of their captivity and of the intentions which would cause the ruin of the last Bourbons. The greater number of their messengers were stopped, but some few got away safely; the news they carried excited indignation in Madrid, and thence throughout Spain. Some provinces protested; in several towns the people rose in revolt; in Madrid the safety of the French army was endangered. Murat redoubled his severity, and became an object of hatred, as well as terror, to all the inhabitants.

Every one knows now how greatly the Emperor deceived himself as to the condition of Spain and the character of the Spaniards. He was influenced in this odious undertaking by those same defects of character and judgment which had on other occasions led him into such grave errors: first, his determination to prevail by sheer force, and his thirst for instant submission, which made him neglect intermediaries, who are not always to be despised with impunity; and, secondly, an obstinate conviction that men are but very slightly influenced by their mode of government, and that national differences are so unimportant that the same policy will answer equally well in the north or in the south, with Germans, Frenchmen, or Spaniards. He has since admitted that he was greatly mistaken in this. When he learned that there existed in Spain a higher class, aware of the bad government under which it lived, and anxious for some changes in the constitution, he did not doubt but that the people too would swallow the bait if a revolution like that of France were offered to them. He believed that in Spain, as elsewhere, men would be easily roused against the temporal power of the priesthood. His keen perception appreciated the movement which had caused the revolt of Aranjuez, and had placed the reins of power in the hands of a weak Prince, too evidently lacking ability to make or control a revolution; and he imagined, overleaping time and the

obstacles or circumstances which cause delay, that, the first impulse of movement having been given to Spanish institutions, a complete change would ensue. He believed himself to be even rendering a service to the nation in thus forestalling events, in seizing on the Spanish revolution beforehand, and in guiding it at once to the goal which he thought it destined to reach.

But even were it possible to persuade a whole nation, and to induce it to accept, as the outcome of a wise foresight, those things which it can never understand except through the teaching of facts and often of misfortune, the hatefulness of the means employed by the Emperor blasted him in the eyes of those he wished to win, and whom he believed he was serving; "*for the heart of Jehu was not upright, nor his hands clean,*" that Spain should receive him as the reformer whom she needed. Moreover, a foreign yoke was offensive to Spanish pride; while secret machinations, the imprisonment of the sovereigns, unconcealed contempt for religious beliefs, the threats that were used, the executions that followed on them, and, later, the exactions and cruelties of war, all concurred to prevent any concord. The two contending parties, each inflamed against the other, were soon filled with a furious longing for mutual destruction. The Emperor himself sacrificed everything rather than yield; he was lavish of men and money only that he might prove himself the strongest, for he could not endure the shame of defeat before the eyes of Europe, and a bloody war, terrible disasters, were the result of his wounded pride and his tyrannical will. All he did, therefore, was to throw Spain into a state of anarchy. The people, finding themselves without an army, believed that the defense of the soil devolved upon them; and Bonaparte, who took pride in being the elect of the people, and who also felt that therein lay his security—Bonaparte, who, to be consistent in his theories, should never have waged war except on kings—found himself, after a few years, cut adrift from that policy on which he had founded

his power while he revealed to the whole world that he used that power for his personal advantage only.

Although he was conscious of some of these future difficulties, he continued to tread the devious path on which he had entered. The Prince of the Asturias refused to sign an act of abdication, and this caused him great perplexity. Fearing that the Prince might escape him, he caused him to be strictly watched; he tried him by every kind of persuasion and threat, and all who surrounded the Emperor soon became aware of the state of perturbation into which he had again fallen. Duroc, Savary, and the Abbé de Pradt were enjoined to bribe, to persuade, or to terrify the Prince's councilors. But how is it possible to persuade people to consent to their own fall from power? If we abide by the Emperor's opinion, that every member of the reigning family was equally stupid and incapable, the wiser course would still have been to have left them in possession of the throne; for the necessity of taking action in times that were becoming so difficult must have led them into many faults, of which their enemy might have taken advantage. But, by the outrageous insults put upon them, by the violation of every human right in their regard, by the inaction to which they were forced, by imposing on them the simple and pathetic character of victims, their part was made so easy to play that they became objects of interest without having to take the smallest pains to excite that sentiment. With respect to the Spanish Princes and the Pope, the Emperor committed the same blunder and incurred the same penalty.

Meanwhile, he was determined to end this state of mental anxiety, and he decided on sending for King Charles IV. to Bayonne, and on openly espousing the cause of the dethroned old monarch. He foresaw that this course of action must be followed by war, but he flattered himself—his vivid imagination was always ready to flatter him when he had fully decided on any step—that this war would resemble all the others. "Yes," he said, "I feel that I am not doing

right; but why do not they declare war on me?" And when it was pointed out to him that he could scarcely expect a declaration of war from persons removed from their own territory and deprived of their liberty, he exclaimed: "But why did they come, then? They are inexperienced young men, and have come here without passports. I consider this enterprise as very important, for my navy is defective, and it will cost me the six vessels I have now at Cadiz." On another occasion he said: "If this were to cost me eighty thousand men, I would not undertake it; but I shall not need twelve thousand. It is a mere trifle. The people here don't know what a French brigade means. The Prussians were just the same, and we know how they fared in consequence. Depend upon it, this will soon be over. I do not wish to harm any one, but, when my big political car is started, it must go on its way. Woe to those who get under the wheels!" *

Toward the end of April the Prince of the Peace arrived at Bayonne. Murat had released him from the captivity in which he was held at Madrid. The Junta, under the presidency of Don Antonio, brother to Charles IV., gave him up unwillingly, but the time for resistance was over. The favorite had lost any hope of future sovereignty, his life was in danger in Spain, and the Emperor's protection was his only resource; therefore there was little doubt but that he would agree to anything required of him. He was instructed to guide King Charles in the path the Emperor wished him to follow, and he acquiesced without a word.

I can not refrain from transcribing some reflections of the Abbé de Pradt, which seem to me to be very sensible and appropriate here.

"At this period," he says, "that part of the scheme which concerned the translation of Joseph to Madrid was not as yet made public. It may have been discerned, but

* "Mémoires Historiques sur la Révolution en Espagne, par l'auteur du Congrès de Vienne." Paris, 1816.—P. R.

Napoleon had not disclosed it. In the interviews with Napoleon which the negotiation with M. Escoiquiz procured for me he never made any allusion to it. He left to time the task of unfolding each feature of a plan which he revealed cautiously and by slow degrees, and after he had cherished it for a long succession of days in his own mind, without relieving himself of the burden by one indiscreet word. This was sad misuse of moral strength, but it proves how great is the self-mastery of a man who can thus control his words, especially when naturally inclined to indiscretion, as Napoleon was, particularly when he was angry."

King Charles IV. reached Bayonne on the 1st of May, accompanied by his wife, their youngest son, the daughter of the Prince of the Peace, and the Queen of Etruria and her son. Shortly afterward Don Antonio arrived also; he had been obliged to leave the Junta and to join his relatives.

CONCLUSION.

THE Memoirs of my grandmother come to an end here, and general regret will, no doubt, be felt that she was prevented by death from continuing them, at any rate so far as the divorce from the Emperor, which, from the very beginning, hangs threateningly over the head of the fascinating, lovable, and yet somewhat uninteresting Josephine. No one can supply what is wanting here; even the correspondence of the author affords little political information respecting the succeeding period, and during the latter part of her life she seldom spoke of what she had witnessed or endured. My father entertained at times the idea of continuing her narrative, by putting together what he had heard from his parents, anecdotes or expressions of their opinions in the last days of the Empire, and what he himself knew concerning their lives. He did not carry out his plan in its entirety, nor did he leave anything on the subject complete. His notes, however, seem to me to be valuable, and give the ending of the great drama which has been described in the foregoing pages. It will be interesting to read them as a continuation of the Memoirs, which they complete, although he has recorded his opinions concerning the latter days of the Empire, and the period when he himself entered political life, in a more extensive work. His political views and clear definition of the conduct of officials and of citizens in

times of difficulty deserve to be made known. I have added this chapter to the Memoirs, and published the notes of which I speak in their original unstudied form, confining myself to the slight modifications necessary to make the narrative succinct and clear.

The Spanish sovereigns arrived at Bayonne in May, 1808. The Emperor dispatched them to Fontainebleau, and sent Ferdinand VII. to Valençay, an estate belonging to M. de Talleyrand. Then he himself returned, after having traveled through the southern and western departments, and made a political journey into La Vendée, where his presence produced a great effect. He reached Paris about the middle of August. Count de Rémusat writes:

"My father, who was then First Chamberlain, was appointed to receive the Spanish Bourbons at Fontainebleau. He accomplished his task with the attention and courtesy habitual to him. Although on his return he gave us an account which conveyed no exalted idea of the King, the Queen, or the Prince of the Peace, who accompanied them, he had treated these dethroned Princes with the respect due to rank and misfortune. It would seem that some of the other Court officials had behaved in a different fashion, rather from ignorance than from ill feeling. Charles IV. noticed this, and said, 'Rémusat, at any rate, knows that I am a Bourbon.'

"M. de Talleyrand happened to be actually staying at Valençay when the Emperor sent him orders to proceed thither, with an evident intention of committing him to the Spanish affair, to receive the three Infantes. He was not altogether pleased with the task, nor on his return did he refrain from sarcastic remarks concerning these strange descendants of Louis XIV. He used to tell us that they bought children's toys at all the booths at the neighboring fairs, and when a poor person begged an alms of them they would give him a doll. He afterward accused them of dilapidations at Valençay, and cleverly mentioned the fact to Louis XVIII.,

who, being desirous to dismiss him from Court, while he had not the courage to order him to go, took occasion to praise the beauty and splendor of his seat at Valençay. 'Yes, it is pretty fair,' he said, 'but the Spanish Princes entirely spoiled it with the fireworks on St. Napoleon's Day.'

"Although M. de Talleyrand was aware that his position with the Emperor was altered, yet he found Bonaparte when he joined him well disposed and inclined to trust him. There was no perceptible cloud between them. The Emperor had need of him for the conference at Erfurt, to which they went together at the end of September. My father was in attendance on the Emperor. The letters which he doubtless wrote thence to my mother have not been found; but their correspondence was so strictly watched, and must therefore have been so reserved, that its loss is, I fancy, of little importance. My father's general letters referred to the good understanding between the two Emperors, their mutual finessing, and the fine manners of the Emperor Alexander.

"M. de Talleyrand composed a narrative of this Erfurt conference, which he was in the habit of reading aloud. He used to boast, on his return, that as the two Emperors entered their respective carriages, each about to journey in a different direction, he had said to Alexander, while attending him, 'If you could only get into the wrong carriage!' He had discerned some fine qualities in the Czar, and had endeavored to win favor, by which he profited in 1814; but, at the time of which I am writing, he looked on a Russian alliance as a merely accidental necessity during a war with England, and he persistently held that friendship with Austria, which would eventually become a basis for an alliance with England, was the true system for France in Europe. His conduct of political affairs, whether at the time of Napoleon's marriage, or in 1814, in 1815, or, again, in the reign of Louis Philippe, was always consistent with this theory. He often spoke of it to my mother.

"My mother, in order to complete the history of the year

1808, would have had to narrate, first, the Erfurt conference, according to the narratives of M. de Talleyrand and of my father; and, secondly, the reaction of the Spanish affair on the Court of the Tuileries and on Parisian society. The Royalist section of the Court and society was deeply moved by the presence of the ancient Bourbons at Fontainebleau. Here, I think, she would have placed the disgrace and exile of Mme. de Chevreuse.

"The Emperor came back from Erfurt in October, but he merely passed through Paris, and started immediately for Spain, whence he returned at the beginning of 1809, after an indecisive campaign.

"Public opinion was far from favorable to his policy. For the first time the possibility of his loss had occurred to the minds of men, especially of his sudden death in the course of a war in which a motive of patriotism might nerve an assassin's hand. Various reports, partly loyal and partly malicious, had made the progress of disapprobation and discontent known to him. Talleyrand and Fouché had not hesitated to confirm those reports. The former, especially, was always bold, and even imprudent, as are all men who are proud of their powers of conversation and believe in them as in a force. Fouché, who was more reserved, or less often quoted in society, probably went further in fact. After his positive fashion, he had been practically considering the hypothesis of the opening up of the Imperial succession, and this consideration had brought him nearer to M. de Talleyrand's opinions.

"The Emperor returned in an angry mood, and vented his irritation on the Court, and especially at the Ministerial Council, in the celebrated scene in which he dismissed M. de Talleyrand * from his post of Grand Chamberlain, and put M. de Montesquiou in his place.

"That important functionaries of the Empire, such as Talleyrand and Fouché, as well as other less prominent per-

* Thiers's "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," vol. x., p. 17.

sons, should have behaved as they did on this occasion, has been severely commented on. I am ready to admit that vanity and talkativeness may have led Talleyrand and Fouché to say more than was prudent; but I maintain that, under an absolute government, it is necessary that men holding important offices should, in the case of public danger, or on perceiving that affairs are being badly directed, not be afraid to encourage, by a prudent opposition, the moral resistance which alone can slacken or even divert the mistaken course of authority. Still more, if they foresee the possibility of disaster, against which no preparations have been made, they should take thought concerning what may yet be done. That the pride of absolute power should be mortified, that endeavors should be made to overcome and to suppress that resistance when it is too isolated to avail, I understand. But it would be none the less a boon to the state and for the ruler, if this opposition were sufficiently powerful to oblige him to modify his plans and to reform his life.

"With regard to the case in point, let us suppose that, instead of imputing the disapprobation of Talleyrand or of Fouché to intrigue or treason, Napoleon had received reports from Dubois, or others who had presented it as a proof of the universal discontent; that his Prefect of Police, himself sharing them, had pointed out to him that these sentiments were felt and expressed by Cambacérès, by Maret, by Caulaincourt, by Murat, lastly by the Duc de Gaëta, whom Thiers quotes on this occasion—in short, by every important personage in the Court and the Government—would the service rendered to the Emperor have been an evil one? And would not this unanimous opposition have been the only means likely to enlighten him, to arrest his steps, to turn him from the way of perdition at a period when it was not yet too late?

"As to the reproach addressed to Talleyrand or others, that they censured the Government after having approved and served it, that is a natural one in the mouth of Napo-

leon, who, moreover, did not hesitate to exaggerate it by falsehood. But in itself it is foolish; otherwise all honest men must hold themselves forbidden, because they have once belonged to a certain government, because they have formerly supported, cloaked, or even justified its faults, either in error or from weakness, to grow wiser as dangers thicken and circumstances become developed. Unless we are resolved on unceasing opposition or on unlimited submission, a time must come when we no longer approve what we approved yesterday, when we feel bound to speak although hitherto we have been silent, and when, drawbacks striking us more forcibly than advantages, we recognize defects which we had hitherto endeavored or pretended to ignore, and faults which for a long time we have palliated! After all, this is what happened in France with regard to Napoleon, and the change took place in the mind of officials and citizens alike, except when the former were blinded by servility or corrupted by a base ambition.

"In our own modest sphere we never had to decide under the Empire, except upon the direction of our wishes and feelings, for we never took any part in politics; yet we had to solve for ourselves that question which continually recurs to me when I reperuse the Memoirs or the letters in which my mother has preserved her impressions and her thoughts.

"My mother would have had to allude, at any rate indirectly, to this grave subject in narrating the disgrace of M. de Talleyrand. She saw him, at that time, at least as often as formerly; she heard his own statements. Nothing was better known just then to the public than the cold silence (equally far removed from weakness and from insolence) with which, leaning against a console on account of his lameness, he listened to the Emperor's philippic. As is the custom under absolute monarchy, he swallowed the affront, and continued to present himself at Court with a coolness which was not to be mistaken for humility; and I have no recollec-

tion that his attitude under the Empire was ever accused of weakness from that day forth. It must, of course, be understood that the rules of the point of honor are not in this case as they are understood in a free country, nor the philosophic laws of moral dignity as they are understood outside the world of courts and politics.

"My mother would, after this, have had to relate our own little episode in the drama. I am not sure whether the Emperor, on his arrival, felt or showed any displeasure toward my father. I do not know whether it was not subsequent reports which caused our disgrace. In any case, my father did not become immediately aware of the truth, either because it was so far from his thoughts that he suspected nothing, or because the Emperor did not think of him at first. He was a friend of M. de Talleyrand's, and in his confidence up to a certain point: this in itself was a motive for suspicion and a cause of disfavor. We had written no letter and taken no step that could tell against us, and I remember that even our speech was very guarded, and that, could the police spies have witnessed the interviews with M. de Talleyrand in my mother's little drawing-room, where my parents habitually received him alone, they could have discovered nothing whereon to found a police report. Such reports were made, however; my father felt no doubt about that, although the Emperor never displayed his resentment by any outbreak, nor did he even enter into any serious explanation. But he acted toward him with a cold malevolence and harshness which made his service intolerable. Thenceforth my parents felt themselves in a painful position with the sovereign, which might, perhaps, lead to their quitting the Court.

"There was no amelioration in this state of things when Napoleon, who had gone to Germany in April, 1809, came back to Fontainebleau on the 6th of October, the conqueror of Wagram, and proud of the peace just signed at Vienna. Victories, however dearly bought, did not make him more generous or kindly. He was still performing work impor-

tant enough to be vain of his power, and, if it had been put to severe tests, that was a stronger reason why he desired it to be respected. However, he found, in reverting to the recent souvenir of the descent of the English upon Walcheren, a state of things in Spain quite unsatisfactory, a quarrel with the Holy See pushed to its last extremities, and public opinion more restless about his inclination for war than reassured by his victories—defiant, sad, even critical, and besetting with its suspicions the man whom it had so long environed with its fallacies.

"This time Fouché was the object of his thoughts. Fouché had acted in his own way at the moment of the descent of the English. He had assumed authority, he had made an appeal to public sentiment, he had reorganized the national guard, and employed Bernadotte on our side. Everything in these proceedings, both the conception and the details, had greatly displeased the Emperor. All his ill-temper was concentrated upon Fouché; and, besides, as he had come back resolved upon the divorce, it was difficult to hold M. de Talleyrand aloof from a deliberation in which the knowledge of the condition of Europe should have a decisive weight. In this must be still seen one of those proofs, at that time less frequent each day, of the almost impartial justice of his mind. He was sometimes heard to say: 'It is Talleyrand alone who understands me; it is only Talleyrand with whom I can talk.' He consulted him, and at other moments spoke of placing him at Vincennes. Thus he did not fail to call him when he deliberated upon his marriage. M. de Talleyrand strongly insisted that he should unite himself to an Archduchess. He even thought that the Emperor had sought an interview with him because his intervention in this matter would contribute to decide Austria. What is certain is the fact that he has always alluded to his conduct in this instance as one of the guarantees he had given of his fundamental opinion in regard to the alliances of France and the conditions of the independence of Europe.

"It is seen how, in all these matters—the state of opinion during the campaign of the Danube, the deliberations relative to the divorce, those which preceded the marriage with Marie Louise—the Memoirs of my mother would have been instructive and interesting. It is unhappily impossible to supply this last link. I am only able to recall that she said that the Empress was wrong in doubting her fidelity on one occasion, probably relative to the divorce. She has announced that this matter was explained. I can not explain it in its place, and I have no recollection that she ever spoke to me of it. At the moment of the divorce her devotion was appreciated, and Queen Hortense went so far as to consult with her in regard to it twice before enlisting her irrevocably in favor of her mother.* I have no wish to over-estimate the value of what she did in that matter; the most refined delicacy dictated her conduct; and, besides, with her deplorable health, her forced inactivity, her former relations to Josephine, and our new situation near the Emperor, she would have had in a renovated Court, near a new Empress, a most awkward and painful position. It may be conceived, indeed, that nothing in all that I am going to recall restored our credit at the Court, and my family remained there irreparably lessened in its influence. The Emperor, however, approved of my mother's remaining with the Empress Josephine. He even praised her for it; this suited her. He regarded her as a person on the retreat, with whom he no longer need to concern himself. Having less to expect from him, less to demand from him, he reproached us less in his thought for omitting to do anything on our part to please him. He left my father in the circle of his official duties, to which his character and a certain mingling of discontent and fear kept him closely enough confined. It was almost established in the mind of Napoleon that he had nothing more to do for us, and he no longer thought of us.

* I have given, in a note to Chapter XXVII., the letter which recounts this conversation.—P. R.

"This new situation makes it evident that the Memoirs of my mother would have lost their interest. She no longer visited the Court, going once only to be presented to the Empress Marie Louise; then she had later an audience of the Emperor, who wrote to her asking it.* She would, therefore, have had nothing to relate of which she had been a witness in the imperial palace. She was no longer placed under obligations by any relations with the great personages of the state—at least she considered herself relieved of them; and yielding, perhaps too readily, to her tastes, to her sufferings, she gradually isolated herself from everything that would remind her of the Court and of the Government.

"However, as my father did not cease to frequent the palace to the end, as the confidence in M. de Talleyrand seemed not to diminish, and, finally, as the rapid and declining steps in the affairs of the Emperor more and more affected public opinion, and soon stirred up the restless attention of the nation, my mother had still much with which to become acquainted, and much to observe, and she would have been able to give to the painting of the last five years of the Empire a positive historic value.

"Some reflections on many events of those five years will be taken, if it is desired, as a remembrance of what I have heard, during this same time, from the lips of my parents.

"Among the events of that year, 1809, one of the most important, and which made the least noise, was the surprise upon the Pope. The facts were not well understood while they were transpiring, and, it is necessary to say, in the nation that Louis XIII. put under the protection of the Holy Virgin no one thought of them. However, the Emperor had begun by causing the Roman States to be occupied, then went on by dismembering them, then by demanding from the Pope that he should make war upon England, then by

* I have spoken in a note of this audience, and of the letter which followed.—P. R.

driving him from the city of Rome, then by depriving him of all temporal power, then, finally, by causing him to be arrested and guarded as a prisoner. How strange all this, assuredly! And yet it seemed that no government of Catholic Europe seriously offered assistance to the common father of the faithful. The Pope certainly, deliberating in 1804 whether he should crown Napoleon, had not objected on the ground that it was he who, in that year, had caused the Duke d'Enghien to be shot. The Emperor of Austria, deliberating in 1809 whether he should give his daughter to Napoleon, did not object on the ground that it was he who, in that same year, had placed the Pope in prison. It is true that at that time all the sovereigns of Europe had, in that which relates to pontifical authority, entirely different ideas from those ascribed to them, and from those attributed to them to-day. The house of Austria, in particular, had for a traditional rule that political testament in which the Duke of Lorraine, Charles V., recommends that the Pope should be reduced to the single domain of the court of Rome, and makes sport 'of the delusion of excommunications, when the real point is that Jesus Christ never established the temporal power of the Church, and that the latter can possess nothing without contradicting his example and without compromising his Gospel.'

"In a letter of my mother she advised my father, in the autumn of 1809, not to allow 'Athalie' to be represented at Court, at a moment when it might be said that there were some allusions to papal affairs in that struggle of a queen and a priest, and in presence of a prince so pious as the King of Saxony, who was preparing to visit the Emperor. In this incident was the *maximum* of evidence of the direction of her thoughts excited by a tyrannic act of which so much would now be heard, and in regard to which public opinion would certainly be no more divided. I have not heard it said that a single officer in this immense empire would have separated himself from a government of which the head was

excommunicated, if not by name, at least impliedly, by the bull launched against all the authors or abettors of the attempts against pontifical authority. I can not refrain from alluding to the Duc de Cadore. He was a man not without intelligence nor without honesty; but, accepting as indisputable laws the intentions of the Emperor, after having employed his ministry in the spoliation of the Spanish dynasty, he concurred with the same docility in that of the sovereign Pontiff, and, himself excommunicated as a *mandatory, abettor, and counselor*, he maintained with great composure that Napoleon could resume that which Charlemagne had given, and that now France was in the presence of Rome by the rights of the Gallic Church.

"The situation of the Empire at the end of 1809 is summarized in these words by the great historian of the Empire: 'The Emperor had made himself, at Vincennes, the rival of the regicides; at Bayonne, the peer of those who would declare war on Europe to establish a universal republic; at the Quirinal, the peer certainly of those who had dethroned Pius VI. to create the Roman Republic.'

"I am not one of those who assist by declamation in intensifying the odium of these acts. I do not regard them as unheard-of monstrosities reserved to our century; I know that history is full of examples with which it is not difficult to compare them, and that analogous outrages can be found in the life of sovereigns for whom posterity has preserved some respect. It would not be difficult to find in the history of the severities of the reign of Louis XIV. executions which are not incomparable with the death of the Duc d'Enghien. The affair of the Man in the Iron Mask, especially if, as it is difficult not to believe, this man was a brother of the King, is nothing that the murder of Vincennes need be envious of; and power and deception are not less worthily arrayed in the act by which Louis XIV. seized Lorraine in 1661 than in the fraudulent dismemberment of Spain in 1808. I see in the abduction of the Pope hardly more than its equivalent if

we revert to the middle ages. I will add that, even after these acts, for ever to be condemned, it was still possible, by the use of a little wisdom, to have assured the repose, the prosperity, and the grandeur of France to the extent that no name in history would have been more honored than that of Napoleon. But if any one imagines that this is what he has not done; that all the wars thereafter undertaken were no more than the mad preparatory steps to the ruin of the country; and that thenceforward the character of the man already loaded with such misdeeds was afflicted with a superciliousness and a harshness which were discouraging to his best servants, it is essential to clearly understand that, even at Court, all those whom the servile complaisance of false judgment had not led astray, sadly disabused, could rightly serve without confidence, admire without affection, fear more than hope, desire lessons of opposition to a terrible power, in his successes to dread his intoxication, and in his misfortunes to weep for France rather than him.

"Such, in fact, is the spirit in which these Memoirs would have been continued, and it will even be found that, by a kind of retroactive effect, this spirit is shown in the recitals anterior to 1809. At the epoch in which history was enacting, this spirit was slow in manifesting itself, as I have now described it. Years glided away in sadness timid and defiant, but without hate, and each time that a happy circumstance or a wise measure gave their light to them, the star of hope resumed the ascendant, and one tried to believe that the progress in the direction of evil would have an end.

"The years 1810 and 1811 are the two tranquil years of the Empire. The marriage in the one and the birth of the King of Rome in the other seemed pledges of peace and stability. The hope would have been without shadows, the security entire, if the torn veil through which the Emperor could be seen had not revealed passions and errors, seeds always productive of gratuitous mistakes and senseless attempts. It was seen that the love of excess had taken possession of him, and was carrying all before it. Besides the

interminable duration of a war with England, with no possibility of gloriously conquering her, or of doing her any injury that was not damaging to us, and the continuation of a struggle in Spain difficult and unfortunate, were two trials that the pride of the Emperor could not long endure in peace. It was necessary that he should preserve his reputation at all cost, and that by some astounding successes he should cause to be forgotten those obstinate checks to his fortune. Sound judgment pointed out that the Spanish question was the one to end, I do not say by a return to justice and by a generous concession—the Bonapartes are not among those to whom such measures suggest themselves—but by force. It can readily be believed that, had the Emperor concentrated all the resources of his genius and of his Empire upon the resistance of the Peninsula, he would have conquered it. Unjust causes are not always destined to fail in this world, and the Emperor ought to have seen that, in humiliating Spain, he was preparing the occasion, so vainly sought, for striking England, since that nation rendered itself vulnerable by landing her armies on the Continent. Such an occasion made it worth while that something should be risked. Napoleon should have gone there in person, and himself entered the lists with Arthur Wellesley. What glory, on the other hand, and what fortune did he not reserve to himself and to his nation, in persistently adjourning the struggle, and in confronting them both finally on the mournful plains of Waterloo!

"But the Emperor had no relish for the Spanish question; he was tired of it. It had never yielded a pleasant or glorious moment. He half understood that he had begun it unjustly and conducted it feebly; that he had singularly misconceived its difficulty and importance. He tried to have a contempt for it, in order not to be humiliated by it; he neglected it, in order to avoid its anxieties. He had a childish repugnance, if it was nothing worse, to risking himself in a war which did not appeal to his imagination. Shall we dare say that he was not absolutely sure of doing the work

well, and that the dangers of reverses turned him from an enterprise which, even well carried to its conclusion, would have gone too slowly and with too many difficulties to have increased his grandeur? A ready extemporizer, his plan seemed to be to allow everything to die of old age that displeased him, and to build up his fortune and fame in some new enterprise. These causes, joined to the logical developments of an absurd system, and to the developments natural to an uncontrollable temper, annulled all the guarantees of prudence and safety that the events of the years 1810 and 1811 seemed to have given, turned him from Spain to Russia, and brought about that campaign of 1812 which logically drew him on to his destruction.

"Two years in which hope had the ascendancy of fear, and three years in which fear left very little place for hope —here we have the division of the five last years of the reign of Napoleon.

"In speaking of 1810 and 1811, my mother would have had to show how the two events, which ought to have inspired in the Emperor the spirit of conservation and of wisdom, his marriage and the birth of his son, served in the sequel only to exalt his pride. In the interval all the obstacles between him and the execution of his will are seen to be removed. For instance, since, long ago, he does not pardon Fouché for having a will of his own. Fouché showed that he desired peace. A violent scene occurs to recall that of which Talleyrand had been the object, and the Duc de Rovigo becomes Minister of Police, a choice which beguiles, without doubt, the hopes of the Emperor and the fears of the public, but which seems, however, to expand still more the area in which arbitrary power has sway. The existence of Holland and the indocible character of its King are still an obstacle, at least a limit. The King is compelled to abdicate, and Holland is declared French. Rome itself becomes the capital of a department, and the domain of St. Peter is united, as formerly Dauphiné was, to furnish a title for the heir to the Empire. The clerical order, driven with a high

hand, is violated in its customs and in its traditions. An appearance of a council is attempted and broken up, and prison and exile impose silence on the Church. A councilor, submissive but modest, executes the wishes of his master, but does not glorify him; he lacks enthusiasm in his servitude: Champagny is set aside for Maret and the lion is let loose in Europe, and no voice is heard which rouses it to madness. And as, during this time, the fortune of the conqueror and the liberty of the people have found the one its limit, the other its bulwark in those immortally celebrated lines of Torres-Vedras, it becomes essential that this restless and maddened force should dash itself in pieces upon Moscow.

"This last period, so rich for the political historian in its terrible pictures, has but little value to the simple observer of the interior scenes of the government. The cloud became dense around power, and France knew as little what was done as if she had been lost by a throw of dice. Nevertheless, there was still the work of drawing the instructive picture of hearts and of minds ignorant and restless, indignant and submissive, desolated, reassured, imposed upon, unconcerned, depressed—all that at intervals, and sometimes concentrated into an hour; for despotism, which always feigns to be happy, ill prepares the masses of the people for misfortune, and believes in courage only when it has deceived it.

"It is, I think, to this description of public sentiments that my mother would have been able to consecrate the end of her Memoirs, for she knew something of what everybody saw. M. Pasquier, whom she saw every day, observed, by taste as well as by a sense of duty, the discretion prescribed to his functions. Accustomed to conversations with the class of persons whom he ruled without restraint, he was during a great length of time careful to take political notes, when all the world was free to talk politics. The Duc de Rovigo, less discreet, divulged his opinions rather than the facts; and the conversations of M. de Talleyrand, more frank and more confident, were hardly more than the disclosure of his judgments and of his predictions."

POSTSCRIPT.

In the first volume of these Memoirs I attempted to retrace the chief events of my grandmother's life, and I also narrated the circumstances which induced her to rewrite the manuscript unhappily destroyed in 1815. I considered it necessary to a right comprehension and appreciation of her views that the reader should learn how she had been brought up, what were the position and circumstances of her parents, for what reasons she accepted a place at Bonaparte's Court, through what phases of enthusiasm, hope, and disenchantment she passed, how by degrees liberal opinions gained a hold upon her, and what influence her son, when he began to make a figure both in society and in political life, exercised over her.

However strong may be his confidence in the success of a publication, it is the duty of an editor to avail himself of every aid, and to make sure, or nearly so, that the author shall in everything be understood. This was all the more necessary in the present instance, because the editor, brought up to entertain the same sentiments, and accustomed to hear the same opinions and the same anecdotes repeated around him, might well be afraid of deceiving himself respecting the worth or the success of these reminiscences. Relatives are seldom good judges either of the intellectual or physical attributes of their kin. Family beauties or prodigies, admired by the fireside or in select coteries, are frequently

found to be insignificant personages on a larger stage, and when seen in broader daylight. I therefore thought it well to relate all that might be needed for the instruction of the reader, and, by introducing him into the private life of the author, to account for a mixture of admiration and severity in these Memoirs which sometimes appears contradictory. I should have been excused for adding my own comments upon the ability of the writer and the character of her hero; indeed, such comments would have furnished the subject of a preface, of the kind that we are told ought to precede every work of serious importance. But I carefully avoided writing any such preface, because I had one to offer which would enhance the value of the book to the public, as it enhances it to myself—a preface written by my father more than twenty years ago. I may print that preface now, for success has justified his previsions and our hopes.

When my father wrote the pages that I am about to lay before the reader, the Second Empire was still in existence, and to all appearance secure. Nothing short of a persistent trust in the undeviating principles of justice and liberty could have led any one to believe that its fall was possible or probable. Since then the fullness of time has come, and events have marched with a rapidity which could not have been foreseen. Similar errors have brought about similar reverses; the moody and wavering mind of Napoleon III. has led him to adopt the same course which ruined the brilliant and resolute genius of the great Emperor. My father for the third time beheld the foreigner in France, and vanquished France seeking in liberty a consolation for defeat. He suffered by our misfortunes, as he had suffered by them fifty years earlier, and he had the melancholy honor of repairing a portion of those misfortunes, of hastening the day of the final deliverance of our soil. He contributed to the foundation of a liberal and popular Government on a heap of ruins. The last years of the Empire, the War, the Commune, the difficult accession of the Republic through so

many perils, had no power to change his convictions; and he would think to-day just what he wrote twenty-two years ago of the vices of absolute power, of the necessity for teaching nations what conquerors cost them, of the right of his mother to set down her impressions, and of the duty of his son to publish them.

PAUL DE RÉMUSAT.

II.

"LAFFITTE, *November*, 1857.

"I HAVE once more taken up, after a long lapse of time, the manuscript of these Memoirs, which my mother composed nearly forty years ago; and, having attentively reperused it, I now leave it to my sons and to their children, with an injunction to publish it. I believe that it will prove a useful historical testimony, and, combined with her correspondence, will be a most interesting monument to the intellect and the heart of a gifted and good woman. This work will perpetuate the memory of my mother.

"At whatever epoch these Memoirs may appear, I foresee that they will not find the public ready to receive them entirely without protest, and with satisfaction complete at all points. Even should the Imperial restoration which we now witness not be destined to a prolonged future—should it not be, as I hope it may not be, the final government of the France of the Revolution—I suspect that, whether through pride, weakness, or imagination, France, as a whole, will continue to entertain a tolerably exalted opinion of Napoleon, which it will be reluctant to submit to the free examination of politics and philosophy. He was one of those great men who are placed from the beginning in the sphere of fancy rather than in that of reason, and in his case poetry has taken the lead of history. A somewhat puerile sympathy, a somewhat weak generosity, has almost always made the nation

refuse to impute to Bonaparte those awful ills which he brought down upon France. The nation has pitied him the most for its own misfortunes, and thought of him as the noblest victim of the calamities of which he was the author. I know that the sentiments which have led France to make this strange mistake are excusable and even praiseworthy; but I also know that national vanity, the lack of seriousness of mind, levity which takes little heed of reason and justice, are the sources of this patriotic error. Let us lay aside the question of principle—since the nation chooses to resolve that question differently at different times, and glories in despising liberty at intervals—and let us speak only the language of national independence. How can he be in the eyes of the people the hero of that independence who twice brought the foreign conqueror into the capital of France, and whose government is the only one which, for five hundred years, since the time of the mad King Charles VI., left French territory smaller than it found it? Even Louis XV. and Charles X. did better than that. Nevertheless, I am convinced the multitude will abide in its error, and *non auferetur ab ea.*

"It is, then, very unlikely that the spirit in which my mother has written will ever be popular, or that all her readers will be convinced. I am prepared for this, but I also think that among thoughtful people the truth will make its way. Infatuation will not have an endless duration, and, notwithstanding certain obstinate prejudices, public opinion —especially if liberty be at length restored to us and remain with us—will be enlightened, and will never again sacrifice the rights of reason and those of the public conscience to glory. Will my mother appear sufficiently impartial to these more impartial judges? I believe she will, if they take account of the time at which she wrote, and also of the sentiments and ideas which inspired her; and so I have no hesitation in delivering up her Memoirs to the judgment of the world.

"'The further I go,' wrote my mother to me, 'the more I am resolved that, until my death, you shall be my only reader, and that is enough for me.'* And again: 'Your father says he knows no one to whom I could show what I am writing. He says nobody carries so far as I do "the talent of being true." That is his expression. Well, then, I do write for no one, but one day you will find this among my effects, and you may do with it what you will.' She was not without some apprehensions. 'There is a thought which sometimes troubles me. I say to myself, "If one day my son should publish all this, what will be thought of me!" The idea that I may be supposed to be evil-minded, or, at least, ill-natured, makes me uneasy. I exhaust myself with the effort to find something to praise, but this man was such an exterminator (*assommateur*) of worth, and we were brought so low, that I grow utterly disheartened, and the cry of truth utters itself irresistibly. I know no one but you to whom I would intrust such confidences.'†

"I hold myself formally authorized by these passages to bequeath the work which my mother confided to me to the public. As for the opinions which it expresses, taking them upon myself, I will explain myself freely respecting the Emperor and the Empire, but not from the purely political point of view. All that I might say on the subject of despotism (which I hate) would be without importance in this case, since the question is, What would be a just judgment of the Emperor and the Empire formed by one who had witnessed the 18th Brumaire, and shared the confident readiness of the nation to divest itself of the charge of its own destinies, by placing them in the hands of one man? I deal with the moral, and not the political, aspect of the matter.

"Let us first consider the Emperor, and discuss him with those only who, while finding much to admire in him, are

* Letter of April 24, 1819. I have already quoted this letter in the Introduction.—P. R.

† Letters of September 10 and October 8, 1818.—P. R.

willing to exercise their judgment upon what they admire. It was commonly said, under his reign, that he despised men. The motives by which he defended his policy in his conversations were not taken from among the noble qualities of the human heart, but from that which he thoroughly understood, the imagination of the people. Now, imagination is naturally captivated by grand and beautiful things, and the imagination of the Emperor, which was vivid and daring, was accessible to this kind of charm. His extraordinary faculties rendered him capable of great things, and he employed them, with others, to captivate France, the world, and posterity. Thence came what was thoroughly admirable in his power and his life; and, if we were to consider that only, we could not place him too high. Nevertheless, a close observer will discern that it was by that intelligence and imagination, rather than the purely moral sentiments of justice and of right, that all was done. Take, for example, religion. It was not the truth of religion, it was its influence and its prestige, which dictated what he did for its cause; and so with all the rest. In his contemptuous estimate of humanity, he recognized only two springs of action —vanity and self-interest; and to the masterly handling of these he applied himself with remarkable ability. While by the *éclat* of his acts, by the glory of his arms, by a permanent embellishment of conservative social principles, he gave to his government what was essential to prevent self-love from blushing at the fact of its connection with it, he carefully manipulated, he caressed, he even exalted other sentiments more humble, which may oftentimes be harmless, but which are not noble and virtuous principles. Love of repose, fear of responsibility, preoccupation with the pleasures of private life, the desire of personal comfort, the taste of riches, as well in the individual as in the family; finally, all the weaknesses which usually accompany these sentiments when they are exclusive, found in him a protector. It is from this point of view that he was everywhere recognized

as essential to the preservation of order. But, when men are governed by the springs I am about to call to mind, and when the governor is not upheld or restrained by the sentiment of pure and true glory, by the instinct of a soul naturally frank and generous, it is an easy step to the thought that imagination, vanity, interest are paid with counterfeit as well as good money; that abuses of power, appearances of grandeur, success attained at all cost, tranquillity maintained by oppression, riches distributed by favor, prosperity realized by force or made to seem to exist by falsehood—that, finally, all the triumphs of artifice or of violence, all that despotism can wrest from credulity and fear, are things which also prosper among men; and that the world is often, without serious objection, the plaything of the strongest and most shrewd. But nothing in the nature of the Emperor preserved him from the temptation of employing such means for the advancement of his power. Not satisfied with meriting power, he consented, when he could not merit it, to take it by force or to steal it. He made no distinction between prudence and cunning, or between true statesmanship and Machiavelism. Finally, policy is always in the path of deception, and Napoleon was always a deceiver.

"It is deception which, in my judgment, most degraded the Emperor, and, unhappily, with him his empire. For this reason, it is to be regretted that France yielded obedience to him, that men rendered him service, whatever glory the nation has gained, whatever probity and whatever talent the men have shown. One can not wholly ignore the misfortune of having been the dupe or the accomplice, in all cases the instrument, of a system in which a cunning deception plays as great a part as wisdom, and violence as genius; of a system in which cunning deception and violence must lead on to the desperate extremes of an unwise policy. To such a policy France will not consent, and it is only in the interest of self-love that France exalts the glory of Napoleon.

"As to his associates, they likewise ought certainly not to have been humiliated by what they did or what they silently sustained. They were right in not publicly denouncing what the nation did not denounce, and in presenting services loyally rendered, honesty, zeal, devotion, capacity, the patriotism which they had displayed in the performance of public duties, as an offset to the bitter denunciations of their adversaries, to the trifling or corrupt parties, who had done less or who had done worse. The recollections of the Convention or those of the emigration could not be brought against them to any advantage, and, after all, they did well not to blush at their cause. Their justification is found in the language of Tacitus, who, even under a despotism, thinks that praise is due a capable and efficient officer, though he may practice what he calls *obsequium et modestia.**

"These last words are applicable to persons of high character who, like the members of my family, served the Emperor without mean selfishness and without special distinction. But still, when, under his reign itself, eyes were opened to the character of his despotism—when the wail of the dying nation had been heard, when later, in reflecting upon the fall of a dictatorial power and on the succession of a constitutional power, that policy was brought up for consideration which does not place government and liberty in the hands of enemies, it was impossible not to revert with some embarrassment, with some bitterness of heart, to those days in which example, confidence, admiration, thoughtlessness, a justifiable ambition, had united to urge good citizens to place themselves among the supporters of absolute power. For he who does not seek to make himself blind, he who is ready to be honest with himself, will find it impossible to conceal the fact that dignity of mind and character is lost under the pressure of a despotism even glorious and neces-

* "'Agricola,' xlii. I remember that when I read these two words of Tacitus, I made them precisely applicable to the case of my father. They describe him perfectly."

sary, and more completely under one that is harsh and maintained without reason. There is no cause of self-reproach without doubt; but neither can one praise his own acts, or be satisfied with what he has done or what he has seen; and the more the soul is opened to the convictions of liberty, the more one turns his eyes with grief to the days in which liberty was shut out from it—days of voluntary servitude, as Boëtius characterizes it.

"What it has not been either necessary or proper to say of one's self to his contemporaries and of the latter to themselves, it is a duty to frankly avow when one writes for himself and for the future. What conscience has felt and revealed, what experience and reflection have taught, it is necessary to delineate, or not write at all. Unbiased truth, disinterested truth, is the controlling thought of the Memoirs. This is the basis of those of my mother.

"She had suffered intensely during the years in which her opinions were in opposition to her interests, and during which the former could have triumphed over the latter only *per abrupta*, as Tacitus says, speaking of this same thing, *sed in nullum reipublicæ usum.** Attempts of this kind, besides, never fall to the lot of a woman; and, in a remarkable letter that my mother wrote to one of her friends,† she said to her that women at least had always the expedient of saying in the palace of Cæsar:

'Mais le cœur d'Emilie est hors de ton pouvoir.' ‡

And she declared to her that this line had been her secret consolation.

"Her correspondence will reveal in its lightest shades, in its deepest recesses, the sentiments of a pure and active soul. It will there be seen how she united a generous kindness to a penetrating observation of all those weaknesses, of all those

* "Agricola," xlii.

† Madame de Barante.

‡ "But the heart of Æmilia is out of your power."

unhappy circumstances of our nature, which give opportunity to the painters of morals to display their talents. It will there also be seen how, after having caused her much suffering, Napoleon had kept a place in her thoughts; how this memory still moved her; and how, when the unhappiness of his exile at St. Helena was described, she was deeply affected. When, in the summer of 1821, the news of the death of Napoleon was brought to Paris, I saw her melt with tears, and she always became sad when uttering his name. As to the men of her time, I will say only one thing: she had learned to know them at Court. The recollection she had preserved of it left her no pleasure. I have somewhere seen related a little circumstance that greatly interested those who witnessed it. It was the time when the French imitation of Schiller's 'Marie Stuart' was in fashion. There was a scene in which Leicester repels, by pretending not to know him, a devoted young man who, relying on his secret thoughts, comes to him with a proposal to save the Queen of Scotland. Talma represented admirably the haughty cowardice of the courtier, who disavows his own affection for fear of being compromised, and insolently repels the man who makes him afraid: 'What do you want of me? I do not know you.' The act terminated, and in the box in which we were seated the entire company was struck with this scene, and my mother in her agitation suffered some words to escape whose import was: 'That was it precisely! I have seen the same thing!' When suddenly appeared at the entrance of the box M. de B——, to whom no special application could assuredly have been made, but who had been chamberlain of the Emperor, my mother could no longer restrain herself. She said to Mme. de Catellan, 'If you knew, madame!' . . . and she wept!

"It may be said that this condition of her mind has influenced her in coloring her pictures. I do not think it so. Saint-Simon has also painted a Court, and the despotism in it was more becoming, more natural, and the characters, per-

haps, a little more strong in our days. What does he do, however, if not justify, in his truthful painting, what the teachers of his time and the moralists of all times have said of Courts in general? The exaggeration of Saint-Simon is in the language. Of a fault he makes a vice; of a weakness, a cowardice; of a negligence, a treason; and of a hesitation, a crime. The expression is never strong enough for his thought, and it is his style which is unjust rather than his judgment.

"Let us mention a person of a less impulsive mind, more reserved in her language, and who certainly had her reasons for seeing with more indulgence than Saint-Simon the people over whom Louis XIV. reigned. How did Mme. de Maintenon speak of the Court? 'As to your friends of the Court,' she wrote to Mlle. de Glapion, 'they are always with you, and, if you could see what we see, you would find yourself seeing (at Saint-Cyr) only irregularities, wayward conduct, want of light; while we see murders, jealousies, hatreds, treacheries, insatiable desires, degradations, which are covered up by the name of grandeur, of courage, etc., for I fly into a passion in merely permitting myself to think of them.'* The judgments of my mother are not characterized by such vivid expressions. But, like Saint-Simon, like Mme. de Maintenon, she had good reason to think that a constant personality, which betrays itself by fear, jealousy, complaisance, flattery, forgetfulness of others, contempt of justice, and desire to injure others, reigns at the Court of absolute kings, and that self-love and interest are the two keys of every Court secret. My mother has said no more; and her diction, without being cold and tame, never exaggerates the facts with which she deals, and allows, in almost everything she has been compelled to relate, that excuse demanded by human weakness in its struggle with bad example, with the temptation of fortune, and with the seductions of a power that does not find itself compelled to respect its promises.

* Letter 578, p. 426, tome ii., edition of 1857.

It is not without reason that, when we speak of the Empire, our eulogies are almost exclusively addressed to its armies, because, at least, in the business of war, intrepid contempt of death and of suffering is such a triumphant victory over the selfishness of ordinary life, that it covers up whatever this selfishness can suggest, even to the soldiers themselves, of bitter sacrifices to pride, to envy, to cupidity, to ambition.

"Look through the centuries in which historians and moralists endeavor to paint in its true colors every evil that incessantly increases within the sphere of government, especially in the shadow, or, if Louis XIV. demands it, in *the sun* of absolute power. It is strange, in fact, how that which ought to bring into play only devotion, and to place the benefit of all above personal interest—I mean the service of the state—furnishes to human selfishness occasions to make mistakes and means of being satisfied by the art of concealing itself. But it is apparent that this has not been said often enough, for I have not discovered that the evil is soon to end, or even become less conspicuous. Truth alone, incessantly presented to public opinion, can arm it against falsehoods, of which party spirit and state government raise a cloud concealing the misfortunes of the body politic. The masses of the people can never know too well at what price human insolence sells them the necessary service of a government. In times of revolution especially, misfortune sometimes renders it indulgent to the forms of government which have fallen, and the system which triumphs covers with a deceptive veil everything which makes its victory odious. Truthful books must, some time or other, cause all masks to fall, and leave to all our weaknesses the salutary fear of being some day revealed."

NOTES.

Note 1, Preface, page xi.

"On the sixth day of Thermidor, in the second year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

"By a sentence passed on the day aforesaid, in open court, Sellier being Vice-President, and Foucault, Garnier, Launay, and Barbier on the Bench, the minute of the verdict was signed by them and by Tavernier, recording clerk.

"On the declaration of the jury, which sets forth that Jean Garnier, surnamed Vergennes, the father, ex-count, aged seventy-five years, born at Dijon, in the department of Côte-d'Or, residing in Paris at No. 4 Rue Neuve-Eustache, and Charles Garnier, otherwise Vergennes, aged forty-two years, ex-noble, born at Dijon, in the department of Côte-d'Or, and others, are convicted of having been the enemies of the people, and of having conspired against the sovereignty of the people, by holding communication and correspondence with the internal and external enemies of the Republic, by supplying them with men and money in order to contribute to the success of their arms on French territory, by participating in the plots, conspiracies, and assassinations of the tyrant and his wife against the French people, particularly on the days of the 28th of February, 1791, and of the 10th of August, 1792, by conspiring in the House of Detention, otherwise the St. Lazare, in order to escape therefrom, and afterward, by means of the murder and assassination of the people's representatives, and especially of the members of the Committee of Public Safety

and of General Security, to dissolve the Republican Government and restore the royal family, and finally by endeavoring to destroy the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

"The Public Prosecutor having been heard on the application of the law, it appears that the tribunal has condemned to the penalty of death Jean Garnier, otherwise Vergennes, father, and Charles Garnier, otherwise Vergennes, son, conformably with articles 4, 5, and 7 of the law of 22d Prairial, and has declared their possessions confiscated to the Republic.

"From the Act of Accusation, drawn up by the Public Prosecutor on the 5th Thermidor, present month, against the said Vergennes, father and son, and others, a literal extract has been made as follows:

"That, on examination of papers in possession of the Public Prosecutor, it is proved that Dillon, Roussin, Chaumette, and Hébart had agents and accomplices in their conspiracies and their perfidy in every House of Detention, in order to assist them in their plots and to prepare the carrying out thereof. Since the sword of Justice has fallen on the most guilty, their agents, having in their turn become chiefs, have omitted nothing in order to attain their end and carry out their plots, destructive to liberty.

"The Vergennes, father and son, have always been servile instruments of the tyrant and his Austrian Committee, and only assumed a mask of patriotism in order, from the posts they thus attained, to use the Revolution for the advantage of despotism and tyranny. They had dealings, moreover, with Audriffet, an accomplice in Lusignan's plot; papers found in the dwelling of the latter are a proof of their criminal and liberty-destroying complicity.

"By conformable extracts handed in by the keeper of the Records, undersigned

"DERRY (or ARRY?)."

Note 2, Preface, page xv.

As I have already said in the preface, my grandmother was very intimate with Mme. d'Houdetot, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, their feelings, and their position. The

following, written to her husband, during her sojourn with a lady rendered famous by the "Confessions" of Rousseau and the Memoirs of Mme. d'Epinay, will not be without interest:

"SANNOIS, *25d Floréal, year 13* (*May 12, 1805*).

"This morning, when Charles's lessons were over, I went to see Mme. d'Houdetot in her private room. She seemed to think me worthy of little confidences of a sentimental nature, which I received with the more sympathy because, my thoughts being always with you and saddened by your absence, I am ready to share in any heart-felt emotion. She showed me some verses she had written on her former friend, M. de Saint-Lambert, and three portraits of him, and she spoke of past joys, of memories and regrets, with a sort of childishness and ignorance of evil, if I may so express it, which seemed to make her excusable. I am convinced that her society would be dangerous to a woman of weak character, or to one whose life was not happy. Any woman who was hesitating between love and virtue would do well to shun her; she is a hundred times more dangerous than an utterly corrupt person. She is so peaceful, so happy, so free from anxiety as to the next life. It would seem that she trusts to the words of the Gospel: 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven: for she loved much.'

"Do not fear, however, that the sight of this tranquil old age, following on an erring youth, will upset my principles. I do not pretend to be stronger than others, and I feel that my virtue is secure because it is founded on happiness and on love. I can be sure of myself, because I love you and am beloved by you. The experience of twelve years has sufficiently convinced me that my heart was destined for you alone, but, at the risk of shocking you, let me say that I should not have been so certain of myself had you not been my husband."

Some years later, toward the end of January, 1813, Mme. d'Houdetot expired, at the age of eighty-three, and my grandmother wrote the following description of her, which I have found among her papers:

"Mme. d'Houdetot has just died, after a long and pros-

perous career. In the midst of political storms, her old age has been peaceful and her death quiet and calm. Is it from the exercise of superior powers of reason, or from the courage of a strong soul, or from fortuitous circumstances, that her life has been so undisturbed and her death so touching and so quiet? Certainly not. Her disposition could not arm her against the storms of life, but it shielded her from them. Like certain happy children who instinctively avoid a stumbling-block, without either having perceived it or being hurt by it, she passed through the world with a confidence which is usually the attribute of youth only, and which we are accustomed to respect, because we know that our warnings would be far more likely to sadden than to enlighten such pathetic ignorance.

"Mme. d'Houdetot was born in the brilliant and palmy days of our monarchy. The men of genius who had illuminated the reign of Louis XIV. left behind them a long track of light, which sufficed to brighten the paths of their successors. Cardinal Fleury's long and pacific government afforded opportunity for the development of art and talent. Mme. d'Houdetot, from her youth upward, was in a position to gratify her tastes and inclinations. She had been given in marriage according to the custom of the day, and she began by holding a place in society such as is generally held by young ladies. From fifteen to twenty all women are very much alike. Brought up with the same habits, fashioned by the same education, they all present, more or less attractively, the same appearance of possessing those qualities which it is absolutely necessary a young lady should possess. And, generally speaking, not only their parents but they themselves are ignorant at the time of their marriage of the qualities and defects which will regulate their future conduct.

"Hence their first steps in the world are less the result of their own tastes than that of the second education they receive from society and from the husbands who have chosen them. How many women have attained to knowledge of themselves only after either conquering their feelings or weakly yielding to them? How many have remained in utter self-ignorance from want of opportunities for the development of their incli-

nations? A young wife who begins with good and strong principles, who retains them even in her faults, who knows how to return to them afterward—such a one is, doubtless, of a strong and unusual stamp. Mme. d'Houdetot, from whom this digression is not so far removed as might at first be supposed, can not certainly be comprised among such as these. Nevertheless, the real sentiment which pervaded all her actions seems to place her apart from the ordinary class of erring women.

"Mme. d'Houdetot was brought up like her contemporaries. Through particular circumstances she was placed in the midst of a society professing opinions which fascinated, though they did not mislead her. She was surrounded by literary men, but, though admiring their wit and appreciating their talents, she did not share in their passions. She was especially intimate with men who were called at that time *philosophers* or *academicians*, and her youthful and lively imagination was amused at the sharp turn they gave to censure. Their world-wide philanthropy, which we have often seen exercised at the expense of individual feelings, charmed her. She became attached to the dogmas of a sect which preached the love of humanity, and which either did not or would not foresee that the new institutions they wished to found could only be built on the ruins of the old, and that a time of social anarchy must necessarily ensue—which, indeed, is the only part of their plan that has as yet come to pass. Friendly voices preached this new doctrine to Mme. d'Houdetot, and embellished it with their wit and talent. Eager to enjoy, she gave herself little time for reflection. If one would hear the warnings of reason one must sometimes consent to an interregnum of pleasure, and Mme. d'Houdetot could not consent to that. Her various intimacies sometimes led her too far, but, if sincere friends have deplored them, I doubt whether any ever attempted to advise or warn her. The error was in her heart, and how is it possible to destroy such illusions?

"No one could possess more—I will not say goodness, but more kindness than Mme. d'Houdetot. Goodness implies the choice of good as against evil; it perceives the evil and

forgives it. Mme. d'Houdetot never perceived evil in any one. We have seen her suffer real pain when the least blame of any one was expressed in her presence. On such occasions she would impose silence in a manner which never offended, for she merely showed that we were inflicting suffering on her. This tenderness of heart prolonged the feelings and tastes of her youth.

"A habit of blaming others may, perhaps, sharpen the mind more than it can expand it; but it is certain that it contracts the heart, and produces an anticipated dissatisfaction which takes the charm away from life. Happy are those who die in their illusions! The light and transparent veil which has never been taken from before their eyes gives to all surrounding objects a freshness and a charm that old age does not tarnish. Thus Mme. d'Houdetot would often say, 'The pleasures of life have left me, but I can not accuse myself of having become weary of any one of them.' This temper of mind made her easy in the ordinary intercourse of life, and indulgent toward young people. She liked them to enjoy pleasures she had herself appreciated, and the memory of which was dear to her, for she felt a sort of gratitude toward every period of her life.

"The same temperament gave her, at an early age, a great love for the country. Eager to enjoy every pleasant thing, she took care not to miss those pleasures which are produced by a beautiful landscape or a smiling country. She would stand in ecstasy before a beautiful view, and listen delightedly to the songs of birds; she loved to gaze at an exquisite flower; and all these tastes she retained to the last day of her life. When young, she wished to love everything; and the tastes she had retained in the evening of life made her old age beautiful and happy, just as they had contributed to embellish those halcyon days when each sensation is a separate pleasure.

"Mme. d'Houdetot was passionately fond of poetry, and herself wrote very pretty verses. Had she published them she would easily have acquired a celebrity she was far from desiring, for vanity of every kind was alien to her character. Her talent for verse-making was an agreeable pastime. It was

guided by her kind heart, and was another source of enjoyment.

"In the autumn of life she was exposed, like every one else, to the gloomy impressions produced by the political atmosphere. But her sweetness of disposition once more came to her help in those fatal days. During the Reign of Terror she lived in the country; her place of retreat was respected, her kinsfolk surrounded her with attentions. It is quite possible that her only recollections of this time were those of the family affection and intimacy, to which danger and anxiety gave a value unsuspected in days of security and pleasure.

"On our troubles coming to an end, she returned to the world with all her wonted sweetness, and began again to seek for a happiness which should not be evanescent. The necessity of loving, which was always her most imperious need, made her supply the loss of former friends by new ones, younger than herself and selected with judgment, whose affection helped her to forget what she had lost. She imagined that she honored the memory of those she had formerly loved, and who were now gone from her, by cherishing her susceptibilities in her old age. She had not sufficient strength to live only on memories, and did not think herself bound to cease loving before she ceased to live. A kind Providence still watched over her, and preserved her old age from the isolation to which it is usually condemned. Assiduous and delicate attentions adorned her last days with some of the coloring that had brightened her spring; complacent friends consented to let their friendship assume the guise which she had been accustomed to give to her feelings. Austere Reason might sometimes smile at the eternal youth of her heart, but the smile was not unkind; and, at the close of her life, Mme. d'Houdetot still met with the affectionate indulgence to which childhood only seems to have a recognized right.

"Moreover, she proved by the courage and constancy of her last moments that the prolonged indulgence of the feeling of the heart does not diminish its strength. She felt she was dying, and yet, when on the point of leaving so happy a life, she uttered but one request, both tender and pathetic.

'Do not forget me,' she said to her family and friends weeping round her bed. 'I should be braver if I had not to leave you; but at least let me live in your memory!' Thus, she stirred the embers of a life on the point of extinction; and those two words, '*I love!*' were the last utterance which her soul in departing breathed toward the Divinity."—P. R.

Note 3, Preface, page xxxv.

My father's impressions will be described by himself in another publication, so that it would be useless to dwell upon them here. Nevertheless, I think it appropriate to let the reader see in this place, as an illustration of what he then thought and always continued to think, a song written by him, and which, like several others of his composition, had a great success in society. It was written when he was only eighteen years old, and, though it is not his best, I have selected it because, as a political song of the early days of the Restoration, it has all the interest of a source of information, an indication, and a picture:

LA MARQUISE OU L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

Air: "Croyez-moi, buvons à longs traits."

"Vous n'avez pas vu le bon temps;
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!"

Ainsi parlait une marquise,
Une marquise d'autrefois,
Qui fit sa première sottise
En mille sept cent cinquante-trois.
"Ah! disait-elle, quand j'y pense,
Je voudrais m'y revoir encor:
C'était vraiment le siècle d'or,
Moins le costume et l'innocence.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Mise au couvent selon l'usage,
Grâce aux leçons du tentateur,

De mes questions avant l'âge
J'effrayais notre directeur.
Un frère de sœur Cunégonde,
Le marquis, venait au parloir.
Il m'apprit ce qu'il faut savoir
Pour se présenter dans le monde.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Il fit tant que, par convenance,
A m'épouser il fut réduit.
Je n'ai pas gardé souvenance
D'avoir vu son bonnet de nuit.
C'était un seigneur à la mode.
Pour lui je n'avais aucun goût,
Et lui ne m'aimait pas du tout . . . .
Je n'ai rien vu de si commode.

"Mes enfants, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Ce que j'ai vu ne peut se rendre.
Ah! les hommes sont bien tombés.
Tenez, je ne puis pas comprendre
Comment on se passe d'abbés.
Que j'ai vu d'âmes bien conduites
Par leur galante piété!
Sans eux j'aurais bien regretté
Qu'on ait supprimé les jésuites.

"Mes enfants, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"C'est un sot métier, sur mon âme,
Que d'être jolie aujourd'hui.
Je vois plus d'une jeune femme
Sécher de sagesse et d'ennui.
Plus d'un grande mois après la noce,
J'ai vu, certes j'en ai bien ri,
J'ai vu ma nièce et son mari
Tous deux dans le même carrosse!

"Vous n'avez pas vu le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Hélas! des plaisirs domestiques
Ignorant la solidité,
Petits esprits démocratiques,
Vous radotez de liberté.
Cette liberté qu'on encense
N'est rien qu'un rêve dangereux.
Ah! de mon temps, pour être heureux
C'était assez de la licence.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps:
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!

"Mais, sous un règne légitime,
Dédaignant de vaines clameurs,
Reprenez à l'ancien régime
Ses lois, afin d'avoir ses mœurs.
Alors, comme dans ma jeunesse,
Un chacun sera bon chrétien.
Vous voyez, je m'amusais bien,
Et n'ai jamais manqué la messe.

"Croyez-moi, c'était le bon temps!
Que je vous plains d'avoir vingt ans!"

Note 4, pages 29 and 40.

The "erasures" alluded to by Mme. de Rémusat were the formal removal from the lists of the proscription of the names of those persons who were relieved from their disabilities by an act of grace. The French word is *radiations*, and M. Littré does not consider it well employed.—Translators.

Note 5, page 272.

The indiscretions or the imprudence of M. Salembemi were not the only causes of anxiety to my grandparents during this sojourn in Italy. The following letter from my grandfather throws a light on this matter:

"Milan, *18th Prairial, year 13* (*7th June, 1805*).

"I can not allow Corvisart to leave Milan without intrusting him with a letter for you. He, happier than myself, will

see you in a week or ten days, while I can not reckon on that pleasure for at least five weeks to come. Keep this news to yourself, for the Emperor wishes it to be believed that he will not be in Paris for two months ; but in reality he intends to reach Fontainebleau on the 22d or 23d of next month, at latest. I have another reason for writing by Corvisart, which is that all our letters are read or liable to be read ; this hampers me when I want to write confidentially. Salembemi owes his dismissal to a letter of his, inclosed with mine, that was read at the post. Their knowledge of that letter has many times prevented me from writing freely to you, and has often greatly distressed me. For instance, I should have warned you that you have again been maligned to the Emperor in reports received from Paris, which accuse you of having joined in Mme. de Damas's malicious stories about the journey in Italy and the Emperor's brothers. His Majesty has not mentioned the subject to me, but it has annoyed him, and he has spoken of it several times to others. He seems to intend that you should break off all acquaintance with that family. You may imagine what answers I made to those persons who spoke as from the Emperor, while I was not allowed to give my explanation to himself. You understand, of course, that I do not believe a word of this absurd calumny, and I offered to show all your letters without exception. But I wanted to know who had denounced you. I even gave my word that, if it were Fouché, I would abstain altogether from reproaching him. To this I received no reply, because I am sure M—— is the author ; he is always intriguing, and always with the same purpose that we knew of in the winter. Although you must not write on the subject either to the Emperor or the Empress, you might nevertheless call on Fouché, as a friend, and ask him to render you the service of telling you candidly whether it is in his reports that you have been accused. You might, perhaps, also explain the circumstances openly to him, and he would find, I have no doubt, means to serve us. If you write to the Empress—and it would be well for you to do so, for you do not write to her sufficiently often—you might, without actually approaching the subject, tell her something of your way of life.

It occurs to me that, as your sister is more intimate than you with the Damas family, a mistake of identity may have arisen. Turn all this over in your mind with your usual wisdom, and take advantage of what at last I am able safely to write to you; for this has been going on a long time already. Do not think, however, that the master is not treating me well; he might be kinder, but I have no reason to complain. As for the Empress, she never talks of anything except of herself and her own concerns. It is impossible to be more selfish than she has become. Nevertheless she boasts of your letters, and always makes the Emperor read them."—P. R.

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